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A

DESCRIPTIVE LIST
OF
NOVELS AND TALES
DEALING WITH
LIFE IN FRANCE.

COMPILED BY
W : M. GRISWOLD, A. B.



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FRENCH NOVELS.

The object of this list is to direct readers, such as would enjoy the kind of books here described, to a number of novels, easily accessible, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten within a year or two after publication. That the existence of works of fiction is remembered so short a time is a pity, since, for every new book of merit, there are, in most libraries, a hundred as good or better, unknown to the majority of readers. It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposition to read an inferior NEW book when superior OLD books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand. It may be observed that the compiler has tried to include only such works as are well-written, interesting, and are free from sensationalism, sentimentality, and pretense. But in a few cases, books have been noticed on account of the reputation of their authors, or their great popularity, rather than their merit.

The selected "notices" are generally abridged.

This list will be followed by others describing GERMAN, ECCENTRIC, and FANCIFUL novels and tales.

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN, by L. HAL-
EY, = No. 401.

ABBÉ'S TEMPTATION (THE).
[Faute de l'Abbé Mouret.] by ÉMILE
ZOLA: Peterson, 1879.] "The Abbé is
pastor of a village church. He falls ill.
The means resorted to for his cure
bring him into the companionship of a
wildly fascinating young girl, under cir-
cumstances which favor the growth of an
absorbing passion between the two.
The priest loses not only his heart but
his head. The pair, exalted into an un-
natural state, are left to themselves, like
another Adam and Eve in Paradise.
The conflicts which the soul may un-
dergo have seldom been depicted with
greater intensity and exuberance—
some would say extravagance—of im-
agination than in the scenes in the

lonely glades of Paradon. But the
awakening comes. He returns to his
altar, under the retribution of re-
morse; she makes expiation by death.
Thou the whole romance runs the
deep undertone of the most fervent
type of roman-catholic faith and piety;
and around the ill-fated lovers pass
and repass the forms of a few ecclesi-
astics and villagers, who variously
contribute to the lighter or graver ele-
ments in the tragedy. The power in
this original and striking tale is not to
be denied, but it is far from being of a
wholesome kind." [Boston "Literary
World." 1843

—, SAME ("The Abbé Mouret's
Transgression"), London, 1880.

ADELE, by J. KAVANAGH. = No.
403.

ABBE TIGRANE (The) [by FERDINAND FABRE N.-Y., *Ford*, 1875] "There is something positively startling in the cleverness and novelty of this book. Comparing it with other stories of ecclesiastical life, from *Le Mandat* [No. 2297] to *Barchester Towers* [No. 1082] it resembles none except perhaps one or two of Droz' sketches, which are faint and slight beside it. There is no sketchiness in the 'Abbé Tigrane': it is a full and finished picture in a masterly manner. It would be difficult to say whether the outer or the inner life, the words or the deeds of the personages, are most strikingly and truthfully portrayed. The scene is laid in a little town hidden among the hills, of which any one who has been in the south of France has seen the like, with narrow, crooked streets, a small but excitable torrent spanned by a stone bridge, and a grand cathedral—an old quarter of respectability and religious houses, a new quarter of factories and poverty. The lay element plays but a subordinate part, though as ably handled as the rest. The magnates of the town are ecclesiastics, and they are many masters, owing to the afflux of religious orders and dignitaries to this favored spot. Of course the bishop is highest in position, but the Abbé Capdepont, vicar-general, etc., nicknamed the Abbé Tigrane, almost counterbalances him by personal weight." [Lippincott's Magazine.

1942 s

AFTER-DINNER STORIES, by BALZAC, N.-Y., 1889] contains *The Red Inn*, *M^{me} Firmiani*, *The Grande Bretonne*, *M^{me} de Beauséant*. 1944

ALAIN FAMILY (THE). [by ALPHONSE KARR: († 1890) London, *Cook & Co.*, 1853.] "Mr. Karr seems to know and to love the district where he has laid the scene of the story. The christening of a new boat, with which the novel opens,—the simple orisons and fearful suspense of those left at home when their loved ones are out at sea in stormy weather,—with numberless like scenes and traits, endear the tale to us, and give it a close hold on the heart.—There is character in Pulchérie's experiences of parisian seminary life: there is humor in the miserable attempts of the Malins to act the patronizing grandeur of country aristocrats, the humor shading naturally into pathos when the 'seigneur' becomes impoverished." [*Athenæum*. 1945

ALBERT SAVARUS, by BALZAC, in *Comédie Humaine*. 1946

ALCHEMIST (THE), by BALZAC = No. 583.

ALIETTE ["La Morte"] by OCTAVE FEUILLET: *Warne*, 1886. 1947

ALKAHEST, by BALZAC, = No. 583.

ALL FOR GREED. [by [M.. PAULINE] ROSE (STEWART) BLAZE, called "baroness" and "de Bury":* *Littell*, 1868.] "Those only who have lived for a long period in France, and have become familiar with life in the provinces, can appreciate the faithful description which the author gives of the habits and customs, the ignorance and prejudice, and the marked peculiar-

ities of persons moving in very narrow circles and dwelling in districts remote from the capital. There is, of course, a noble vicomte, proud of his ancestry, an unsullied representative of his "order", and "true to his name" through all the vicissitudes of fortune, living in the ancestral chateau in a condition of discomfort to which no well-to-do tradesman would submit. . . The only expedient for enlivening the dullness of daily life among these quiet people seems to consist of a murder, and as one is sure to occur when the community arrives at the last stage of stagnation, its introduction is not only appropriate but looked for; and this incident, with its consequences, its mystery, the trial of those who are wrongfully accused, the devotion of the young girl who saves her lover at the risk of her reputation, and the final discovery of the culprit, form the ground work of this very interesting narrative." [Round Table. 1948

ALMOST A DUCHESS, by OLGA (GRANT) DE LONGUEUIL, = Nos. 407 & 586. 1949

AMERICAN (THE) [Paris] = No. 410.

ANDRÉ, by "G: SAND" (Paris, 1835) London, *Churton*, 1847. 1950

ANDRÉ CORNÉLIS, by PAUL BOURGET: *S. Blackett*, 1889. 1951

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD, [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK: († 1871) London, *Sims*, 1847.] "Humor is not the only characteristic of de Kock; he has another virtue,—the truth of his pictures of life and society. In the representations of humorous scenes he may be charged with exaggeration, but when he comes to the quiet development of character, by means of social and familiar scenes taken from common life, he is to be equaled by only one

* "Why? Blaze is Blaze,—son of Blaze the musician."—*P. Charles* in *Athenæum*, 28 Dec. 1872.

writer of our country. The resemblance between the novels of Paul de Kock and those of JANE AUSTEN is as strong as can exist between the productions of a Parisian author and those of an English lady. The humorous scenes of the foreigner undoubtedly turn upon incidents, and are supported with an extravagance, unknown to our countrywoman; but when they come to the nice distinctions of character, to the play of domestic life, to the detection of the small springs on which society hangs, and to the accurate representation of nature, whether it be the nature of a back-shop or of a drawing-room, of a village or of a city, they are alike and unrivaled. . . . *Andrew the Savoyard* is perhaps the most truly pleasing of all these romances; it is the least dramatic, and the least lively, but it is full of truth, and breathes an air of purity and innocence. . . . Andrew and his brother,—mere children,—set off to seek their fortunes in Paris, and the novel is the history of their respective adventures, for their fortunes are different." [Foreign Quarterly Review, 1830.] "Paul de Kock est consolant: jamais il ne présente l'humanité sous le point de vue qui attriste. Avec lui on rit et on espère." [Chateaubriand. 1952]

—, SAME (abridged) in *Johnstone's Magazine* [Museum, Feb.-Mar., 1838.]

ANGÈLE'S FORTUNE [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: Peterson, 1880.] "A clerk in a lawyer's office in a provincial town of France has a pretty daughter, who chafes under the restraint of her life and cherishes a secret ambition to go on the stage. One of the younger clerks, René des Armoises, a lit-headed and selfish aspirant for poetic

fame, has become her ideal, and when he goes to Paris to seek his reputation her heart goes with him. Meanwhile, her father brings home as a lodger another clerk, Joseph Toussaint, a country youth who is the Virtue of the little Morality. He is captivated by the girl, but overpowered with his modesty. . . . The girl has already fallen in with René, and her lover, the moral Joseph, presently appears. The relations begun in Bay continue in the new scene. René receives Angèle's affection as a tribute to his poetic sensibilities, and honest Joseph is the true friend who does all the good deeds for which René gets credit. The attempt to go on the stage is a failure, the promised fortune vanishes in smoke, and the selfish poet, after having gone as far as he cared to in pleasure, offers to make the gigantic sacrifice of poverty and discomfort in witness of his noble character. The girl abruptly leaves him and her other friends, in order to give him liberty, and finally comes back in wretchedness to Paris, at the opening of the siege. René has meanwhile made a prudent and uncomfortable marriage, and has taken himself out of the country for safety. Joseph is the noble volunteer, and after the war marries Angèle and adopts her child as his." [Atlantic.]—"The tale is full of the truest and deepest lessons, as indeed is everything which this writer gives us. His pictures, if they introduce wrong-doing and its fruits, always leave a final impression for virtue and truth." [Boston "Literary World." 1953]

ANNETTE; or The Lady of the Pearls. [by ALEX. DUMAS: N.-Y., F: A. Brady, 1863.] "The plot is complicated, and the translation flo-

ing and spirited . . . No sense of rit or wrong ever seems to dawn upon the heroes or heroins of this school. The events grow entirely out of human incidents, passions, and interests—conscience has no part to play in the involved drama. After passing through seas of naïve intrigue and innocent vice, we are quite astonished at the close to be landed upon a short Moral.” [Continental. 1954]

ANTOINETTE [by G: OHNET: *Lippincott*, 1889.] “is a translation of ‘La Grande Marnière.’ . . . In a general way we may say with entire fairness that Ohnet’s writings are not writings which it is worth anyone’s while to concern himself about. He is forever concerned with mysteries of crime, expressed in a voice of sickly sentimentality, which to discriminating readers must be extremely disagreeable.” [American. 1955]

ANTONIA. [by “G: SAND.” i. e.; Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant: († 1876.) *Roberts*, 1870.] “None of G: Sand’s novels are more perfectly artistic and finished than this love idyl; which seems to exhale the fragrance of the rare exotic lily after which it is named. It is perfectly pure in tone and romantic, the style is masterly in its transparent simplicity, the characters are true, beautiful and noble. The discussion of philosophical or social topics which characterize so many of her novels are not to be found in this book, but, as a romance, it has a distinct beauty and perfection in which it stands unrivalled.” [Galaxy. 1956]

APOSTATE (The), by ERNEST DAUDET: *Appleton*, 1889. 1957

ARCHIE LOVELL by “ANNIE EDWARDS.” [Boulogne] = No. 412.

AROUND A SPRING [by [AN-

TOINE] GUSTAVE DROZ: *Holt*, 1870.] “deserves to be read. It gives with a keen, incisive touch the characteristics of society in France. The story is slitted so far as incident goes; but it is suggestive. The idea which underlies it and which it illustrates, is the position in which the men of old families with a long line of ancestors at their back, but whose possessions are dissipated and who have nothing left but the expensive habits which represent past magnificence, find themselves before men who have risen from nothing, who have achieved all the power which the possession of money can give, combined with the genius for organizing vast and lucrative schemes of material improvement.” [Athenæum. 1958]

ARTIST’S HONOR (An), by OCTAVE FEUILLET: *Cassell*, 1891.

ASSOMMOIR (L’) [by ÉMILE ZOLA: *Peterson*, 1879.] is “both poorer and less bad than we had supposed. It is neither so good as a literary product, nor is it so bad as a moral quantity. The story takes its name from a groggery, around which its incidents may be said to revolve; and when we get down to its ‘raw materials’ they are found to be drunkenness, illicit love, quarreling and brutality. At the same time, the handling is not needlessly coarse, though we suspect the translator may have deodorized the original to some extent. In the present form the work hardly shows the exceptional realistic power which has been claimed for it, and can be read without great pain or disgust by anybody who may wish to know what it is. ~~It cannot call it~~ agreeable reading, but its lessons for the vicious and abandoned are not to be mistaken.” [Boston “Literary World.” 1954]

ATELIER DU LYS (The) [1789]
= No. 596.

ATHEIST'S MASS (The), by BALZAC, in *Fame & Sorrow*.

— SAME ("The Freethinker") in *We are All*, by S: PHILLIPS, *Routledge*, 1854. 1961

ATTIC PHILOSOPHER (The). [by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE: [†, 1854.) *Appleton*, 1857.] "The happy man who publishes his journal is a virtuous, beneficent hermit, who prefers exemption from care, excitement and responsibility—a life of modest fortunes and little kindnesses—to a strife in the more bustling arena of enterprise where the vicissitudes are more exhausting, and the prizes more brilliant. He scarcely ever goes into the streets without doing or planning some little philanthropic surprise or witnessing some good action. Pressed to exchange his clerkship, with its humble salary, for a position of greater risk and promise he declines; apostrophizing Poverty as his guardian-angel, —his music as his incentive and his reward. Struck down with a fever,—on recovering, he finds that he has been tended more affectionately and sedulously by the humble persons whom he has befriended than by the rich among his kinsfolk. Some of the incidents of the year embraced within the compass of his journal are gracefully touched:—let us instance the pleasure-party to Sèvres of the two old maids." [Athenæum. 1962

AULNAY TOWER [1870-71] = No. 597.

BAGPIPERS (THE). ["Les Maîtres Sonneurs"] [by "G: SAND," i.e., Anantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant: *Roberts*, 1890.] "The charm of this crisp woodland romance lies largely in the harmony of its soft

gray colors, its simple passions, the poetry of its upland scenery, and the sweetness of the author's style . . . Its theme is deliciously rural, full of the tinkle of silvery brooks, the twitter of birds, the chatter of Bourbonnais peasants, the music of 'musettes,' the sights and smells of pastoral romance . . . In "G: Sand" the country is the country: genuine, unmistakable, in sight, smell, sound; her country folk are the ancient peasantry. There is no artificiality or sophistication about her tales of the provinces: they are as locally distinct in their large horizons, their murmuring woods, their milky waters as Auvergne, Berry, Bourbonnais can be from the asphalt of the boulevards or the emasculated landscape of the Bois. In the 'The Bagpipers' there is all the ineffaceable charm of great landscape-painting set with simple human passions which play and counter-play, contend and sport with each other in a fashion altogether human. . . . The characters tell the story among them in a truly fascinating way. It is of provincial laborers who love the bagpipers and their old-fashioned music, the ways and wanderings of muleteers, the loves and hates of simple people who till the soil and have their rivalries: about all of which flows the coronation-robe of G: Sand's noble style in a way which lifts these rustic existences to a plane with works of the highest artistic excellence, and makes one read to the last line of the charming work." [Critic. 1963

BALL AT SCEAUX (The), by BALZAC, in *The Cat*; also in *The Vendetta*; also ("Emily") in *Chambers' Pocket Miscellany*, vol. X. 1964
BALTHAZAR, by BALZAC. = No. 583.

BARBER OF PARIS (The), by DE

BABOLAIN [by GUSTAVE DROZ: *Holt*, 1873.] "is a tragica' little romance which draws the reader along with it by every line in every page . . . Scientific and stupid, Professor Babolain enters the world of Paris armed with his innocence, his uncle's legacy, his deep learning and his utter ignorance. A couple of adventuresses, mother and daughter, swoop down upon him as lawful prey, and he is quickly a doting husband and a terrified son-in-law . . . His wife never melts, except when he gives her diamonds, and, after finding a leisure moment to give birth to a baby, rushes off to Italy with Count Vaugirau, followed promptly by a certain Timoleon. This Timoleon, who loves her unsuccessfully is the beneficiary of poor Babolain, borrowing his money at the same time that he tries to borrow his wife, and returning with outrageous reproaches to the hero impoverished and desolate . . . As the abused victim, starving and ragged, treads the road of sacrifice to death, our sympathy is checked by the consciousness of his unmitigated and needless pianey, until we withhold the tribute of sorrow due to a Lear or a Père Goriot [No. 2206.] The novel however, tho' sketched out extravagantly between hyperbole and parable, fairly scintillates with brilliancies and good things: we could hardly indicate another imported novel of the length containing so much . . . The translator reveals his quality by calling pantaloons 'pants'." [Lippincott's Magazine. 1962 p

BARBER OF PARIS (The). [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK († 1871): Phil'a, Carey, 1839.] "De Kock occasionally receives a good share of abuse from various English critics of the newly-raised school of elegance and aristocracy—who delight to see mankind in embroidered coats and satin smalls, and vote every man a 'mauvais sujet' who does not figure in silk stockings. A novel, to be good in their estimation, must be devoted to the sayings and doings of the fashionable world—a close portrayal of human nature is of small avail, unless the characteristics of his life form the text—in other words, the sterling value of the metal is not of so much importance as the fashion of the make . . . Paul de Kock is a painter of life as it is—his pages teem with excellence, but his readers require the possession of a certain worldly experience before they can perceive the full value of the scenes presented to their notice. Notwithstanding the volatility of the class of people from which he selects his subjects, there is less of 'outrance' or caricature in his delineations than in the pages of Marryat, altho, in other points, there is much similarity between the two. De Kock's works will exist when many of the popular writers of the day are forgotten. "The Barber of Paris" is the most powerful in its effects of all the author's works. Lively narrative, startling but natural incident, and great diversity of well-sustained character, combine to make it the most agreeable reprint of the season." [Phil'a 'Gentleman's Mag.' 1964 p

KOCK, London, 1839. No. 1952

BEATRICE, by JULIA KAVANAGH, [Provence] = No. 419.

BELLAH [Vendee, 1793] = No. 606.

BELLS (THE) [Le Juif Polonais], by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN: Tinsley, 1872. 1966

—, SAME. "The Polish Jew."

BERTHA'S BABY = *Papa, Mama & Baby*. 1967

BESSIE. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: Hurst, 1872.] "Of Bessie herself, it is superfluous to say that she is naïve and charming, conscientious, affectionate and unselfish. She is a born hero-worshiper; in spite of coldness and discouragement, and all the mysterious circumstances which surround the life of Elizabeth de Lusignan, Bessie remains staunch in her belief in the integrity and virtue of her friend; while her love-story, the story of a real passion, which grows upon her unconsciously, until gratitude and early associations convince her reason that she is attached to her morose and exacting cousin, is one of the best bits of autobiography Miss Kavanagh has produced. How far such minute analysis of maiden meditation is desirable, how far it will be possible for Bessie's young-lady admirers ever to be Bessies themselves, is another question. Of the minor personages, the women are the best. Miss Russell, infirm in body, and positive and petulant in mind.—smooth-spoken, treacherous Miss Dunn,—Mademoiselle, a tender type of old-maidhood,—are all touched with a skilful hand... Life at Fontainebleau is well described." [Athenæum. 1968

BIGARREAU, by ANDRÉ THEURIET, in *Modern Age*, June-July, 1884.

BLACK PEARL (THE), by V.

SARDOU, in *Lippincott's Mag.*, Sept., 1872. 1970

BONNE MARIE [by "HENRI GREVILLE": i. e., Alice M. Cécile (Fleury) Durand, *Peterson*, 1878.] "is a very attractive and original story, following an unusual line but fresh and coherent." [Nation. 1971

BOURBON LILIES [Paris] = No 424.

BRETON JOINER (A), by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Museum*, 1836. 1972

—, SAME ("A Peasant Prometheus"), in *Living Age*, 13 Jan., 1877.

BRETON MAIDEN (A), [1793] = No. 616.

BRIDE PICOTÉE (A), [by MA. ROBERTS: *Bemrose*, 1882.] "This is a charming little story, the point of which consists in the self-denial of a little worker in lace, who, tho she has re-discovered for herself the particular stitch which constitutes the secret of the lace Point d'Argentan, yet conceals her discovery, in order not to disappoint the one remaining lace-maker who has inherited the secret and who, after a long struggle, has made up her mind to reveal it to the crippled girl with such a genius for lace-making. This is a kind of self-denial which is probably even rarer in the world than martyrdom itself, and very delicately has the accomplished authoress of *Mademoiselle Mori* [No. 812] worked out the character and the story of La Brisarde, and of Lise, the heroin of this delightful tale. We have not read for many years a tale of greater beauty and simplicity." [Spectator. 1973

BRIGADIER FREDERIC [1870-71] = No. 619.

BRITTANY & LA VENDÉE, [by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE: Ed., *Constable*, 1855; N.-Y., *Dur, Edwards & Co.*,

BATTLE OF LOVE (The). ["La Lutte"), by ALPHONSE DAUDET: Chicago, *Donohue*, 1892.] "The 'Struggle for Existence,' is the sequel to 'The Immortal' [No. 2073]. At the end of the book Paul Astier, the ambitious young architect, has succeeded in marrying the rich Duchess Padovani. She is a gr  at lady, much older than he; and she loves him, while he looks upon her only as an instrument of his ambition. He enters the political arena,—becomes a deputy and under-secretary. He is a strong man, but this strong man is a poor financier; in two years he has succeeded in spending 12,000,000 fr. The duchess is ruined, she is obliged to sell her historic ch  teau;—this would be nothing if Paul loved her, but she has found him out; she knows him, tho she still loves him: she knows that he has two intrigues, that he has seduced the daughter of one of his dependents, called Vaillant: that he wishes to be divorced and to marry a rich Jewess. She refuses to be divorced; she will not give him his liberty, and go through the farce which might procure him a separation . . . Finally, however, she consents to be divorced. He is free. Of course the day of retribution will come. At the moment when Astier, now free, is going round the gardens of the ch  teau with his Jewish bride, old Vaillant arrives, as the auction is going to take place. He has his daughter to avenge; in a few moments the happy Astier will be again the possessor of Moussiaux, as his bride will bid for it; Vaillant meets him, and says to him quietly: "The strongest must kill the weakest," and he kills him with a revolver shot." [A: *Lau  gel* in *Nation*. 1964 t

1857, 301 pp.] contains, besides the Bretagne tales of the original, *The Barge-man of the Loire* (from "Sous les Filets") and *The Lazaretto-Keeper* from "En Quarantaine." The tales translated from original ed. ar: *The Kourigan, The White Boat, The Treasure Seeker, The Groach and the Kakous, The Chouans, The Virgin's God-child*. 1974

BROTHER GABRIEL = No. 1121.

BROTHERS RANTZAU (The). [Les Deux Frères] by ÉMILE ERCKMANN & P: ALEX. CHATRIAN († 1890) *Low*, 1873.] "The scene is the village of Chaumes, in the Vogesen, and the story is told by the old schoolmaster. The "two brothers" hav quarreled over their inheritance, and bring—the one his son, and the other his daughter, to hate each other fiercely. The children fall in love, and the book ends with the birth of a child who will reunite the divided properties of his grandfathers. The story is slit almost to a fault, but as a study of village life nothing could be more full of interest to readers of a li tone of mind. Those who like sensation, and even those who require plot or passion, must turn elsewhere." [Athenæum.] "The story of this terrible passion, this 'idée fixe' common to two beings perverted by the love of "proputty" in every shape, is sometimes deeply tragical, sometimes perversely ludicrous, always told with the simple directness which givs to the Erckmann-Chatrian creations their irresistible 'vraisemblance'. Along-side of it runs the simple story of the schoolmaster's life, with an admirably conveyed unconscious contrast in its contented poverty, its intellectual industry, its tranquil, homely affections and joys. The timid, time-serving,

cautious wife, who is perpetually driving Florence to risky outspokenness by her warnings against his siding with either Jean or Jacques, is a charming comic element in the drama." [Spectator. 1975

BUREAUCRACY. [Les Employés] by HONORE "DE" * BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1889.] "Monsieur Rabourdin, head of a bureau, and next in succession to the position of chief of division, is a statesman [We should say business-man—G.] rather than a politician, and conceives a comprehensive scheme for reform. Rabourdin's scheme called for a large reduction in the number of officials, with a corresponding doubling and trebling of salaries. To commend this to his minister he makes a list of all the clerks in his division, and annotates it as a guide when the time for dismissals comes. The list is seen, and a stolen copy made by an underling, a cause of disaster to Rabourdin. The chief of the division is ill with a mortal illness, and the story of the book is made of the successful efforts of the incapables to get one of their number appointed over Rabourdin's head. In this they are almost foiled by the counter stratagems of Rabourdin's wife, who, faithful to him and his interests, and a noble character, is yet enuf of a frenchwoman to make the most of her personal attractions to aid his cause. The scene being Paris, and the story a tale of intrigue, all readers of Balzac will expect to find a disheartening picture of life, and a gloomy end-

*"It was not til he became famous that he began to use the aristocratic prefix; in his earlier years he was plain M. Balzac. I believe it is more than suspected that the pedigree represented by this DE was as fabulous (and quite as ingenious) as any that he invented for his heroes."—H: James

ing." [Overland.

1976

BUT YET A WOMAN. [by ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY: *Houghton*, 1883.] "Not so with the gracious creatures to either of whom the title of 'But yet a Woman' might be applied—Renée, the delicate maiden, with all the fearless ease of innocence; Stephanie, the woman of the world, 'of a strange confidence and naturalness, blended with a dignity which was almost imperious.' The other characters are not unfamiliar, the elderly Frenchmen, with their nifty game of piquet, the priest, the polished journalist, the young doctor; but it is only in the choicest and finest French work—the best of Cherbuliez, for instance—that they are presented with anything like the delicacy to be found here. The story is strong and original without. The reader will find all his conjectures as to plot,—not disappointed, but contradicted and surpassed. There is no smiling Kirkcaldie to deplore, but a woman, noble, tho sorely tempted, who could strike the death-blow to her happiness rather than win it at the price of shame and treachery. The Spanish episode, the hapless fate of Felisa, is a model of its kind, telling a tale of guilty passion not for the sake of excitement, but for the Nemesis. It were a pity to forestall the story, but without doing so it is not easy to give it the praise it deserves. The style is exquisite in its limpid clearness; and, while we admire the beauty of description and the power of characterization which gives us living human beings, not critical analyses, we are inclined to put foremost the conversations. To make people talk as they do in the *salon* of M. Michel is a rare success." [Nation.]—"It is long since we have seen

the finer qualities of womanhood so generously and so subtly displayed as in these figures. The minor characters also are delicately touched, especially Father le Blanc, and the flavor of the story given by the reflection and comment is always fine and gracious. It is a positive pleasure to take up a book so penetrated as this is by pure and noble thought, and marked by so high a respect of the author for his work." [Atlantic. 1977

CADET DE COLOBRIÈRES (The) [by HENRIETTE ETIENNETTE FANNY (ARNAUD) REYBAUD: Phil'a, *Carey & Hart*, 1847.] "is a very sprightly and interesting tale, in which the difficulties of the old 'noblesse' are very humorously contrasted with their indomitable pride. One is reminded, in the struggles of their decayed fortunes, of the domestic diplomacy of the Vicar of Wakefield." [Democratic Rev. 1978

CAMILLE = LADY OF THE CAMELIAS.

CAMILLE [by VALERIE (BOISSIER) DE GASPARIN: Edinburgh, *Edmonston*, 1867.] "is a regular story with a lover, a heroin and a charming soldier brother, who belongs to the army of Africa, and who is as dashing and impetuous as if he came out of one of the Dumas' novels, but good and gentle and affectionate as the heart of any maid or mother could desire. The lover is fascinating, full of genius, and already a distinguished man, with one of the grandest of human natures; but he declines to believe in revealed religion. Camille is a Christian, and tho she loves him as passionately as even he can desire, she refuses to become his wife, and allows him to go alone: and tho her heart is nearly broken, she holds fast to what she feels to be her first

duty. The struggle is extremely well drawn. The temptation, the sorrowful victory over herself which leaves her nearly dead, is told with human sympathy and genuine feeling. There is truth to human nature throughout, especially in the reaction after all is over and it is too late. But Camille does not end miserably; she goes through her trial bravely, but not too bravely; she is charming throughout." [Athenæum.

—, SAME, in *Hours at Home*, mar. 1868, *seq.* 1979

CANON'S DAUGHTER (The), by E. ABOUT, in *Canadian Monthly*, apr. 1872; also in *Ladies' Repository*, Nov.-Dec., 1873. **Strassburg. 1980**

CAPTAIN FRACASSE, by GAUTIER, [1498-1515] = No. 624.

CARLINO [Riviera] = No. 428.

CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS (Le Château des Désertes, Paris, 1847) by "G. SAND," in *Dwight's Journal*, 1857. 1981

—, SAME ("The Castle of Pic-tordu") Edinburgh, *Gremmell*, 1884.

CAT AND BATTLEDORE (THE). ["Maison du chat qui pelote"] by HONORE "DE" BALZAC: *Low*, 1879.] "The tales are all of good quality, but they are scarcely of Balzac's best, nor are they of his most characteristic brand . . . Only perhaps, in *A Double Family* is something like a glimpse of the Balzacian cosmos, with its singular physical and moral conditions, vouchsafed . . . *The Ball at Sceaux*, with the pleasant little story of *The Purse* and the more characteristic one of *Madame Firmiani*, is probably most suited to a purely English taste." [Athenæum. 1982

CATHERINE, by SANDEAU, = No. 631.

CATHERINE'S COQUETRIES, a

tale of country life, by CAMILLE DEBANS, *Worthington*, 1890. 174 pp. 1983

CENTULLE: a Tale of Pau [by DENYS SHAYNE LAWLOR: *Longman*, 1874.] "This is a pleasant, refined, and ingenious book. It personally conducts the reader through the Pyrenees and the Basque provinces, in company with an imaginary pair of friends, who meet interesting people and undergo curious adventures. The story comes to a melancholy ending, except in the case of one pair of happy lovers, who at all they should be; but as the general award is in strict accordance with morality and political justice, we must not complain. The idea of interweaving this charming volume of description with a story was a happy one; the writer has opportunities for legitimate indulgence in enthusiasm, which would have been out of place in the merely grave and more conventional book of travel. In the latter capacity it is valuable and minute. One closes it feeling that one knows the country, with all its present faculties and attractions, and all its past historic reminiscences and personages." [Spectator. 1984

CÉSAR BIROUETTEAU, see *HISTORY, ETC.*

CÉSETTE [by ÉMILE POUVILLON. *Putnam*, 1882.] "is a story which comes from a clear artistic impulse, apparently as spontaneous as nature, and as simple in its methods; not a line seems forced, and not a color exaggerated. It is a picture of peasant life, homely and realistic in its details, yet suffused with idyllic grace and charm. . . . Each page suggests a Millet-like picture,—peasants setting forth to their morning toil, the sowing, the threshing, the winnowing, the shepherdess returning with her flock;

yet there are few words wasted on mere description. Césette's artless love, and Jordi's more complex emotions, being called one way by his passion for the little shepherdess and the other by the promise of decisive advantage from Rouzil's money, makes a pleasant little comedy, which ends in the right way. . . . The book is a very dainty translation of a charming and finished little work, which we hope may be read and appreciated." [Lippincott's]. 1985

CHATEAU LESCURE [Vendee, 1793.] = No. 635.

CHOISY [Paris], = No. 429.

CHOUANS (THE). by BALZAC. [Bretagne, 1798-9.] N.-Y., Street, 1891: Chicago, Rand (423 pp), Laird & Lee, 1891. 1986

CHRIS [Riviera] = No. 430.

CHINQ-MARS, by A. DE VIGNY [1640-2] London, Bogue, also Routledge. 1987

CLARA MILITCH, by TURGENIEF. [Paris, 1865-70] = No. 446.

CLAUDE BLOUET [Les Souffrances de C.-B., in "Nouvelles Intimes", Paris, 1870.] by ANDRÉ THEURIET, in *Old & New*, Feb., 1870. 1988

CLÉMENCEAU CASE (THE) by ALEX. DUMAS: Chicago, Laird, 1891. 1989

CLORINDA ["Son Excellence Eugène Rougon"] by ÉMILE ZOLA: Peterson, 1880.] "is outwardly decent. The author is still wading in the gutter but it is a gutter which runs around a palace, and the sewage of a court is, to say the least, scented. Clorinda is the gilt (not golden) ornament of the court of Napoléon III; and Eugène Rougon [Rouher], who divides the interest of the story with her, has become a minister, and rises or falls according to the whim of his

master. The highest circles during the flush days of the empire are constantly before the reader, and some personages already notorious—the duke of Morny, for example—move amidst them in thin disguise. Clorinda is a lobbyist among courtiers; who pays costly prices for political favors for her friends, and, finally, to cap the climax of her career, she returns one day from Fontainebleau wearing the glistening badge of an imperial alliance. The veil thrown around her character and course is as thin as the gauze with which alone she sometimes protects her person in the presence of her guests; but we will say this for Zola, that in this book he has managed to be as little offensive as it would be possible to be in dealing with such a subject. The book shows the corruption, political and social, of the Napoleonic régime with a masterly hand. The descriptions of the baptism of the Prince Imperial, of the fêtes at Compiègne, and of the charitable "sale" at the Tuileries, show a wonderful combination of simplicity and power." [Boston "Literary World."]—"The book contains some of Zola's best work; the study of each incident is exhaustive, and at times subtle enough to show a different face to, and awaken a different judgment in, different minds—an effect justly to be called artistic, and thoroughly antagonistic to his most impressive 'naturalism'." [Nation. 1990

CLOUD & SUNSHINE by G: OHNET, *Vizetelly*, 1887, No. 1955.

COLOMBA. [Corsica] = No. 648

COL. CHABERT, by BALZAC. *Fame and Sorrow*.

—, SAME ("The Countess with Two Husbands" in *New Mirror*, 27 July to 9 Sept., 1837. 1991

CLEMENCEAU CASE (The) [by ALEXANDRE DUMAS: Paris, 1866; Phila, Craieford, 1892.] "is an imaginary *cause célèbre*. The hero of the novel, or to speak in strict keeping with the form of the work, the defendant in this "extraordinary case" is the illegitimate son of a poor young needlewoman, who, after having committed the one great fault leads a respectable and industrious life. She sends Pierre, when he is 10 years old, to a first-rate boarding school; but before doing so, she reveals to him the melancholy secret of his birth, telling him that, in consequence of this degradation, he will be exposed to humiliating vexations and insults. The foreshadowed sufferings of Pierre are only too soon and painfully realized . . . Clémenceau becomes a successful sculptor, gaining fame and fortune at a much earlier period than usually falls to the lot of artists; he enjoys also universal esteem on account of his high qualities, among which the preservation of his moral purity, in spite of the manifold temptations by which artists are surrounded, is emphatically commemorated. His happiness seems to have reached its culminating point when he makes the acquaintance of a young countess of dazzling beauty . . . Clémenceau's passionate love is returned by Iza; but her mother scorns the idea of throwing away her beautiful daughter on an artist, however celebrated and wealthy. She has in view a Russian prince. The princely marriage however, fails, and Iza throws herself in Clémenceau's arms 'sans gêne et sans façon.' The "énigme éternelle" makes


him a declaration of love in so "emancipated" a manner that it is to deter him from a matrimonial alliance with her. Besides, he has also received several anonymous hints reflecting severely on her character; but he sees only the incarnation of beauty before him, and can not free himself from the fatal infatuation . . . Clémenceau's happiness is beyond description, but, alas! the honeymoon is not over ere the infatuated lover detects some ugly traits in his wife's character, and after some time, he is plunged into the deepest misery by the discovery not of one lover, but of a whole nest of lovers favored by the dauter of the Polish adventurer. His mother dies of grief at seeing the disgrace of her son's wife, and Clémenceau, repudiating the idea of killing his bride, repairs to Italy to solage his broken spirit by an assiduous devotion to art. But life has no longer any charms for him, and even art cannot heal his smarting wounds. He might have lingered on and consumed his life in quiet grief, but, hearing that he is an object of pity and derision to his friends, he starts in a fit of rage for Paris. He finds his wife leading a life of royal luxury, a fact not to be wondered at, she being the "femme entretenue" of a prince. Once more he is overpowered by her fatal beauty, and by his still more fatal sensuous feelings. He sees her in her boudoir amidst the mute witnesses of her shame, and "condones" her guilt. Once more he asks her—"M'aimes-tu?" Half-asleep, she answers, "Oui," and he quietly plunges a knife into her heart." [Albion. 1899

COLONEL'S DAUGHTER (The). [Renée Mauperin. Paris, 1864.] by E. & J. DE GONCOURT; London, 1883 [It purports to be by "W. S. Hayward." 1992]

COMÉDIE HUMAINE (The) [by HONORE "DE" BALZAC: (†. 1850.) *Chatto*, 1879.) "consists of an introduction and 3 of the author's shorter tales,—'La Bourse,' 'Gaudissart II,' and 'Albert Savarus'." "The first is much better done than was the version contained in No. 1982." [Athe. 1993]

COMPANION OF THE TOUR OF FRANCE (The). [by "G. SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†. 1876): [Paris, 1840] London, *Churton*, 1848.] "A 'Companion' is a member of a trades' union; the 'Tour of France,' refers to the wandering of artisans from town to town, after the custom described in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* [No. 1017.] The hero is the son of a carpenter, and the design of the author appears to have been to paint the ideal of a man of the people, aiming at his objects than wealth or station, and devoting himself to the solution of the social problems most intimately connected with the welfare of his class." [Westminster Review.]

— SAME ("The Journeyman Joiner"), N.-Y., *Graham*, 1847. 1994

CONFESSOR (THE),  UNDER THE BAN. 1995

CONQUEST OF PLASSANS (The). [by ÉMILE ZOLA: *Peterson*, 1879.] "Here we have a stern, self-controlling priest, indomitably resisting the seductive worship of an infatuated woman. He comes off conqueror, and she, baffled and defeated, perishes. This is the true "conquest of Plassans." The author's motive is executed with firmness, directness.

and clearness. But the whole atmosphere of the piece is somber and forbidding; there is nothing pleasant in its situations; the dénouement is direfully tragic and we cannot think that the specific utility of the book is an offset to its general unwholesomeness." [Boston "Lit. World." 1996]


CONSCRIPT [The], by A. [D] DUMAS: New-York, 1855. 1997

— SAME, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN [Alsace, 1812-14] = No. 649.

CONSUELO, = No. 650.

COQUETTE'S LOVE (A). [Nôtre Coeur] by G. DE MAUPASSANT, N.-Y., *Belford*, 1890. 1998

— SAME ("Nôtre Coeur") Chicago, *Laird*, 1890, 307 pp.

CORINNE, by A. L. G. (NECKER), baroness STAEL-HOLSTEIN, *Carey*, '36; *Warne*, '84,  No. 2004.

COSETTE. [by K. S. MACQUOID: *Ward & Downey*, 1890.] "Cosette chooses one love for herself whilst her friends choose another for her; and there are the usual complications, which are told with good taste and feeling. The story has very little incident, but much play of character, so that the men and women who act their parts in the comedy appear almost real. The experiences of Cosette are decidedly touching, and her fate is well contrived to support a French rather than an English view of the theory and practice of courtship." [Athenæum. 2001]

COUNT DE PERBUCK (The), by F. SOULIE, London, *Newby*, 1859. 2002

COUNT KOSTIA, = No. 653.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO = No. 654.

COUNT XAVIER. [by "HENRY GREVILLE" i. e., Alice M. Cécile (Fleury) Durand: *Ticknor*, 1887.]


CONFESSIONS OF A CHILD OF THE CENTURY (The) [by ALFRED DE MUSSET (1810-57). Chicago, *Sergel*, 1893] "Men ar always láfing at what they call "women's men," as portrayed in the feminin novel; but "men's men" as óften astound women, until they ar ready tō go tō their male relativs and ask: "Ar you really like this? Dō you suppose my husband and my sōns ar at all like the men in this book? Such a character is "Octave" in these 'Confessions.' This very hysterical young person of 19, whō has run the gamut of all the vice acesible tō him in Paris, is the victim of a moral malady which renders him unable tō believe in either sincerity, generosity, or virtue. His passions of doubt, remorse and óther emotions téar him tō tatters, and he is forever being consumed by grief or convulsed with tears. Now and then, he opens his héart tō joy and tranquil happiness: óne of the most notable of these occasions being when he was about tō stab a most admirable young woman in her sleep, [compare No. 1989] but was prevented by the sight of a little blac cross upon her héart. After having beheld this, he is at ónce 'converted,' and, tō use with respect an old phrase, he "enjoys religion." He is in fact, so changed that he at ónce passes the young woman, whō has out of pure philanthropy ruined herself—hoping tō regenerate him—tō the man whōm she really lōves, and whō, tho poor and named Smith, is bily respectable. As the book is written by Alfred de Musset, it goes without saying that there ar sōme fine things

in it: the opening chapters, which describe the moral condition of the people after a war of invasion and defeat, being especially remarkable." [L.. Stockton, 1893.] "It is tō Alfred de Musset that many of G: Sand's exquisit 'Lettres d'un Voyageur' ar addressed. She óften repeats in them how truly she had lōved him, even at the very moment when she betrayed him. . . 'The Confessions' wer written while he was writhing under the anguish caused by his mistress' faithlessness, and the whole tenor of its contents is thérfore strōngly imbued with the violence of personal feeling. Altho these çelebrated 'Confessions' assume the form of a novel, they ar evidently, a narrativ of the author's life. The treachery of a heroin is the pivot upon which revolv all the events of the story. She is shōn tō the reader in every form which the mind of the writer, mad with passion, could depict: now, under the appearance of the light, héartless woman of the world—now, with all the tranquil homish charm of virtue—and then, again, under the bright dazzling cōlors of the courtesan. No details, however cynical, ar omitted. The author seems tō have traced his thōts as they presented themselves in rapid succession tō his mind, with all their nativ singularity of contrast, hight of cōloring, and crudity of expression. Thère is, doubtless, much tō be admired in the work; but thère is sōmething too nearly akin tō indelicacy in exposing tō the public gaze the private feelings and thōts which recur constantly during the course of the narrativ, tō award it unqualified praise." [Albion. 1994 w

"The story is very slīt, and the plot so simple as tō be almost hackneyed; but the freshness of treatment, and the grace and humor of the style, make it a most delītful little book. The old count's funeral, the devotion of the old servant and the obsequiousness of the new one, the momentary temptation of the hero, the accidents which enable him tō triumph over temptation, and finally the young scapegoat's stratagem of the dynamite plot tō get himself recalled tō the lōve from which he has been banished, ar all told with inimitable humor and vividness." [Critic. 2003

CORINNE. [by A.. L.. GERMAINE (NECKER) baroness STAEL-HOLSTEIN: Boston, 1808, 2 v., 12°; London, 1856, 8°.] "One faculty the author possessed in an extraordinary degree.—the faculty of delineating character. She had the power of exhibiting it both by a few brīt touches of epigrammatic force, and by a long and unobtrusiv cōurse of minute and delicate delineation . . . Never was thēre a more successful example of true and delicate delineation than her character of 'Comte d' Erfeuil' in *Corinne*; and it possesses the rare merit of being not only a vivid and consistent portrait of an imaginary individual, but of one in whōm ar embodied all the most amiable peculiarities of the cōuntry tō which he belongs. No one can follo this personage throu the tale without being better acquainted with the French character." [Foreign Quarterly Review. 2004

COUNTESS EVE (The) = No. 657.

COUNTESS SARAH, 'by G: OHNET: *Vraetelly*, 1885; N.-Y., *Waverly Co.*, 1890,  No. 1955.

COUNTRY DOCTOR (The) [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850): *Roberts*, 1888.] "has for its theme the good work wrōt by a man whō relinquishes his on career, settles in a primitiv region and applies all his powers tō raising and benefiting the ignorant and debased peasantry whō hav hithertō maintained only a precarious existence from the results of their soing and reaping in a wretched soil, with neither health, hope, nor heart tō rouse them out of a dul, almost imbecil stagnation. Balzac, whō paints town and city life in so sombre cōlois, tearing the vėl from their secret sins and mysteries, appalls us with the conviction that thēre is no cure for the terrible disease which is sapping the health of all modern society, takes quite a different tone in recounting tō us the simple details of Dr. Benassis' enterprise, and describes a veritable Arcadia. The doctor has found the peasantry sic, both in body and mind, tending tōards crētinism, living in hovels, il-fed, il-kept, heartless and wicked. Intō the little community he has infused health, good sense, good living, which hav brōt about freedom from vice and crime. Dr. Benassis' early motiv in devoting himself tō the regeneration of this people had been tō overcōme personal agony and revolt at his failure in life. He is one of Balzac's typical personages; a truly grēat soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity or pedantry, wise, equitable and patient. Thēre is benefit and stimulus tō be gained from reading the quiet chronicle, and we ar glad tō see that hopefulness and belief can be breathed even from Balzac's pages." [American. 2005

COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE

(The) [by EUSTACE CLAIRE GRENVILLE MURRAY: (†, 1881) in "French Sketches" *Smith*, 1878.] "is a fervent and devotedly loyal Bonapartist, and he risks his life, when all is over with the emperor and his army, to carry a letter from her husband to the Empress . . . In time to come, when the imperial tragedy shall have faded into the distance, and shall be invested with romance, 'la révérence de l'impératrice' may take its place among the historic pictures which illustrate the troubled story of France, and the lives of those who in that fantastic and fierce country have been born to greatness, have achieved it, or have had it thrust upon them." [Spectator. 2006]

COUSIN BETTE. [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850.) *Roberts*, 1888.] "Balzac aspired to paint french life, especially parisian life, in all its aspects,—'the great modern monster with its every face,' to use his own words; and in no one of his novels is his insight keener, his coloring bolder, or his disclosures of the corruptions of city life more painfully realistic than in 'Cousin Bette.' Lisbeth Fischer, i. e., Cousin Bette, is a peasant woman, and in spite of 25 years of parisian life, a peasant she remains . . . But tigerish as are some of Bette's instincts, she is still a woman within our ken,—we can understand and feel for her. It is to Crevel, to the baron, to the infamous Marnifles that we go for types of a corruption which sickens us of our common humanity. It is a picture before which we shade our eyes and turn away. Still there are contrasts and varieties of character, through which as through a rift in the black clouds comes a hint of brightness. For example, there is supreme delicacy of

touch in the portrait of Adeline Hulot and of her daughter Hortense, in whom nature and art have united to make a charming character. So far as it is an exposition of the passions, the lust, the greed, the hatred and jealousy of mankind working out events under the veil of social phenomena, it is a very great book, but it is a terrible one. Not one of the series shows more breadth, skill, and sympathy with every characteristic of the great french author than does this." [American. 2007]

COUSIN PONS [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850.): *Roberts*, 1886; London, *Warne*, 1889; N.-Y., *Munro*, 1888; *Bonner*, 1891.] "continues the series grimly entitled 'La Comédie Humaine,' and shows like the rest the vanity, the heartlessness, the greed of parisian life,—all those sordid vices of civilization, which here through relief the inexhaustible tenderness and worth of a friendship between two men. Both are musicians. Pons began his career by winning a prize as a composer, then dropped to the dead level of mediocrity, and makes a living by giving lessons and conducting the orchestra of a theatre. Schmucke, a German, is a pianist to an adapter of scores for Pons' orchestra. Poor and lonely, the two men live together, and give each other not only companionship, but entire sympathy. Schmucke, who is a sentimentalist, is entirely happy in this life, but Pons, over and above his friendship for the German, has two passions; he is both a gourmand and a virtuoso. For years he has been able to gratify his love of good dinners by dropping in daily at the tables of his rich relatives; and by knowing all the curiosity-shops and being always on

the alert to secure whatever is valuable and rare, he has made a collection fit to rouse the envy of all the connoisseurs . . . How he destroys himself, how he is momentarily reinstated as a welcome and honored guest only to be turned out as a pariah; how his collection is appraised and how the beasts of piety gather about the heart-broken man; all this the reader will discover. It is a sombre and terrible picture,—the friendship of the two men (which lasts to the grave and beyond the grave) helping only to render the cruelty and greed of every other character in the book more hopeless and more intolerable.” [American. 2008

—, SAME (“Poor Relations”). London, *Simpkin*, 1880.

CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD (The) [by ANATOLE FRANCE: *Harper*, 1890.] “is a charming story . . . Sylvestre, the old book-lover, is a most lovable creation: his very crime is endearing. His kidnapping of Jeanne seems the most natural thing in the world, and so does his fatherly jealousy of the young student who is in love with her. The book is full of quaint scenes.” [Critic. 2009

CRIQUETTE. [by LUDOVIC HALÉVY: Chicago, *Rand*, 1891.] “Halévy has a talent for writing very sweet, attractive stories . . . Crikette is a most charming character. We begin with her as a little girl selling flowers and barley-sugar to the passers-by in the streets of a suburb of Paris. We follow her through her first efforts in a juvenile part on a provincial stage, and thence to her first great theatrical success at the Porte St. Martin. Her mother dies while she is there, and she is adopted by an

actress only to be turned over later to a hard, cold woman, who raises [*sic*!] her properly but without a particle of affection. The girl’s loving nature starves in this atmosphere, and she runs away and takes refuge with a young friend who has always been kind to her and whom she genuinely believes she loves. She is greatly his superior, however, and awakens at last to a realization of the fact that she has outgrown him. She remains perfectly loyal, though, even after he deserts her, and refuses to accept the happiness which another offers her. She feels that she belongs to her first love, but she gives her life for her second, dying of fever contracted while nursing him in the hospital at the close of the German war. The charm of the story lies in the beauty of Crikette’s character, and in the tender interest with which she inspires us.” [Critic. 2010

DADDY GORIOT = PERE GORIOT.

DEAD MARQUISE (The) [1789] = No. 670.

DELPHINE. [by A. L. GERMAINE (NECKER), baroness STAEL-HOLSTEIN: Phil’a, *Carey*, 1835.] “Our sympathies are so strongly enlisted on her side, and she is exhibited in so interesting a light, that whatever our judgments may decide, our hearts at least are made to tell us that if she and society are at variance, it is rather society which ought to be remodeled, than that Delphine should be turned aside from the well-intentioned course of her enthusiastic errors.” [Foreign Quarterly Review, 1834. 2011

DENISE. [by MA. ROBERTS: London, *Bell*, 1863; N.-Y., *Gregory*, 1864.] “The promise of goodness if not excellence given in “Mademoiselle

Mori" (No. 812.) is more than fulfilled in this charming tale, which endeavors to portray a side of french life which has not been sufficiently regarded. The author's aim is to paint existence in a quiet, sunny, self-absorbed town of Southern France, a town chattering busily about its local affairs, the feast of its patron saint, the conduct of its mayor, the doings of its gentry, but altogether careless of the intrigues, ambitions and splendors of the Tuileries. The subject indeed is regarded from an english point of view; the coloring is english: but notwithstanding its insular treatment, the picture is a veritable representation of french manners, and will please those whom it describes scarcely less than those for whom it is especially written." [Athenæum]—"There is a strange charm about this book. The story is common enough, the characters have nothing original in their conception, and yet we are fascinated by the detailed truth of the portraiture . . . Mademoiselle Le Marchand, an odd old maid, with a genius for painting, is really the character of the book. Denise, the heroin, is quietly and faithfully drawn. Various picturesque phases of the catholic faith are artistically managed, while the faith itself is not treated with much courtesy." [Continental. 2012

DEVIL'S POOL (The) [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): N.-Y., W. H. Graham, 1847.] is "the most perfectly idyllic composition of modern times. The characters are as real as the scenery. Everything is in keeping, and it is because the harmony is so perfect, while the theme is so simple, that we call the tale idyllic; but if it had been less well and artisti-

cally written, it would still have been a pleasing story of rural life. It is not the fruit of any theory about humanity." [Saturday Review.]—"The books whose scenes are chiefly laid in the country will, we believe, be G: Sand's surest title to immortality. In these you fill your lungs with the fresh air from the 'landes' and the mountains. You hear the rush of the mountain torrents, the murmur of the gently-flowing brooks, the rustle of the leaves in the summer breeze, or the sighing of the autumn breeze through the branches. The simplest and most perfect of all is 'La Mare au Diable.' . . . In point of genius, and perhaps of interest, we must give the palm, as we have said, to 'La Mare au Diable.' The triumph of its art is in its extreme simplicity. The story is woven out of a single adventure—the best part of it is in the incidents of a single night; the personages are a laborer in homespun, a little peasant girl, and a child. It would seem incredible that the author of the passionate 'Indiana' could have made so much of such slight and simple materials. For once she has discarded all her socialist fancies; she dispenses with her analysis of artificial passion, and is working after nature pure and unadorned." [Blackwood's. 2013

—, SAME ("Enchanted Lake"), London, Slater, 1849.

—, SAME ("Haunted Marsh") with "Old Convents," London, Simms, 1851.

—, SAME ("Haunted Pool"), N.-Y., Dodd, 1890.

—, SAME ("Lovers' Pool"), N.-Y., Redfield, 1871.

DIANE. [by K. S. Macquoid: Chatto, 1875.] "The story is the old one: love at first sight on the man's part,

and not long after on the woman's, —misunderstanding, jealousy, separation, reconciliation, marriage. But the events succeed each other naturally and there is just enuf doubt as to the parts which the various characters are going to play to keep our interest alive. Madame Poulain, Diane's intriguing rival, is perhaps a little too wicked to be in harmony with the general key of the story and the young baron whom we expected to turn out a second Arthur Donnithorne (No. 1027.) is almost too good for human nature; but french people, whether good or bad, are less conventionalized than english people." [Athenæum. 2014

DIANE CORYAL [by KATHLEEN O'MEARA. Roberts, 1884.] "is so well written, and gives so graceful and faithful a picture of provincial life, that it takes its place in the pleasant list which comprises such novels as 'Denise' and 'The Rose Garden.' Acquaintance with the french provinces seems to suggest books like these, where everything picturesque in the pretty towns, with their quaint houses with gables and shining pinnacles, the dresses, the household customs and belongings, is carefully sketched, each dainty detail indicated, even if only half colored with human likeness and passion. This fresh and delicate little story is peculiarly felicitous in its treatment of french ideas and manners, and no one can fail to enjoy the picture given of life at the abbaye . . . The plot of the novel is Auld Robin Gray, but freshly and spontaneously enuf told to please the reader. Diane, who is a fine character, wins sympathy and affection from the outset, and holds it until the end." [Lippincott's.]—"A young french

girl, brôt up among artists, loses her mother, gets engaged to one of her painter-friends against his father's wish, goes to live with some elderly cousins in Picardie, hears a false report of her lover's marriage to another woman, and in her despair and loneliness marries one of her cousins. When she is the wife of Robin Gray young Jamie turns up again. Meanwhile the situation is sufficiently tragic to give interest to the story, even though the experienced reader knows that in a novel of this kind things are pretty sure to come out at last. The only fault is that, as so often happens, the husband is a far more interesting figure than the lover to whose welfare he has to be sacrificed. But in novels, at least, youth will be served; and we can only be grateful when the author carries this maxim into effect in the english rather than in the french method." [Athenæum.

—, SAME ("The Old House in Picardy"). Bentley, 1887. 2015

DR. ANTONIO [Riviera.] = No. 435.

DR. RAMEAU, by G. OHNET: Lippincott, Lovell, Rand, Waverly Co., 1889. No. 1955. 2016

DOCTOR'S FAMILY (The) [by [M.. ALFRED] JULES GIRARDIN: Routledge, 1876.] "is delightful. It is a tale of domestic life in a country town. The light, pleasant zest of the original style is well preserved. It exhibits a side of french life healthful and admirable, showing that the usual "french novel" does not represent the life of the mass of people in France."* [Athe. 2017

DON JUAN, by BALZAC. London, Scott, 1890. 2018

*There is a proverb that one swallow does not make a summer. Compare Andrew Lang on French Novels in *The North Amer. Review*, Jan., 1892.—W: M. G.

DORA [Rouen], by JULIA KAVANAGH. = No. 438.

DOUBLE FAMILY (A). by BALZAC, in *THE CAT AND BATTLE-DORE*. 2019

DREAM OF LOVE (A) by ZOLA, Chicago, *Laird*, 1891, = No. 784.

DUCHESSE ANNETTE (The). Chicago, *Laird*, 1891, = No. 1954.

DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS (The) [by HONORE "DE" BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1886] "is a tedious tale as if told after dinner by a guest who for the most part drowns but occasionally rouses himself to startling power. Few things of Balzac illustrate better how his narrative faculty gets the better of him. It runs on and on. It is with him as H: Taylor said of Macaulay, 'his memory swamps his mind.' The story is in reality all told in the prelude of the convent scene . . . It is as if the novelist played with his characters—doomed and plainly declared to be doomed—as a cat plays with a half-dead mouse." [Overland. 2020

DUKE'S MARRIAGE (The). [Bentley, 1886.] The author "has made the French character the subject of study under the various aspects of Breton.—peasant and noble, bureaucrat, imperialist, and demagog; and if he is a bitter opponent of republicanism, it must be admitted that he is at least as vigorous in exposing the rottenness of the Second Empire. The Duke himself is a fine and generous fello, but we can hardly resent the endless embarrassments which sever him so long from his bride when they afford the writer scope for admirable delineation of country life, gentle and simple. Jérôme Juva, the priest, is a touching figure, and one of the strongest situations in the book is

that which arises out of the sudden shattering of his belief in miraculous apparitions. On the other hand, there is no little humor in the account of the imprisonment in Paris of Littlepoint, a respectable English solicitor, and the compromising circumstances of his release along with a batch of socialists on the downfall of the Empire. 'The Duke's Marriage' may be read, both by those who are fond of France, like the author, and by all who appreciate a clever and original story told with plenty of life and spirit and an abundance of epigram." [Athenæum. 2021

EDMÉE (Les Dames de Croix-Mort) by G: OHNET: *Warne*, 1886, No. 1955.

ÉLIANE = No. 440.

EMBARRASSING WIFE (An)—[18½ pages], by G. DROZ, in *Modern Age*, Apr. 1883. 2022

ERSILIA [Pyrenees] = No. 686.

ESTELLE RUSSELL [Toulouse] = No. 444.

EUGÉNIE [by BEATRICE MAY BUTT: *Holt*, 1877.] "is a simple, quiet story of home-life, having throughout a certain delicacy of touch which is very pleasing. The characters are few, but clearly drawn; and while as a story it is disappointing and unsatisfactory, we are constantly charmed by the fresh, natural way in which it is told." [Boston "Lit. World." 2023

EUGÉNIE GRANDET [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850): N.-Y., *Winchester*, 1843; *Rudd*, 1860; *Bonner*, 1891; London, *Routledge*, 1859; Boston, *Roberts*, 1886.] "has amongst Balzac's countless tales, the almost singular merit, that it may be read by a man without indignation, and by a woman without a blush. It is, as it were, a Dutch picture of an interior—of

the family and society of a penurious merchant of a country town. The details are painted with vivid accuracy, and the characters are worked-up with equal originality and truth. The character of Eugénie Grandet herself, combining the gentleness of her submissive mother with something of the shrewdness and firmness of her avaricious father, is ably conceived and happily executed." [Quarterly Review, 1836.]—Eugénie "shines out from Balzac's gallery of women with a beauty and charm beyond all others, and her reality gives worth to the great novelist's conceptions of different female characters. That he should have known how to draw a Eugénie makes the daughters of Père Goriot, and the Duchess of Langeais more credible. The character of Eugénie is that of a perfect woman; it is portrayed within close limits, it is true, but limits wide enough to include sweetness, fortitude, faith, constancy, nobility and passion,—everything, indeed, which endears and sanctifies woman to the imagination. She is at the beginning of the story a weed shaken by the wind at any throes of displeasing her father, the old miser, who domineered his household, forbidding, depressing, thwarting every generous impulse which he could govern. It is impossible for reality or imagination to surpass the picture of sordid gloom, apathy and dulness which Balzac paints with a wonderful minuteness and completion of detail as a background for the human lives whose secret he is to disclose. You feel here the grimness, the bareness, the hideousness of the Grandet ménage: you shiver with Madame Grandet and Eugénie as they cower over the foot-warmer in the chilly

autumn days before the fire is lighted: you experience ennui at the scanty meals, the silence, the gloom, the intolerable wet of a perpetual and crushing tyranny. This girlhood had been the long preparation for Eugénie's womanhood, which begins with the advent of her cousin from Paris. The little love idyl which ensues, the occasional talks in the garden, the one long deep kiss in the passage, is a momentary break of sunlight in a long life of gloom. But Eugénie believes for a time that she possesses a secret of happiness which no one can rob her of. Her cousin goes away, but he is to return! A vain hope, but a long sweet hope; if a falsehood, a blessed falsehood which transmutes a gray, monotonous, isolated existence into one linked to all which makes the worth of human experience. Her cousin, like everyone else in the book except Eugénie, her mother, and Nanon the servant, is sordid, faithless, willing to sell his soul for gain. Eugénie redeems his honorable name,—promotes his ambitious marriage in Paris, and she goes on her own loveless and joyless way. It is one of the most sombre of sombre pictures. One might ask if Eugénie's faith and love and religion and goodness were not a light unseen,—a fountain wholly wasted,—poured out in a desert which refreshed no thirsty soul. But it is not so. She has one consolation which enriches her life; she has given her gift, and everything is made endurable by the faithfulness of her own heart." [American. 2024

EVANGELIST (The). [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Peterson*, 1883.] "We have seldom read a more painful book. It is unrelieved gloom. This writer has been called 'the french

Dickens,' but it is certain that 'Boz' would never have become so popular as he was if he had given himself to the morbid studies in which Daudet delits. L'Évangéliste tells a story of religious zeal and intolerance so unnatural, depressing, and subversive of common human feeling, that the reader's patience is put to the test on every page, and he must have a strong mental stomach who can digest it at all. It develops a picture of French Protestantism which, if true at all, must certainly be exceptional, and not characteristic. It has been stated that Daudet, on being taken to task for this book, declared that it was founded on facts connected with the experience of his family. It may, therefore, be necessary to concede that such an episode as that of 'L'Évangéliste' has occurred in the history of the extremest side of the religious movement in France, outside the Catholic church, and that the author is to that extent justified in making it the basis of a book, but the circumstances certainly cannot be accepted as more than an episode, historically, while, as a literary work, the story inflicts a painful labor upon the reader." [American.]—"We are inclined to call 'L'Évangéliste' his finest work, and the one which most nearly approaches artistic perfection.—It is a story of direct and pitiless power. It is like a Greek tragedy in its simplicity, and in the suggestion of an overriding and irrevocable fate against which all strife is vain. The Evangelist is a cold, proud, imperious, bigoted woman, controlling enormous wealth in the propagandism of a hard and narrow form of religion; going strait before her, tho her husband kills himself because of her frigidity, and tho a

mother goes mad because her daughter is taken from her by a pseudo-religious 'camp-meeting-revival' ecstasy. This figure of Jeanne is drawn with extraordinary vigor and sobriety, and is worthy to stand side by side with the 'Religieuse' of Diderot; indeed, as excess of one kind is as bad as excess of another, 'L'Évangéliste' is nearly as horrible as 'La Religieuse.'—The subject is of special interest here, where the same bigotry is much more frequent, altho perhaps less pernicious than in France, as all readers of Eggleston's excellent stories [Nos. 15, 30, 40, 52, 92, 131.] will remember." [Nation. 2025
—, SAME, ('Port Salvation'), Chatto, 1883.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. OF DR. BERNAGIUS [“Les Clientes du docteur Bernagius,” Paris, 1873] by LUCIEN BIART: in *Time*, Aug.-Dec., 1880. 2026

FACINO CANE, by BALZAC, in LOUIS LAMBERT 2027

—, SAME (“Gold”), in *SHORT-ER STORIES*.

FADETTE = *LITTLE FADETTE*.

FAME AND SORROW. [by HONORÉ “DE” BALZAC: (†, 1850.) *Roberts*, 1890.] “The 6 tales are 6 chalices brimful of uncton, quivering with a play of beauty and sorrow which captivates at the start. All are sad. One, *Col. Chabert* [No. 1991], shows the sublimity of resignation to a fate undeserved. In another an artist winged with fire and caprice mates himself with a Parisienne whom he loves passionately for—a month, and then dismisses down the dismal lane of disillusioned women. The story of Chabert has a Greek severity of outline, a keenness of logic, and a pathos in its climax showing the highest art. In

'*The Purse*,' gentler elements meet and harmonize in an end beautiful and tranquil as a midsummer evening." [Critic. 2028

FANNY. [by ERNEST FEYDEAU (†, 1873): Paris, 1858; N.-Y., *Long*, 1860.] "Edward, who is a mere boy, is in love with Fanny. This is natural enuf. Fanny, who is decidedly an old girl, who has been married for 15 years, and has three children, is not less desperately in love with Edward, whom she regards with a most charming sentiment, in which the timid passion of the maiden blends gracefully with the maturer regard of an aunt or a grandmother. This is not quite so natural. Certainly, it can hardly be that she is fascinated with Edward, who is the most disgustingly silly young monkey to be found in the whole range of french novels. But the mystery is at once disclosed when we read the description of Fanny's husband. He is 'a species of bull with a human face.' 'His smile was not unpleasing, and his look without any malicious expression, but clear as crystal.' We begin to comprehend his inferiority to Edward,—to sympathise with the youth's horror at the sight of this obnoxious husband, 'who seems to him,' as Mr. Janin says in his preface, 'A hero—what do I say?—a giant!—to the loving, timid, fragile child? In fine, a certain air of calm rectitude pervaded his person.' Execrable wretch! could anything be more repulsive to true and delicate sentiment? 'I should say his age was about 40.' Our wrath at this atrocity can hardly be controlled. It seems as if Mr. Feydeau, by collecting in one individual all the qualities which most excite his abhorrence and contempt, had succeeded in giving us, in Fanny's

husband, a very tolerable specimen of a gentleman. We pardon all to the somewhat middle-aged lady, whose 'feelings are too many for her'; and we only regret that Mr. Feydeau did not see the eminent propriety of increasing the lady's admiration by having this brutal husband pull Edward's divine nose or kick the adored person of the 'pauvre enfant' down stairs." [Atlantic. 2029

FATAL PASSION (A). ["Gerfaut"] by C: BERNARD [DUGRAIL DE LA VILLETTE] (†, 1850.): Paris, 1838; New-York, *Carleton*, 1874.] "Among minor novels, none has been more read and esteemed than 'Gerfaut.' It is entirely free from those venturesome details wherein french writers are prone to offend alike taste and propriety, it is in every way a refined book, there is a delicacy of shading about the love-scenes, an imaginativ sensuousness, which is rare and has a legitimate fascination of its own. The plot is not a complicated one: it is a story of the seduction of a married woman, but there are none of those fatalities of circumstance which often play so considerable a part in such stories; the precipices are not inevitable; the road to them is taken by choice, not accident. But it is the character of the hero to which we feel our attention drawn, for to our mind he is the most singular hero ever depicted by a writer of imagination. Gerfaut is never, even for a moment, deluded into the most passing phase of that exaltation which we all connect inseparably with strong passion, and in which many of us see its partial apology. He seems throughout to be aware that temporary personal gratification—the same in kind tho not in degree as that to be derived

from an exceptionally good dinner,—is the object of his pursuit; and his nearest approach to being swept away by what he is pleased to term his love is when the idea occurs to him that the woman he is pursuing is playing with him, and the emotion of wounded vanity swells the current of his desires to something resembling a cat-a-ract. His selfishness is naïf in its openness, his heart never obtrudes upon the scene to complicate the action: he is of noble descent and proud of his lineage, a poet of repute and ambitious of fame, yet in his treatment of the woman he professes to love he never exhibits a spark of honorable feeling or romantic enthusiasm." [Lippincott's. 2030

—, SAME ("Lover and Husband"), London, 1841. 2031

FIRST AND TRUE LOVE = *SIN OF M. ANTOINE*.

FISHERMAN OF AUGUE (The) [by K.. S. MACQUOID: *Appleton*, 1879.] "is a pretty story of village life, of its love-makings, disappointments, and marriages. The strong home-feeling of the peasant, the reverence for parents and the parental interest, not only for the welfare, but for the happiness of their children, the graceful chattering of the old women, are all well drawn. In our ruder social life we lack one of the greatest charms of French society, the 'vieille femme,' but in the hier civilization coming to us, year by year, we may hope for an old age in our women, whom household drudgery and petty cares will not have so far deadened to the beauties and graces of life as to deserve banishment from their rightful place as the authority of the Salon." [Penn Monthly. 2032

FIJRT. by PAUL HERVIEU:

Worthington, 1890. 273 pp. 2033

FLOWER GARDEN (The) by É. SOUVESTRE. Baltimore. *Murphy*. 1864. 2034

FOREIGN MATCH (A) [by M.. (HEALEY) BIGOT: *McClurg*, 1890.] "with no wealth on the one side and no title on the other is, if one is to judge from contemporary fiction, something of an anomaly. But, no doubt, marriages between penniless American girls and impecunious French artists sometimes occur, and do not always turn out bad. In Mrs. Bigot's well-told tale, however, the love and romance arise from the beginning, all on one side—that of the artist. He is called in to teach drawing to the daughter and niece of an American millionaire, and goes on to fall in love with the latter, who is engaged to be married to a titled Italian. But the Sanford's fortune is lost, and Prince Cavalmonte, with tears in his fine eyes, demonstrates to Miriam that it is impossible for him to marry a poor girl. She will not quite give him up, though. She will stay in Paris, become a great actress and make a colossal fortune . . . Her hopes all vanished, the remnant of her fortune nearly eaten, Miriam marries Raoul Bertrand, and goes to live in his shabby studio with him and his invalid sister Miette. Raoul is happy. Miriam dwells until the return of her cousin Mattie, who has married in America a half-rich man, Mr. Silas Blizzard. Led once more into the old life of pleasure and lavish expense, she drags her husband with her, intrigues with picture dealers, and, on the strength of fictitious orders, makes him set up a fashionable studio. She again meets the Prince, and falls a victim to his wiles; and the story ends tragically.

FOLLE-FARINE. [by "OUIDA," i.e., L. De la Ramé: *Chapman*, 1871.] "Folle-Farine is the child of a miller's daughter, who, in her quiet Norman home, had passed for a saint, until the miller's cruelty, and the gloom of her life in a dull atmosphere of superstition, had driven her to run away with a handsome gypsy who had visited the neighborhood. That she had so run away was known to none, and her disappearance was currently attributed to some miracle by which she was taken to heaven, and her saintship consummated, until six years afterwards, when her child was brought to the miller's house by a kind-hearted gypsy of the tribe to which the seducer of the now dead maiden belonged. 'She was a saint,' the old miller exclaimed, concerning his daughter; 'she was a saint, and the devil begot in her *that*.' The girl was thus looked upon from the first as a child of the devil, and the dark beauty and the stubborn strength that she inherited from her father, encouraged the ignorant villagers in the belief that she was a witch. That belief was further encouraged by the persistent cruelty of her grandfather, who turned her into an abject slave, and who allowed her to live in his house only because she was cheaper than any beast of burden, and because in his brutish way he felt that he was doing a duty, as well as gratifying himself, by thus scourging

the offspring of the devil and the disgrace of his family. Of course, even in superstitious Normandy, it would be hard to find people so degraded by bigotry, and rendered so inhuman by superstition, as are this old miller and his neighbors. But Ouida does not here attempt to paint life-like characters. Her characters are embodiments, for the most part, of prejudices and passions which still deface the beauty of the world, and render miserable that which might be happy. If the miller is inhuman in his cruelty, so are the two other men who are the most prominent in the story. One of them is a rich old sensualist, who lays cunning snares for the ruin of the heroine, hunts her from place to place, and tries her with bribe after bribe, until, though his ends are gained, he only succeeds in making of her a martyr and saint indeed. The other is a selfish devotee of art, so wedded to his craft that, while he accepts some of Folle-Farine's slavish homage, he spurns the love which she offers him, and thinking that he owes her nothing, is twice an ignorant debtor to her for his life, and for the fame which he values more than life. [Compare No. 725.] The miller, the sensualist, and the painter differ in kind, but alike illustrate the cruelty of selfishness, the vileness of human greed, the worthlessness of that lust of power which finds favor with men." [Exam. 2034 m

It is very wel written, with quiet force, and a tact which is beyond praise. The various fâses of Paris life introduced ar faithfully enuf but not too realistically painted. Perhaps the most attractiv characters ar the invalid embroiderer, Miette, and the artist's stone-cutter friend, Pierre. But nône of the òthers is wholly bad, and even the hardened Miriam is allowed the grace of a death-bed repentance." [Critic. **2035**

FOREST HOUSE (The) & CATH-
ERINE'S LOVERS [by ÉMILE ERCK-
MANN & P: ALEX. CHATRIAN (†,
1890.): N.-Y.. 1870.] "opens like a
regular story of rustic lōve, in, say,
the second manner of G: Sand. You
ar just looking out for the good old
traditional dénouement, when lo! you
find yourself plunged intō a thrilling
mediæval legend of crime and retri-
bution, skilfully linked tō the present
day by a slender thread of the super-
natural ... On the òther hand, in
sōme of the smaller sketches, the de-
scription predominates, or rather thêy
ar all description: thêre is no plot
worth the name. *Catherine's Lovers*,
for example, so far as the story is
concerned, mît hav been written by
Arthur or Titcomb. Thêre is a village
hêiress and a poor schoolmaster. He
is ashamed tō profess his lōve, and
she forces him tō confess it; and his
rich rivals, whō hoped tō mortify and
ruin him, ar awfully sold. Voila
tout! The whole attraction of the
sketch is in the delineations of vil-
lage life and scenery." [C: A.
Bristed. **2036**

FORESTERS (The) by ALEX.
[DAVY] DUMAS: *Appleton*, 1854. **2037**
FORGET-ME-NOTS [by JULIA
KAVANAGH: *Bentley*, 1878.] "con-
tains a number of short sketches of

life in a norman village, and ar con-
nected solely by community of place.
The great bulk relate tō the fortunes
of various inhabitants of "Manne-
ville," and all ar gracefully told."
[*Athenæum*. **2038**

FORTUNES OF THE ROUGONS,
by É. ZOLA: Chicago, *Laird*,
1891. **2039**

FOUR GOLDBPIECES (The), by
— GOURAUD: *Low*, 1875. **2040**

FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY
(A). [by HENRIETTE (GUIZOT) DE
WITT: *Harper*, 1868.] "Apart from
the pleasure which old and young
must derive from this story, it is use-
ful in correcting sōme erroneous im-
pressions concerning french family
life which many persons may hav
imbibed from reading novels; and
altho no absolute teaching is aimed at,
few persons wil peruse this little
book without receiving from it in-
struction as wel as delit. The atmos-
fere of *La Vacherie* is wholesōme, the
life thêre picturesque; the children ar
affectionate, dutiful, intelligent, but
never priggish; filial lōve and parent-
al devotion contribute tō form a fam-
ily picture." [Round Table. **2041**

FRENCH EGGS IN AN ENGLISH
BASKET by É. SOUVESTRE, London,
1871. **2042**

FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN
CHATEAU (A) [by ELEANOR C
PRICE: *Low*, 1878.] "takes us tō the
pleasant towns and châteaux of Anjou,
and among a society which, tho its
bugbear is the Red Republic, has no
notion of looking tō a pinchbeck
Cæsar for its salvation. Indeed,
these courteous and kindly marquises
and marchionesses seem, on the
whole, very wel content with the ex-
isting state of things, and when they
marry ar not abōve being escorted tō

FORESTERS (The). [by ALEX. DUMAS (1803-70) *Appleton*, 1854.] "Turning his bac upon camps and courts, the scene of his former triumphs, the author here givs us a charming reminiscence of Villers Coterêts, his nativ village, and relates a simple tale founded upon occurrences which once happened in the neighborhood. The thread of the story is slight, but it is wel managed and full of interest. The sketches of character introduced, and the descriptions of woodland scenery, ar lifelike, and evidently copied from nature. Unlike some of his more pretentious works, "The Foresters" seems the product of an unhammed pen. Altogether it is a delightful episode of country life, pure and healthful in its teachings, and reminding us rather of that beautiful pastoral, *Fadette* [No. 2108] and some of the tales of Emile Souvestre, than of any previous production of this inexhaustible writer." [Albion. 2037

FRANCIS THE WAIF [by "GEORGE SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876) · *Routledge*, 1889, 304 p.] "is a story of peasant life. . . . A 'champi' is a child abandoned in the fields . . . The author introduces the hero, at the tender age of 6, boarded by the parish with an old woman who dwells in a hovel. The pretty young wife of the miller takes compassion on the child, and finds means to supply him, unknown to her brutal husband, with food and raiment. He grows into a comely lad, gentle, intelligent, and right-hearted, and devotedly attached to Madeleine. He enters the service of the miller given up to the fascinations of a widow, who tries to seduce the handsome Champi, and, failing of success, instils jealousy into the ear of the miller, who drives François from his house. The young man finds occupation in a distant village, and returns to the mill of Cornouer only when its master is dead and Madeleine ill, to rescue his benefactress from grasping creditors, by means of a sum of money his unknown

father has sent to him. George Sand makes every woman fall in love with the Champi; but he repulses all save one, and that one never dreams of loving him otherwise than as a mother. At last one of the fair ones who would fain have gained his heart, generously reveals to him, what he himself has difficulty in believing, that he is in love with Madeleine, and, further, compassionating his timidity, undertakes to break the ice to the pretty widow. It requires a talent like that of George Sand to give an air of probability to all this. There are at most but a dozen years' difference between Madeleine and the Champi, but the reader has been so much accustomed to look upon them in the light of mother and son, that he is somewhat startled on finding the boy of 19 enamored of the woman of 30. The love-passages, however, are managed with the author's usual skill. As a picture of peasant life, the book yields internal evidence of fidelity." [Blackwood's Magazine. 2040 k

their homes by the local National Gard. Nay, more; they ar willing tō admit that their recent ancestors wer not wholly free from blame in their relations with their inferiors, even tho the penalty they paid may hav been sōmewhat too severe. As the chief personages in the story ar twō young Englishmen, it is needless tō say that it turns mainly on the "peculiar institution" of french society in regard tō marriage arrangements. Of course the twō english brothers, of whōm one is charming but selfish, the other less attractiv, but more genuin, fall in lōve with french girls, and, of course, each succeeds as he deserves." [Athenæum. 2043

FRENCH PICTURES IN ENGLISH CHALK. [by EUSTACE CLARE GRENVILLE MURRAY: *Smith*, 1876.] "Many of our readers wil remember these brilliant sketches as they appeared in the Cornhill Magazine. Martin Boulet, 'Our ruf. red Candidate,' whō so admirably out-manœuvres archbishop, prefect, and the rest of the authorities, is quite deserving of a permanent place among portraits of french personages. So is the young democrat, Camille Lange, and his father, Demosthenes Lange. Of course, our author is a little cynical, witness the end of 'Our Secret Society,' whēre fōur conspirators, whō ar bent on revolutionising France, not tō say the world, appear in a way which shōs them tō be very fair 'friends of order.' 'L'Ambulance Tricochet,' however, is a capital story, free from this characteristic. Altogether, 'French Pictures' is a book worth reading, or even reading again." [Spectator. 2044

FRIEND (A). ['L'Aimée'] by "HENRI GRÉVILLE": i. e., Alice M..

Céleste (Fleury) Durand: *Peterson*, 1878.] "The locale and the personages ar french, and all the conditions of french life amongst rising professors, sober old 'rentiers,' and aspiring officials ar very wel described by a person whō knōs all about them." [Nation. 2045

FRIEND FRITZ. [by ÉMILE ERCKMANN & P: ALEX. CHATRIAN (†, 1890): *Scribner*, 1889.] "Thēre is sōmething delitfully human, drōll, and kindly in it, from the first page tō the last. Kobus' predestind but unconscious laps from the determind bachelorhood of a bon-vivant, easy-going and sweet-tempered, fond of good eating, good drinking, and shuffling about in old clothes, proud of his unhampered liberty and serene in the unttempted security on which it rests, could hardly hav been described with greater simplicity and charm. True, thēre is nothing which can be called elevating about the story. But granting that the authors look at life like thōro Sadducees, stil they not only hav no quarrel with the moralities, grēat or small, but they ar plumply and unmistakably enlisted on the side of the natural virtues and social decencies. And surely they have seldom been surpassed as delineators of those common, humble, and kindly aspects of elsatian village life with which they had a natural sympathy." [Catholic World. 2046

FROMONT THE YOUNGER AND RISLER THE ELDER. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Vizetelly*, 1880.] "Sidonie is the personification of cold, calculating worldliness; Désirée is the poor, patient, working-girl; Claire, the sweetest wife and mother in the world.—and both Désirée and Claire ar embodiments of self-devo-

tion. Between the twö stands Sidonie, working mischief tö both and death tö öne. Sidonie in childhood lvs under the same roof with Désirée; in her married life she is thrön constantly with Claire. From Désirée she steals her löver; from Claire, her husband. She is faithless in turn tö both men, as she has been from the first tö her husband; and cruel as she is tö the women whö ar nearest tö her, the men whö löve her suffer even more at her hands. The scene is laid in the middle-class life of Paris. Thère is not a titled personage in the book; and thère is a straitforward simplicity, and an absence of pretence and glamor, about the way in which the story is told, which is very striking." [Boston "Literary World." 2047

—, SAME. ("Partners").

—, SAME. ("Sidonie"), *Estes*, 1877.

FUGITIVES (THE) [with "The Duke's Daughter" by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: London, 1890.] "is popular because it treats of and appeals tö familiar emotions. The midnît flit of the dishonest financier from his luxurious englhsh home with his twö dauters—the young woman and the little child, neither of whö m can even guess at the meaning of the mysterious journey—provides a striking opening for a story the continuation and close of which amply fulfil the promise of these early pages. The life of the little french village of Latour, which the fugitives make their final resting place, and in which poor Mr. Goulbourn finds not only his grave but the opportunity for the öne kind deed which makes that grave sacred tö Blanchette and her husband, is portrayed with intimate knoledge and fine sympathy; and tho Mrs.

Oliphant has döne more ambitious work than this story of the ordeal of Helen Goulbourn, she has never excelled this quiet, tender pathos." [Spectator. 2048

GABRIELLE ["La Maison de Maurège"] by "HENRI GRÉVILLE", i. e., A. M. (F.) Durand: *Peterson*, 1878.] "is refined and charming." [Atlantic. 2049

GALLANT LORDS OF BOIS DORÉ, by "G: SAND," = No. 711.

GAMBARA, by BALZAC, in *Louis Lambert*. 2050


GAUDISSERT II., = *ILLUSTRI- OUS GAUDISSERT*.

GÉRARD'S MARRIAGE [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: *Appleton*, 1877.] "is öne of those stories tö which the term idyl may be wel applied. It is provincial in its locality, and its every page is pervaded by the sweetest of rural influences. Its heroin lifts her lövely head like a beautiful flower, and seems tö bear about her the charm and the perfume of a rose just not fully blön. Gerard, whö is the son of an old chevalier of the 'petite noblesse,' is destined by his father tö marry the not unattractiv dauter of a similar family; but he having seen Helen, falls straitway in löve with her . . . All the personages in this most charming story ar full of character and vitality . . . They all ar drawn with a pencil which seems tö carry life and lit in its very touch. Not less remarkable is the use of the rural scenery among which the incidents of the story take place. Descriptions of scenery ar generally very tedious, and fail entirely tö produce the picture which the writer designs. But in these not only döes the scene cöme vivedly before the mind's eye, but the moral and fysical incidents

blend with and illustrate each other, so that the result is a charming whole. We have used the word charming more than once in this notice; we let it stand; it is only by such tautology that the effect of 'Gérard's Marriage' can be expressed." [Galaxy.]—"Le Mariage de Gérard" is a charming tale, charmingly told, with a touch of quiet, gentlemanly humor, and possessing a pathos that has nothing sentimental about it." [Athenæum.]

2051

—, SAME ("Marriage of Gérard"), Chicago, *Laird*, 1891. 2052

GERFAUT,  (A) FATAL PASSION.

GERMAINE [by EDMOND [FR. VALENTIN] ABOUT: Boston, *Tilton*, 1859.] contains "fair delineations of character and faithful descriptions, and the usual number of dramatic situations. The heroine is a young girl of a noble but impoverished family, who is slowly wasting away with consumption, her disease being aggravated by poverty. She becomes the wife of a rich Spanish nobleman, through an intrigue of a mistress [herself married], by whom he had a child, which child the father sought to legitimise. This is one of the conditions of the marriage, that the child should be accepted too. The mistress trusts to the death of Germaine to recover her lover, and, in the event of the death of her husband, for an opportunity to marry him. Germaine, however, is restored to health, and the plotting mistress is foiled." [Crayon.] 2053


—, SAME. *Munro*, 1882.

—, SAME, ("A Round of Wrong"), London, 1861.

GERMINIE LACERTEUX, by E. & J. († 1870.) DE GONCOURT: [Paris, 1865.] *Vizetelly*, 1887; Chicago, *Laird*,

1891. 222 pp.; N.-Y., *Street*, 1891. 2054

GEROLSTEIN (sequel to "Mysteries of Paris") by EUGENE SUE: *Harper*, 1843. 2055

GIRL WITH THREE PETTICOATS, by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK, London, 1839.  No. 1952.

GODSON OF A MARQUIS (The).

[by ANDRÉ THEURIET: *Appleton*, 1878.] "No novel in this series yet has pleased us more than 'Gérard's Marriage' [No. 2051] and in exquisite style and in all qualities of interest this is the equal of that. The godson was the marquis' illegitimate son, whose ignoble birth stood in the way of his marriage to a lovely girl. Over this hindrance the unfortunate godson almost stumbled into an intrigue with a married woman, but happily was saved from it; the repentant marriage of his father and mother finally bringing his love troubles to an acceptable solution. This, as will be seen, is a Frenchy plot, but the wondrous delicacy and refinement of Theuriet relieve it of all coarseness. There are passages in it of great beauty, and the characterization is masterful and yet easy." [Boston "Lit. World."] 2056


GOLDEN MEDIOCRITY, by E. (G.) HAMERTON, = No. 461.

GOLDSMITH'S WIFE (The), by REYBAUD, = No. 718.

GOOD FELLOW (A). [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK: Phil'a, *Carey*, 1838.] Kock "never soars into the regions of fashion to dazzle and regale his readers with descriptive luxury, or the follies and eccentricities of the world on stilts. He seems quite unconscious of the existence of conventional personages, or that any degree of interest can be attached to any other class, but that which he has specially selected to furnish subjects for his pen-

cil. Paul walks along the crowded thoroughfares of life, jostling and jostled, gleanng materials in every fresh contact with his fello-men for his amusing combinations—treasuring the nice traits and evanescent distinctions which individualize character, and transferring them to paper with a fidelity which leaves nothing to be desired, and a rapidity of execution which is truly surprising. His last work “Un bon Enfant,” is the history of what is called among us. *A Good Fellow*. Charles Darville, the personification of this character, is the son of a wholesale silk mercer, who died, leaving his wido and son in excellent circumstances. Charles is a most dutiful and sober youth up to the period when our history begins; when, with the best disposition in the world, he is led into the commission of innumerable follies and absurdities, which reduce him to distress.” [Albion. 2057

GRANDE BRETÈCHE (THE)

 *Eccentric Novels.*

GUENN, by HOWARD, = No. 725.

HAND AND GLOVE [by AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS. London, *Brown*, 1858.] “is a sltt. but very readable and interesting story—not sensible, indeed, but romantic and easy to read. Thère has been no great expenditure of talent or industry upon it, but thère ar some pleasant, life-like descriptions of french country-life.” [Athenæum. 2058


HANDSOME LAWRENCE, by “G. SAND.” Boston, 1871, is sequel to *A ROLLING STONE*. 2059

HAPPY FIND (A) [by — () GAGNEBIN: *Crowell*, 1889.] “is a simple domestic tale, pure and wholesome, and full of unaffected kindness. The ‘happy find’ is a foundling

whō grōs into a creature of so sweet and helpful a kind that she becomes a blessing to all about her. Of course, in the end, she comes to her own.” [American. 2060

HAUNTED MARSH, 1851. Haunted Pool, 1890., = *DEVIL’S POOL*.

HEADSMEN OF FRANCE (The) = *THE SURGEON’S STORY*.

HECTOR. [by FLORA L. SHAW: *Roberts*, 1881.] “It is a rare pleasure to find such a book as ‘Hector,’ a little tale of country life. It tells of the love and the sorrow of good people, but from the child’s point of view, and with such exquisite skill as to make it one of the most beautiful of children’s books. It is a pure idyl, sweet and fresh as the songs of the birds which carol throu its pages.” [Nation.]— also, No. 465. 2061

HÉLÈNE by HENRIETTE E. F. (A.) REYBAUD. London, 1849. 2062

HENRIETTE, or a Corsican Mother, by FR. COPPÉE: *Worthington*, 1890. 2063

HEPTAMERON (THE) = No. 703.

HESTER [by BEATRICE MAY BUTT: *Appleton*, 1880.] “is one of the happiest little sketches of the french wai, in the chronicle of a faithful love crossed and a burden patiently borne. The style has vivacity and charm.” [Penn Monthly. 2064

HIDDEN MASTERPIECE (The), by BALZAC, in *The Duchess* [No. 2020.

HISTORY OF THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF CÉSAR BIROTTEAU. [by HONORÉ “DE” BALZAC: transl. by Wight & Goodrich. N.-Y., *Rudd*, 1860.] “We are very glad to see this beginning of a translation of Balzac, or de Balzac, as he chose to christen himself. Without intending an exact parallel, he might be called the Fielding of french literature,—in-

tensely masculine, an artist who works outward from an informing idea, a satirist whose humor will not let him despise human nature even while he exposes its weaknesses. The story of César Birotteau is well-chosen as an usher to the rest, for it is eminently characteristic, tho it does not show the higher imaginative qualities of the author. It is one of the severest tests of genius to draw an ordinary character so humanly that we learn to love and respect it in spite of a thorough familiarity with its faults and absurdities. In this respect Balzac's "Birotteau" is a masterpiece. The translation seems a very easy, spirited, and knowing one. The translators have overcome the difficulties of slang with great skill, rendering by equivalent vulgarisms which give the spirit where the letter would be unintelligible." [Atlantic.]—"This narrative of a bourgeois perfumer who adhered to the royalist cause, 60 years ago, gathered some money, was decorated, began to speculate, grew extravagant, went up like the well-known rocket and came down like its stick,—this is a particularly clean story and study of life. The family of Birotteau is a charming group. His faithful, sensible wife, and gentle, pure-minded daughter so different from the female characters in "Père Goriot" that we can hardly understand why, since they must have inhabited Paris at nearly the same time with the characters in "Père Goriot" we got in that work not a single glimpse of them, and were forced to conclude there were no such species. But poor Birotteau himself is the best figure, because he ends honorably and cleanly. His death, after his recovery from insolvency and his reinstatement in credit, is a

pathetic but true stroke of the novelist's art. And what is notable about it is that Balzac, in relating it, shows his appreciation of the moral dignity of Birotteau's recovery and exit; he does not handle these incidents coarsely or cynically, but as sympathetically as one could ask. So, too, he sketches the characters of Popinot and Pillerault with a firm but gentle hand, and makes them both win our esteem. On the whole it is a pleasing study, and is made the more attractive by its dashes of cheerful humor." [American.]—"It is a tale of domestic life in Paris, not a tale beginning with an intrigue, filled with passion, and ending in tragedy, as many suppose all Parisian life to be; but one of homely virtues, of every-day suffering and sorrow, of happiness and love, with something of the social vice and treachery which belongs to all society . . . It is on this land speculation that the story turns. Of course it failed; failed not because the calculation was not a good one, but because the guileless César was cheated by two of his associates, one of whom ran away with all the ready money, while an ex-clerk of the perfumer whom he had dismissed for theft compelled the payment of the notes when there were no funds. All this, however, is evolved in due season. In the meantime the grand ball is given, for Mrs. Birotteau, finding contention useless, resigns herself to the inevitable. The course of events is full of interest and incident. Ruin comes, but salvation comes also, ruin through weakness and knavery, and salvation through strength and self-denial. The close, perhaps, is a little too dramatic, as in life the happiness of success is seldom fatal." [Albion.]

—, SAME (transl. by J: H. Simpson), London, 1860.

—, SAME (César Biotteau), Boston, *Roberts*, 1886; N.-Y., *Bonner*, 1891.

HOPE DEFERRED. [by ELIZA F.. POLLARD: *Hurst*, 1872.] "The patient attitude of a loving woman, who waits during long years for an affection which awakes too late, and is doomed to find that when hope seems no longer possible, the passion which she has stifled so bravely is at length reciprocated, is a subject which, in any hands, must be difficult to treat without profanation. That Miss Pollard, in her character of Jeanne, should have succeeded so well—placing before us a type of ardent affection without grossness,—trusting simplicity without weakness or insipidity,—shows that she possesses appreciatively and womanly delicacy of touch. We have read few stories which have left so pleasing an impression . . . The scene is laid in France, and the author writes with knowledge." [Athenæum. 2066

HOTEL DU PETIT ST.-JEAN (The) [by C.. L.. HAWKINS DEMPSTER: *Smith*, 1869.] "is far superior. Even if we leave its main feature out of sight, we find in it much which throes life on provincial society. A criminal trial, the election of a deputy, a sermon pregnant with the dramatic expression of French preachers, and other scenes of equal force, give a zest to the story, and keep us from brooding altogether on the self-sacrifice of the heroine and the meanness of the man whom she had first chosen . . . We commend 'The Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean' as a careful study of manners, with a central figure of even greater interest." [Athenæum. 2067

HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF [Riviera] = No. 467.

HOUSE OF PENARVAN, by SANDEAU. = No. 742.

HOUSE OF THE TWO BARBELS (The) [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: *Appleton*, 1879.] "is full of touches revealing domestic life in a southern town. Two bachelors of middle age live with their aunt, an old maid, simple-minded, unsophisticated, eccentric creatures all; and are in consternation when they learn that their privacy is to be intruded upon, and their quiet disturbed, by 2 relatives from Paris, a lady and her daughter. If the 3 domestic recluses are perplexed and in dismay at the advent of the 2 ladies of glittering plumage from the capital, the Parisiennes are equally disturbed by their provincial surroundings . . . The current fiction of France bears unmistakable testimony to the place home holds in the affection of the French people. Some of the most delightful of domestic pictures have in times past been furnished by French writers; but recent fiction seems to us to paint these scenes with more grace and artistic skill, to delineate domestic life more distinctly on its artistic rather than on its moral side. Some of the writers of the day are admirable 'genre' painters: they delight in giving to the most homely and simple incidents exquisite effects of color and contrast, in turning to dramatic account groupings and details which writers of the past disdained to heed. . . . Theuriet's stories are full of these delightful pictures, these domestic bits of color." [Appleton's Journal. 2068

HUNTING THE ROMANTIC, or the Adventures of a Novel-Reader. [by [LEONARD SYLVAIN] JULES SANDEAU: N.-Y., *Stringer*, 1852.]

Here "unbridled youth is gently and adroitly led in the path of virtue by guides as delitful as they ar irreproachable." [Saturday Rev. 2069

ICELAND FISHERMAN (An). [by "PIERRE LOTI." i. e. Julian Viaud: N.-Y., *Gottsberger*. 1888; Chicago. *McClurg*. 1890.] "The scene is not laid in Iceland but in Brétagne, and his 'Pêcheur d'Island' is ône of those whô bear that name because they ar engaged in the cod-fishery off the coast of Iceland, and rarely see France in summer time. The story is a sorrowful and yet not a gloomy ône. It is lit by so much true and natural affection, and so full of natural beauty, that the tragic death of the twô young fishermen,—ône sacrificed tô french ambition, the ôther never returning from the fishing expedition on which he starts six days after his wedding,—dôes not bring tô the reader a sense of unrelieved sadness. The central interest of the story is the lôve of the proud and sensitiv Yann for a girl his superior in wealth and social position. For twô years after their discôvery of their mutual affection, he is kept from avowing it by his feeling that he is not the man tô marry a fine lady. But her father's death as a bankrupt removes the obstacle, and the story of their brief courtship, merry wedding, and early and final separation is wel told. Even tho the book dôes not comply with the requirement which Mr. Darwin would hav enacted by Act of Parliament. that all novels should end pleasantly, yet it may be read with pleasure by those who sympathize with his wish." [American.]—"The second translation of Loti's 'Iceland Fisherman.'" the finished flower of his literary work, is better than the first. The translator has reproduced

the marked onomatopoetic quality of Loti's language with singular fidelity and skil." [Nation. 2070

IDLE TIME TALES, by FR. COPPÉE: Chicago. *Rand*. 1891. 2071
ILLUSTRIOUS GAUDISSERT (The), by BALZAC, in Nos. 1993 and 2020. 2072

IMMORTAL (The). [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: Chicago. *Rand*, N.-Y., *Alden*. 1888.] "What is stil more remarkable than the correct and sparkling rendition of the original, is the fact that the illustrations really illustrate the text. It is a skit at the 'Académie' and the characters ar litly disguised portraits from life. It is a powerful book. but, like most of Daudet's, it is not cheerful reading. Even 'Le Petit Chose' was not that, delitfully amusing as it is in parts. Daudet dôes not gloat over vice; we hav more than a suspicion that he cordially detests it. Nevertheless, the atmosfere of his books, even of this ône, which is comparatively free, is, if not steeped in corruption, at least redly suffused with it. What a master of pathos he is! With what lit, unerring strokes he paints the dreadful scene in which Astier-Réhu's wife unvêils herself tô him after the cold intimacy of 35 years, strips of the last shreds of vanity and self-respect, and drives him tô suicide, that inevitable refuge for Daudet's disappointed heroes!" [Catholic World. 2073

—, SAME ("One of the Forty"). *Sonnenschein*. 1889

IN THE CAMARGUE [by EMILY BOWLES: London, 1873, *Loring*, 1875.] is "a story of Southern France. As a picture of a strange and sômwat fascinating life it is quite remarkable, its dramatic interest being inferior tô

the charms of its brit and realistic sketches of character and society." [Boston "Literary World." 2074]

IN THE SPRING OF MY LIFE [by OLGA (CANTACUZENE) ALTIERI: *Tinsley*, 1878.] "is a charming little romance which even an indifferent translation has not been able to spoil. It is, indeed, only a variation on a well-worn theme—"the course of true love never did run smooth."—but it is treated so delicately and simply, and is so free from vulgarity and bold commonplace, that it interests the reader from beginning to end. No doubt there are improbabilities in the story, and exaggerations of sentiment and manner; but these blemishes are not of a sickly kind." [Athen. 2075]

INDIANA, by "G: SAND," = No. 753.

INTERIOR OF A DILIGENCE (The), by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, Nov., 1854. 2076

IRENE'S DOWER, by C: DESLEYS, *Remington*, 1878. 2077

IRONMASTER (The). [by G: OHNET: *Vizetelly*, 1884; *Rand*, 1888.] "To what is the success of 'The Ironmaster' to be attributed? In the first place, to the fact that Mr. Ohnet is manifestly a consummate playwright. The convent-school jealousy between Claire de Beaulieu and Athénais Moulinet, seems but a poor basis for a good story. Yet Mr. Ohnet's superstructure is undoubtedly ingenious and compact, and you never quite forget this early girlish rivalry in the duel between the wife of the ironmaster and the wife of the heartless lover who has deserted her, to the all but tragic close of which the plot leads. The author skilfully transforms Claire and Athénais into impersonations of moral loveliness and unloveliness in

woman . . . Philippe Derblay, the ironmaster, is a character of a kind seldom met in french fiction, a character of the teutonic rather than the gallic type. He is courageous, sagacious, disinterested, merciful, a worshipper of duty . . . He declines to forgive Claire long after he must have seen that her old indifference to him had been transformed into an overmastering passion . . . The reader will be grateful, not only for the story, but for some of the characters. In particular, the mother and brother of Claire, a spritly baroness and her good-natured scientific husband, and a notary of the old school, are so good, that we can only hope that they are not too good to be out of place in a representation of French life at the present time." [Spectator. 2078]

—, SAME ("Claire"), N.-Y., N. L. Munro, 1884; *Lovell*, 1888.

—, SAME ("Lady Claire"), G: Munro, 1884.

ISHMAEL, by BRADDON. [1851-70] No. 755.

ISLE OF THE DEAD = LAZAR-ETTO-KEEPER.

JACK [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Estes*, 1877. *Routledge*, 1889.] "is a bad book in its materials and atmosphere and a good book in its purpose and method. In its literary execution it is exceedingly fine . . . The characters here set before us are, for the most part, a loose set. Jack, poor child, and the lovely Cécile, alone stand in the list. In the Moronval Academy we have a palpable reproduction of Dötheboys' Hall. The style throughout is highly artistic, the posturings are dramatic and absorbing, and the entire work that of a master, but the end is sad, painfully so." [Boston "Lit. World." 2079]

JACQUES. [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant: *Harper*, 1847, 2 v.] "The story is told in the shape of correspondence; and thus, as incidents develop themselves, we have a running commentary supplied in the most piquant and artistic manner . . . The long and short of it is, that because Fernande cannot fathom her husband, she laments herself as a 'femme incomprise'; so she, too, goes on the search for sympathy. The slope she treads is so gentle at first as to be almost imperceptible. She concerns herself about the sorrows of an unhappy lover, and offers herself as intermediary with the object of his affections. The perilous intimacy, sweetened by her tears and smiles, seduces him into transferring his love; and that power of sympathy which exercises an irresistible sway over its predestined subjects betrays her into reciprocating his passion. Yet she never loses her regard for her husband—a regard which is scarcely to be distinguished from her early love. Jacques, who is preternaturally shrewd and clear-sighted, anticipates the course of her unlawful passion; and his fancies pass into firm beliefs a full stage or so in advance of the reality. Finally, he does what was possibly the best thing in the peculiar circumstances, and removes himself out of the way by a suicide which he adroitly disguises as an accident. The charitable consideration that has governed his conduct is "No human being can command love, and no one is to be blamed either for feeling it or for losing it. What degrades a woman is falsehood." [Blackwood's.] 2080

JAMBE D'ARGENT & M. JACQUES. by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Southern*

Lit. Messenger, aug.-sept., 1855. 2081

JEAN TETEROL'S IDEA [by V: CHERBULIEZ: *Appleton*, 1879.] "is written with that precision, polish, grace and vivacity which have always characterised Cherbuliez' work; and it has the additional advantages of a story interesting in itself and of sharply contrasted and piquant characters. Jean Téterol is an illiterate laborer who has raised himself to the position of a millionaire, and who exhibits the egotism of a self-made man in its most vulgar and aggressive form." [Appleton's.]"—"Jean goes off, and finally comes to the following decision: he will go away, and become rich.—richer than this Baron de Saligneux, who permits himself the pleasure of kicking. Then he will come back to the village, and have his revenge. And—people will see! That is the whole book. He does it, and people do see! He amasses a large fortune, and returns to his native hamlet. Unfortunately the old baron is dead, but he buys all the land sold by his son, the prodigal young baron, builds a great white house which cuts off his view, and finally manages to get possession of all the claims against him, and present them in a lump. The baron, a spendthrift man of the world, is at his wits' end; having tried all his methods of procuring money in vain, he goes to see the ex-gardener in his new mansion, preserving, however, throughout the interview his air of the ancien régime. The ex-gardener meets him with an ultimatum: your daughter, aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, shall marry my son. *Voilà!* The two fathers at last arrange it. Lionel, meanwhile, has had an excellent education, and has been bred among gentlemen. He falls in love

with Claire honestly; but when he discovers that she is, as it were, being sold to pay her father's debts, he tears the paper which binds the baron before his father's astonished eyes, and, barely escaping being strangled by him, flees to Paris, where he begins to earn his living as a writer (how easily they do that in books). Of course, the moment Claire (who has been very scornful all along) finds him really gone, she turns around and now begins to love him. An uncle fortunately dies and leaves her his estate, so that the throttling money obligation is ended. And then the two young people come together again, and the idea is carried out." [Atlantic. 2082

—, SAME ("The Wish of his Life") London, 1879.

JEANNE LARAGUAY [by Eugénie (Gindriez) Hamerton: *Chapman*, 1864.] "exhibits so much feminine prettiness and piquancy that we are constrained to deal tenderly with it, notwithstanding a want of originality which in one place almost lays the author open to a charge of plagiarism. Jeanne is the only child of a Parisian banker, who in early life was guilty of forgery. In spite of the unwholesome influences surrounding her frivolous life, Jeanne is as good and clever as she is beautiful and beloved. She has been taken from her convent and introduced into a brilliant, wealthy, pleasure-seeking set . . . Ere he has declared his devotion, Jeanne has fallen deeply in love with her tutor. Thus the case stands when Sir Henry Luton appears on the scene. Sir Henry is already married to a woman of whose existence society is ignorant; but he is the one person who possesses the proofs of Mr. Lara-

quay's early error. He insists on making Jeanne his wife; and Jeanne, who has learnt the awful secret of her house, consents to marry the man whom she hates, and discard the man whom she loves, in order that she may shield her father from ignominious punishment. The wedding is on the point of celebration, when the artist proves Sir Henry to be a bigamist in intention, and compels him to relinquish his claim to Jeanne's hand, and also to deliver the documentary evidence of Laraguay's forgery. Thus the villain is defeated; the virtuous forger is freed from dread of exposure; and the lovers begin the world as man and wife." [Ath. 2083

JET [Riviera] = No 475.

JOAN WENTWORTH [by K.. S. Macquoid: *Harper*, 1886.] "is a pleasant story of school-life and Breton manners." [Catholic World 2084

JOSEPH NOIREL'S REVENGE. [by V. Cherbuliez: N.-Y., Holt, 1873.] "Nowhere has Cherbuliez drawn a character so fascinating as "Marguerite." The way in which she is represented, first as a young girl at home, as charming and lovely as possible, then married and in trouble, but growing in fascination as in character with every affliction, retaining in spite of all her suffering her wonderful innocence and purity, warrens us in declaring that Cherbuliez has shown here a power which, previously, it was in one's power only to predict. To draw a charming woman is no little task; Cherbuliez has done it not only with the cleverness with which he gave us Didier's self-analysis and Ladislas Bolski's fiery passion—a quality in which, by the way, he stands almost alone—but with a pathos and sympathy far superior to any such

cheap gift as cleverness. While Marguerite stands first in merit, Joseph is not to be forgotten; indeed, there is no weakness shown in the treatment of any of the characters. The plot is one of the sort in which Cherbuliez delists, it being complex and not too easily unriddled, but yet one not too heavy for its author—he is never waded down by its demands, it seems to trouble him as little as the utterance of one of his numerous witticisms. Some of the descriptions, as, for example, that of the old castle, and the meeting between Joseph and Marguerite in the snow, are models of beauty. One of the peculiarities of Cherbuliez' novels is evident in this, their joyousness in spite of a tragic end. This quality seems to us one of the greatest an author can have: to give us sadness but yet, without cheap consolation, to leave in our minds the impression that there is something which no sadness can touch—a state of mind which is neither hope nor indifference, but the certainty of the grandeur of the world outside of our petty misery. This Cherbuliez has done. If this praise seems fulsome, we hope that the fault-finders will read the novel." [Nation.] Compare No. 768. **2085**

JOSEPHINE, or The Beggar of the Pont des Arts, by W: HAUFF: London, Clarke, 1844. **2086**

—, SAME ("The True Lover's Fortune"). Boston, Munroe, 1843, 91 p; Shorey, 1869 (in "Emerald," 57 p.)

JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM (A) by XAVIER DE MAISTRE: Longman, 1871; Chatto, 1883. **2087**

JOURNEYMAN JOINER (The) = No. 1994.

JOYS OF LIFE, by É. ZOLA, N.-Y., Tousey, 1880; Chicago, Laird, 1891. **2088**

JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS. [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKIN: Holt, 1874.] "Mrs. Jenkin's pretty stories have all a charm . . . They are written in agreeable English, which, to hazard a guess, has been just enough affected by an intimate acquaintance with French to increase the delicacy of style without rendering it affected. 'Jupiter's Daughters' is the story of a French girl who, to please her parents, marries a Mr. de Subar, when she is in love with some one else, and regrets it for the remainder of her life. Of course after her marriage, she falls in with Mr. Vilpont, but this does not make her any happier. She is a good wife, and nothing is left for her, after her adventures during the siege of Paris, but a life of duty . . . The descriptions of life in St. Gloi, a little provincial town, are often very attractive." [Nation. **2089**

KING APÉPI. [by V: CHERBULIEZ: N.-Y., J: Delacorte, 1889.] "Entertainment, pure and simple, is what Cherbuliez here provides for his readers, and though it is only a novelette, and of very slight pretensions, it is nevertheless thoroughly characteristic. It may be briefly described as the Fotheringhay episode in 'Pendennis' done into French. It is, of course, admirable in point of workmanship, and reads itself from cover to cover. There is no writer of fiction whom we now recall from whom one can come so near obtaining that ideal of the novel-reader, the maximum of amusement with the minimum of effort, as from Cherbuliez. Every detail of his work is refined and polished to the last degree, distinctly to that end; and surplusage being rigorously rejected, the positive seductiveness whose secret that genial cynicism knows as

Gallie wit alone possesses, is with him unusually potent. You dō not care tō read ōne of his books more than ōnce, but you wish tō read it aloud. In this sketch, as usual, there is no grēat amount or grēat subtlety of character portrayal; the personages ar types often enuf used by french romantic writers; but, after the romantic writer's privilege, thēy ar generalizations which afford all sorts of possibilities forbidden tō students of 'the human documents,' and which, in the hands of so vivacious and inventiv a romancer as Cherbuliez, ar very agreeably managed." [Nation.] — "The 'affaire du cœur' in which the clever old diplomat finds himself pitted against an intīguing young wido and her mōther, is amusing throuōut, while the character of the hero, an ardent Egyptologist, is wel conceived." [Penn. 2090

—, SAME ("A Stroke of Diplomacy"), *Appleton*, 1880.

KINGS IN EXILE, by A. DAUDET, = No. 774.

LA BELLE MADAME DONIS, by H. MALOT: *Tinsley*, 1885. 2091

LA BELLE NIVERNAISE. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Routledge*, 1887.] "Daudet here sounds the vibrant, penetrating notes of pity and lōve. It is a charming idyl of the Seine. Good-hearted François Louveau, the bargeman, with his equally benevolent tho shrewish-tunged wife, ar portrayed with a subtle sympathy which brings them out clear against the background of poverty and toil. Victor is a poor little waif picked up by Louveau in the streets of Paris and cared for til he cōmes tō be the chief prop and cōmfort of the worthy pair. The whole picture is before us; the trips up and down the river, the cheer-

ful, useful childhood of Victor and his foster-sister, the discōvery of Victor's father, the boy's departure for school, his pitiful longing for a return tō his previous life, his illness, the family reunion—all is told with a grace and charm which we may wel call incomparable, and which lend tō the simplest incidents the glo and cōlor of romance." [Boston "Literary World." 2092

LA TERRE. [by ÉMILE ZOLA: *Peterson*, 1888.] "If the peasants of France ar without exception jackals, wolves, and swine, tō the degree Zola depicts them, it is hard tō perceive how any ōther country could equal the abominable shōng. The title of the book is understood tō suggest not merely the occupation of the people as tillers of the soil, but also their excessiv greed for land ōnership, and upon this Mr. Howells dwels as the essential feature in their character, as shōn by this alleged 'study.' But the book dōes not indicate this: it shōs every form of sordid avarice, silencing every form of human feeling, developing hate and jealousy, and employing cruelty and crime without remorse; and while in the midst of this the greed for land appears prominent, it is but ōne detail in the evil catalog." [American. 2093

LADIES' PARADISE (The) [by ÉMILE ZOLA: *Tinsley*, 1884.] "is prosaic, painful, full of a strange pathos which english novels wonderfully lac; and profoundly moral, if ritly understood. It is the story of a grēat Parisian monster shop, and the exhibition of the spirit of hard, brutal worldliness expressed in its colossal success, ruining all little shops in its nēborhood, and casting off scores of workpeople tō starv at a momēt's

notice; of the demoralizing influence of the vast 'culte' of luxury, and the magnetic power—sensuous and deadening at once—which it exercises over all who have to take part in it. There is something in the picture of a pure hard-working girl sitting up at night to supply the necessities of a brother of 17, who invents fresh tales of profligacy to bear out his demands upon her, and boasts of the advantage his youth gives him with his mistresses, which opens an instructive vista into the true meaning of the worship of luxury, and the tendency of a sensuous materialism." [Contemporary Review. **2094**

LADY WITH THE CAMELIAS, by A. DUMAS: (Paris, 1848.) N.-Y., Belford, 1890; 251 pp. **2095**

—, SAME ("Camille") Peterson, 1880, Laird, 1891.


LAKE SHORE (The) [by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE, Boston: Crosby, Nicholls & Co., 1855; 12°, 239 pp.] contains 3 tales.—*The Slave, The Serf, The Apprentice*. **2096**


LAKEVILLE = No. 287.

LAST LOVE. [by G. OHNET: Chatto, Ivers, Lippincott, Munro, 1890.] "The characteristics of Mr. Ohnet's 'Dernier Amour' were so much like the characteristics of most of his work as to confirm a theory held by some critics that there is no author so popular as the author who gives the public exactly what it expects. A certain facility of construction, dialog slipshod but fluent, a knack of describing all classes of society with indifferent incorrectness, and, finally, a kind of bluntness of moral touch which tickles morbid senses without shocking them—these are Ohnet's qualifications, and they appear in the history of the contest of Mrs. de Fontenay and Lucie

Andremont for the not particularly valuable affection of the former's husband as well as in most of his other work." [Athenæum. **2097**

LATIN QUARTER COURTSHIP = No. 483.

LAWYER'S NOSE,  ECCENTRIC NOVELS.

LAZARETTO-KEEPER (The)  No. 1974.

LE BLEUET [by "GUSTAVE HALLER," i. e., W. J. (Simonin) Fould: Brentano, 1889.] is "a pretty story of alsatian life, full of tender feeling, of rural charm, and gentle manners. There is a note of introduction by G. Sand which gives it high praise for the delicacy of its character drawing. Possibly the story in its english dress would not have attracted such praise unaided, but few will be inclined to quarrel with 'G. Sand's' estimate. The picture given of the relations between the landed peasantry and the nobility is astonishing in the simplicity and freedom it indicates. A very pleasant half hour may be spent in the Alsace of this book." [Overland.]—"It is a charming, innocent little tale, of a kind not too common in french or indeed in any other language . . . It would be unfair to go further in recounting the story, which is full of delicate sentiment and chastened, unostentatious observation. That foreign readers will admire it so warmly as do the french can hardly be averred, for we are accustomed to stories in which innocence and poetry combine, and there is a faint trace of exaggeration in their union here; but yet the story is very pretty and the book is well worth reading." [Atlantic. **2098**

—, SAME ("Renée and Franz"), Appleton, 1878.

LE REVE, by ZOLA, = No. 784.

LEAH [Paris] = No. 485.

LEAVES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL [“Mémoires d’un Famille”) by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE: London, Groombridge, 1854; N.-Y., Appleton, 1855.] “is an autobiographic sketch of domestic life in a provincial town, written in a quiet, unpretending manner, but replete with the lessons of practical wisdom. The characters are well drawn, and the simplicity of the style, the purity of the moral tone, and the homely truths which the book inculcates, recommend it. Opening with the marriage of the hero and heroine, the diarist unfolds the family history through many years, until the children, having reached maturity, prepare to leave the family circle for new homes.” [Christian Examiner. 2099]

LED ASTRAY, = *LITTLE COUNTESS*.

LES MISÉRABLES = No. 790.

LETTERS FROM MY MILL. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Trübner*, 1880.] “Few modern volumes have the subtle charm of this. They sparkle with airy brightness. They depict an Arcadia so delightful that we are fain to believe it real. They please our fancy without strain or fatigue, as nothing but good French work can do. They do not stir our deeper feelings as German or English stories might. The author makes no appeal to our egotism by suggesting that we are in any way concerned in his puppets, except to note how gracefully they play their part; and his book is full of diffused light, so that even the men and women in it cast less gloomy shadows than those of real life. His Provence is like the sea which plays along its shores, now passionate, now serene,

but never of the dull leaden hue which the northern atmosphere can give to Nature.” [Spectator.]—“The grace and charm of Daudet’s manner have never been more apparent than here. Subtle as they are, keen as is the touch with which his simplest sketch illustrates some depth or hint or surface folly of human nature, the first and abiding impression of these little tales is their delightful delicacy. There is not one of them but is full of point, either of wit or humor or pathos, and they are as original as they are simple. That anything so strongly intellectual should be so delicate is as wonderful as that anything so keen should be so sympathetic.” [Critic.]—“They are only in part stories, for 7 out of the 17 are descriptive or meditative essays, pure and simple. The stories are delightful, with a peculiar tenderness and delicacy, a playful brightness, and a satire quite without bitterness of spirit, even when the subject matter is bitter, with one exception. The exception is upon the subject of making a living by literature. In addition to his sympathetic expression of human experience, there is no less sympathetic expression of out-door nature of Provence. The delicate dramatic sense very rarely permits a touch of melodrama; and though the perceptions of the artistic value of sorrows and joys of the Provençals is far from naïve, neither would it be fair to call it self-conscious.” [Overland.]—“They are unrivaled in grace, humor and pathos, while now and then a lit. swift gleam of satire crosses the page . . . The English (Harper) version is far above the average.” [Nation. 2100]

—, SAME (“Stories from Provence”) *Harper*, 1886.

LIFE IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

[by LISBETH GOOCH (SÉGUIN) STRAHAN: *Strahan*, 1879.] "The stories contained in this little work are all very gracefully told. The reader is taken to a quaint seaside village called St. Brie—a row of stone, weather-beaten, wooden-shuttered cottages, straggling along the edge of the cliff,—and there introduced to various of its inhabitants, and to some of the great folk living hard by. Each tale is distinct, and yet a unity is preserved, by reference in one tale to characters figuring in others . . . Throughout there runs a subtle local flavor, a delicate presentment of the quaint side of french life, which is very attractive. 'The Two Sisters' and the 'Cui's Crime' are very good samples of this kind of presentment. We feel at home with the people somehow, and understand their circumstances and modes of thought. Even the slight sketch of the semi-idiot boy, 'poor Michel,' is full of delicate touches, which stamp it as work of a true artist. Altogether, we can heartily recommend this little volume." [Spectator. 2101

LIFE'S DECKIT' by E. DE GONCOURT: *Chicago*, Laird, 1891. 2102

LIGHTNING ROD (The), by C: DE BERNARD, 35 p., in *The Sapphire*, Boston, Shorey, 1869. 2103

LILY OF THE VALLEY (The). [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC: (Paris, 1835) *Roberts*, 1891.] "Balzac has written no book which is regarded as a better representative of his genius than this, and it is specially remarkable as being a novel in which the heroine preserves her purity intact, preferring steadfastly her duty to her happiness, and sacrificing her life to her ideal standard of right. We follow Madame de Montsauf through all the painful pitiful struggles of her daily

life; we see her turn aside from pleasure, nay, from happiness, and embrace her cross day by day; we contemplate her patience, her fidelity, her noble self-renunciation; we see her hourly victories over self, and we say to ourselves. After all, there is one french writer who comprehends the saying that 'it is more blessed to lose one's life than to find it.' The agonies, the sublimities of self-sacrifice are not ignored or scoffed at by all french novelists. Balzac has given us one woman whom we need not excuse and pity, but can admire and adore." [Lippincott's. 2104

LION'S SKIN AND LOVER HUNT. ('La Chasse aux Amants') by C: "DE" BERNARD [Dugrail de la Villette], N.-Y., *Stringer*, 1853. 2105

LISE FLEURON. [by GEORGES OHNET: *Remington*, 1885.] "No english writer could bring himself to depict a girl of Lise Fleuron's innate delicacy and refinement, and then represent her becoming her lover's mistress under no special pressure of temptation, without making us feel that she had, to some extent at least, become degraded in her own eyes; but here this is done in such a matter of course manner that it seems for the moment a normal evolution . . . It is impossible not to pay a tribute of admiration to the skill and freedom with which the artist works . . . All the characters live in a world in which the impulses of emotion are the only law; and yet between the mistress of the great financier, and Lise Fleuron, the mistress of his parasite, we are made to see a great gulf . . . Accepting the picture as it stands, there can be no doubt of the pictorial and intellectual effectiveness of the contrasted figures. In one character, that of the

LION'S SKIN (The) and The LOVER HUNT [by CHAS. DE BERNARD. N.-Y., *Redfield*, 1853.] ar "a pair 'of lively, piquant stories. The first cleverly illustrates the distinctions between bravado, courage, and temerity. The second shōs the Parisian consequences of a marriage between a studious, thōtful man, and a young, beautiful, and frivolous woman [compare 1962 p]; and shōs, also, how such consequences may be circumvented; provided the parties possess as much heärt, wit, and good sense, as ōur hero and heroin." [National Era.]—"Seldom hav we read any more charming tales than these. In the class of literature tō which thēy belōng, French writers particularly excel; and amōngst them C: de Bernard is entitled tō a hī plaçe. He is neat, terse, and clear in his style, has withal an indefinable air of elegance and finish, and weaves a plot so skilfully, contrasts his characters so markedly, and makes the action of each so complete, that he really may be set down as a master.—The plot of *The Lion's Skin* is rather too intricate tō be unraveled in a paragraph; but its moral is that ōne man may be thōt a coward and yet be brave, whilst anōther may be thōt brave, and yet be a coward.—*The Lover Hunt* teaches that a husband is the best and the ōnly proper gardian of the wife's honor.—If both these tales be french, thēy ar so in the better and most unexceptionable sense, in piquancy, in wit, in tenderness—not in the fondness for intrigue, and the proneness tō dally with forbidden subjects. It is rare in French pages tō meet with so much purity which is neither sentimental nor insipid."

[Albion. 2105

play-writ. there is really something of moral elevation; at any rate, there is true poetic beauty in his selfless devotion to the woman who as a little girl had been his playmate; but De Barre is held in reserve until he can be used as a foil to the poor, shabby creature who leaves him to be Lise's support in her hour of need; and the book, as a whole, is impoverished to enrich the concluding chapters, which are certainly full of very simple and genuine pathos. . . . It is as bad a translation as we have ever seen." [Spectator. 2106]

LITTLE COUNTESS (The). [by OCTAVE FEUILLET (†, 1890.): *Peter-son*, 1880.] "Nevertheless there is something very attractive about Feuille's work which makes 'The Little Countess' a refreshing contrast to the writings of some of his harshest critics. Altho it is not among the latest, it is in certain respects the best thing he has done, which is probably due to its slowness. Feuille inclines to melodrama, and in his more elaborate and ambitious efforts, such as 'M. de Camors'—a kind of 'Tom Jones' of the Second Empire—it involves him in intricacies of ideas and feelings where it is quite impossible to follow him without protest against his artificiality. But 'The Little Countess' is distinctly a minor work; it is simple and genuine, and its scheme permits the writer to display all his cleverness, which is great; his tact, which is considerable, and his workmanship, which is perfect. It is not a large enough thing to tempt his imagination to part with experience and observation, which is usually his main error; one may even suspect that the little Countess is a portrait, so sympathetically and distinctly is she de-

picted. There must have been not a few such products of the artificial and yet haphazard society of the Empire; the merit of the book is that it does not paint the manners of the period as illustrated in the conduct of a fiction of Feuille's somewhat sentimental imagination, but the effect of such manners upon a real and passionate nature. The dénouement is very pathetic, and tho, as always, the hopelessness of the tragedy seems partly due to the author's wilfulness, there is no slow music to detract from its impressiveness." [Nation. 2107]

—, SAME ('Led Astray'), N.-Y., Carleton, 1875.

LITTLE FADETTE [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876.): London, Slater, 1849.] "is a tale of quiet, exquisite beauty, and rendered in graceful, idiomatic English. [Harper's.]—"We have not for a long time read so sweet a story. It is pure, natural and wholesome; thoroughly French—but not the French of Dumas or of Sue, the exaggerated and prurient abominations of the present day. It more resembles the romances of Florian and St.-Pierre, but, while the purity and beauty of their morals are preserved, the tone of the picture is reduced, by exchanging the pastoral and sentimental coloring, for the sober hues of country life." [Southern Lit. Messenger. 2108]

—, SAME ('Fanchon'), N.-Y., Follett, 1863, 230 pp; Phil'a, Leypoldt, 1863.

LITTLE FELLOW AT THE CORNER (The) [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK: Paris, 1874. pp. 110.] "Of M. Dupont, the flourishing Paris grocer, who gives his name to one of Kock's novels, we never think without asso-

ciating the idea of Liston. His good nature, his simplicity, his vanity, his timidity, his ridiculous taste in dress, his awkward activity, and, to crown all, his utter unconsciousness of not being as fine a fello, and as loveable an object as any in Paris, would all meet an admirable representative in our inimitable comedian. What enjoyment the people would have in his dancing at Romainville, with his sounding seals and watch chain, and his pockets full of crown-pieces, making together a little tambourine accompaniment, and his coat of sky-blue." [Foreign Quarterly Review, 1834.]

2109

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING ["Le Petit Chose"] by ALPHONSE DAUDET: Boston. Estes, 1878.] " 'No Account' would have been a better and a more taking equivalent for the original title than the one chosen, which gives the impression that the story is one for children. It is, on the contrary, by no means the least of the author's serious efforts, whether as regards carefully discriminated study of character, delicacy of touch, or sustained interest. The character of the hero, Daniel Eyssette, is a creation, or, rather, a transcription. We have all seen him in life, if not in a novel. Of diminutive stature and boyish manners, the first remark that rude people make on seeing him, and the first thought of people who say nothing, is always, substantially, 'He is of no account.' His character is a compound of childish weaknesses and masculine will. When his father's business is ruined and the family is scattered, Daniel supports himself as a teacher in a great barrack of a place among the mountains, two days journey from Paris. There he makes a

brave fit with his unmanageable classes, a race of Anakim, each pupil at least twice as big as himself, and there he devotes himself to the task of restoring the fortunes of his family. Losing his place, however, through the treachery of a companion, he goes to Paris, where his brother Jacques receives and protects him, houses him on a fifth floor in the Latin Quarter, encourages him to commence as a poet, and raises the money to publish his first volume, which, being unsalable is also his last. Then the temptations of the city prove too much for Daniel. He succumbs to them, and is rescued with difficulty by the devotion of Jacques. This part of the story is touching, and it describes traits of the French character of which we know perhaps too little. It depicts their strong family attachments, the almost passionate love of the country-people for home, and the same joyous sacredness of domestic affection as that which gives the imperishable charm to the earlier chapters of Marmontel's memoirs. As in those memoirs, too, the escapades, the dissipations of the student-life in the capital form but an interlude. They are ripples, not interruptions, in the current of family affection. Some of the incidents of the story are new like some which are recorded of Daudet's own life to lend a sub-autobiographic interest to the adventures of his hero. If the original is free from mannerisms, the translator has added none. The version retains much of Daudet's abundant humor. That the story should be entertaining was to be expected from its authorship. That it may serve to illustrate the French character to persons who find in the word 'frivolous' a sufficient critical account of that

character is, perhaps, rather to be hoped than expected." [Nation. 2110
—, SAME ("My Brother Jack"),
Low, 1877.

LITTLE HEAD OF THE FAMILY (The) [by ZÉNAÏDE M. A. FLEURIOT: *Ward*, 1877.] "is an excellent story, well translated. The heroine is a boy, who, impoverished by the death of his father, endeavors bravely to take the father's place towards his two sisters. We have a description of the characters of the 3 children, their life with their aged grandfather, the trials and temptations of the village schools." [Athenæum. 2111

LITTLE ORATOR (The) by É. SOUVESTRE. Balt., *Murphy*, 1869. 2112

LITTLE PETER [by "LUCAS MALET," i. e., Mary (Kingsley) Harrison: *Paul*, 1887.] "is 'A Christmas Morality for children of any age.' It is a beautiful and pathetic story. 'Little Peter' is only one of a fascinating group of characters, each of which is unique and piquant. The impatient old father absorbed in ancient history, the patient wife and mother, the older brother, the cat of the household, the charcoal-burner of the forest, Eliza the servant-maid, with her entertaining flirtations, and Gustavus the cowherd, all play their parts, and play them well. The story is a touching one, and yet escapes being entirely mournful, even though the terrible walk through the snow-storm results in the death of Little Peter. The local color is wonderfully clear and strong, the descriptions of life in the pine forest vivid and impressive, while the little tale leaves a sense of simplicity and pleasantness which will not allow one to remember too painfully its mournful elements." [Critic.]—"Not often does a Christmas book appear of

such charm as this. It is a scene from country life—an idyl with a half-sad, half-joyous ending. To give a sketch of the beautiful, pathetic story would be doing it scant justice; but all who can do so possess themselves of this "Christmas morality" for it is rare Christmas reading." [Athenæ. 2113

LOST BATTLE (A) [Ed., *Douglas*, 1878.] "is a charming story, of a sort which has come to be so old-fashioned that it is very hard to find, in these days . . . The author has perfect taste, considerable invention, and extreme delicacy of touch in description. The portion of the story which takes place in France is the best, and the author paints certain phases of Parisian life with great fidelity, spirit, and neatness. Best of all the qualities of the book is the true love of honor and goodness in both men and women which shines through it, and has inspired the writer with courage to depend on those virtues for the interest of a story which is pure and lofty from beginning to end, and has not a dull page." [Spectator. 2114

LOST ROSE AND OTHER STORIES. [by K. S. MACQUOID: *Chatto*, 1876.] "'Lost Rose,' 'A Wild Night,' 'A Sailor's Story,' 'Outside the Porte des Capucins,' 'Neptune's Tower,' 'Fifine,' 'My Daughter Molly,' 'The Courtyard of the Ours d' Or,' are so many illustrations of the sad troubles which befall men and women, when they allow themselves to love and to be loved. The author excels in her Flemish stories. She is at home in the quaint, old-fashioned towns of Flanders, and strongly imbued with a sense of their picturesqueness. 'Fifine' a 'Story of Malines,' may be taken as a fair sample of the author in her happiest mood. The

LOST ILLUSIONS. [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850): *Roberts*, 1898.] "Turning to the idyllic and pathetic pages of "Lost Illusions" is like turning from a grinning tragic mask to the beautiful loered head of a stooping caryatid. Wonderful felicity does Balzac possess in describing rural landscape traversed by brimming rivers, jeweled and starred here and there by antique towns, set thickly with even more antique people, and full of the poetry of provincialism. Here, in Angoulême, "Lost Illusions" unfolds its vivid pages, in the time of the good year 1822, when the Bourbon Restoration was well under way and royalty seemed re-established forever. From this quaint surrounding Balzac plucks a drama of graphic situations, tender loves and sublime hates, trimming it with all that extraordinary rococo embroidery of which he possessed whole museums. Finer characters than the David and Eve of this book he has never conceived; a character more finely brilliant, more Frenchy, more 'insouciant' in its airy criminality than Lucien's it would be difficult even in Balzac's vast picture-galleries to find. That plague-spot of the French social system, the married flirt, is there in all her flourishes, and her correlativ the 'cavalière servente' is there too as her complement. Surrounding these is an interesting assembly of provincial nobility, mamas with marriageable daughters, pettifoggers, intriguers, misers, ecclesiastics, "newly-rich" and immemorably poor: a tableau living, crowded, moving, breathing, all

more or less entangled in the meshes of an ingenious plot." [Critic.]—"This volume contains *The Two Poets* and *Eve and David*,—the first and third of a series. There is a connecting story, "A Great man of the Provinces in Paris." The book presents two strikingly contrasted types of character: the young poet, brilliant, volatile, with the artistic temperament, but lacking genuine ability, and entirely devoid of firmness of character; and, in contrast, his sister Eve and her husband David, two noble-minded, strenuous, and self-sacrificing souls. These characters are all drawn with the wonderful power which Balzac puts into his characterization. The stories are also representative because they include one of those very careful and elaborate studies of a form of practical activity which Balzac was so fond of making. He goes into the details of paper-making, printing, and the legal processes attending commercial disaster with that grasp of detail and that exactness so characteristic of his wonderful mental vigor. The book is also representative because it gives us a whole section of provincial society; not a group of names, but a group of people differentiated with the utmost particularity and realized to the imagination by every possible detail. We feel as if we were reading history and meeting people whose pedigrees would be found in the books, and the story of whose ancestral lives could be gained by word of mouth in the little community in which they live." [Commonwealth.]

2114 m

red-faced, good-natured, but outspoken laundress, Madame Popot, bustling about to arrange a good match for her niece Fifine, the pretty, innocent girl in love with a poor fisherman, and caring little, of course, for the old, rich, selfish bachelor, whom Providence, in the shape of her *ânt*, has destined for her; her girlish troubles and unexpected happiness in finding herself united at last to the beloved Michel van Vorst, promoted in the meanwhile to the post of railway-porter, make a charming story, all the more charming because every one knows that the Flemish, taken as a whole, are probably the dullest and most prosaic race in Europe. The other stories are less attractive. 'A Diligence Adventure,' tells the story of a poor Frenchwoman who meets a terrible punishment, on account of a long and loud tunc. This way of silencing women is, we trust, as obsolete as the expedient to which the author resorts in the ghastly story entitled 'My Worst Christmas Eve,' Mrs. Macquoid does not know how to manage a plot, but she has the knack of writing a pretty story." [Athenæum.

2115

LOST WILL (The) or DOWERLESS, by H. É. F. (A.) REYBAUD, Phil'a, Peterson, 1847.

2116

LOVE CRIME (A). [by PAUL BOURGET: *Vizetelly*, 1888.] "The husband is a good, honest, hard-working, innocent, and unsuspecting engineer; the wife is a romantic and dissatisfied person who has made a marriage 'de raison.' She falls in love with a friend of her husband, a man of the world, idle, clever, for whom love is an occupation more than a passion. The woman does not understand him; she loves in him the

man of her dreams; she is blind and becomes guilty. She sacrifices to a dream, to a chimera, her duty, her honor, her peace of mind;—and her sacrifice is vain. The two criminals are punished in a different way; the woman, by the gradual discovery of her lover's true character. She finds out in the end that her sacrifice has not been even understood. Her lover does not believe that he is her first lover . . . He sees a mere episode, a mere adventure, in what seems to Hélène the object and foundation of her whole existence. The more she believes in him the less he believes in her. Her passion has a sort of repellant effect; they do not understand each other. She has given everything to him, and he does not know it or comprehend it. He has been always looking, during the idle years of his youth and of his manhood, for real love—for an absolute, boundless, unselfish existence; he has it, and does know it. His perverse egotism makes him blind and poisons everything for him."

[Nation.

2117

LOVE EPISODE (A) ["Une page d'Amour"] by É. ZOLA, Chicago, Laird, 1891.

2118

—, SAME ("A Woman's Heart"), N.-Y., Tousey, 1880.

LOVE MATCH (A). [by LUDOVIC HALÉVY: N.-Y., Delay, 1889.] "The ambitious young lady, bent upon making a good match, is not new in fiction; but the girl, who is an amusing, bright, and nice little girl, and who yet sets herself with all her might, and by every means in her power, to secure the sort of husband she approves—which is primarily a prince, and afterwards what Heaven may send—is really a delightfully new revelation. Such a picture could be only Parisian,

LOVE'S CRUEL ENIGMA [by PAUL BOURGET: N.-Y., *Waverly Co.*, 1893.] "describes the placid life of two ladies, poor and hily genteel, who were educating a young man, their son and nephew, with the most delicate and tender care. The beginning of the book is charming; the description of this quiet home, this Eden of virtue, of respectability, of peace, in the midst of Paris, had real merit. To be sure, it reminded one of many passages in Balzac's 'Scènes de la vie de province,' for our great Balzac was admirable in these descriptions of humble and domestic lives; he knew how to place his pure figures in their 'cadre,' and how to give a sort of life to this 'cadre.' But it is not everybody who can make you think of Balzac, and I conceived at once a high opinion of the talent of Mr. Bourget. I saw also at once how the drama would develop itself; how this tender, delicate, refined, but too feminine education of the hero would ill prepare him for the temptations of life. I was not deceived; the young man falls under the influence of a married woman, and you can imagine the rest—the struggle between the pure affections and the impure love, the hesitations, the victories, the defeats of the human will

subjected to the action of conflicting forces. It is the old story of Héraklès placed between virtue and vice; it is, alas! the old story of the final and irreparable fall. This "cruel enigma" is no enigma at all: it is the common story. The work of long years of education, the teachings of ancestors, even the clearest possible vision of right and wrong, the consciousness of a great fault and of a great folly—all is vain. Man must meet his fate, and the punishment comes at once, in the diminution of the will, in the impotence of liberty, in the degradation of all the faculties which represent the divine in man. This book is not a bad analysis of the struggle which too often ends in the subjugation of a fine nature to a coarse, common, and bad nature. It is artistic in so far as it is analytic; it is inartistic in so far as the mind is never kept in suspense, and that you can see at once how it will end. The young man who represents Héraklès between virtue and vice, is not enough of a Héraklès; he is too weak, you can expect nothing of him. He is not very interesting; you can not help despising him almost as soon as you know him."

[A : Laugel in Nation.

2119 m

LOVER HUNT (The), with No. 2105.

or rather Parisienne. This young lady has the misfortune to be Catherine Duval, the daughter of a rich papermaker—respectable, and bourgeois to the last degree. There is a very pretty little sketch of the serious, homely house, of the delightful mother, modest, a little timid, a little 'dévoté'—the best housekeeper, the best wife and mother imaginable, without a thought beyond her mild interior, or a preoccupation except that of finding for her daughter a secure and well-established 'ménage' like her own. The scene opens with a conversation between mother and daughter returning from a ball, in celebration of a marriage in that respectable bourgeoisie which Mlle Catherine despises with all her soul, the mother asking anxiously, "How did you find him?" the daughter pretending not to understand, so she is very well aware that the person in question is a young engineer of great promise, the most respectable and the most bourgeois that can be conceived. Catherine has already refused seven or eight, "all from the École Centrale or the École Polytechnique," and she is in despair. Nothing, however, can be prettier than the home scene. The marriage of the father and mother has been a love-match—"absolument comme dans les romans anglais"; and they have lived happy ever after, were it not for a son who loves pleasure too much and a daughter who loves engineers too little,—"who do their best to spoil their parents' peace." [Blackwood's. 2119

—, SAME ("Marriage of Love"), London, Simpkin, 1886.

—, SAME ("Marriage for Love"), Chicago, Rand, 1891, 106 pp.

LOVER AND HUSBAND = (A) FATAL PASSION.

LOVERS' POOL (The) = No. 2013.
LUCIE, by H. E. F. (A.) REYBAUD, in *Brother Jonathan*, 6-27 aug., 1842.

LUCK AND LEATHER, by BALZAC, *see* ECCENTRIC NOVELS.

MABEL STANHOPE [Paris] = No. 448.

MADAME ALPHONSE by MAURICE TALMEYR: N.-Y., Tousey, 1882.

MADAME BOVARY [by GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (†. 1880, Paris, 1857): Peterson, 1881; Chicago, Laird, 1891, 407 pp.] 'is noted for having been the subject of prosecution as an immoral work. That it has a serious lesson there is no doubt, if one will drink to the bottom of the cup. But the honey of sensuous description is spread so deeply over the surface of the goblet that a large proportion of its readers never think of its holding anything else. All the phases of unhallowed passion are described in full detail. That is what the book is bought and read for, by the great majority of its purchasers, as all but simpletons very well know. That is what makes it sell. This book is famous for its realism; in fact, it is recognised as one of the earliest and most brilliant examples of that modern style of novel, which, beginning where Balzac left, attempted to do for literature what the photograph has done for art. For those who take the trouble to drink out of the cup below the rim of honey, there is a scene where realism is carried to its extreme,—surpassed in horror by no writer, unless it be the one whose name must be looked for at the bottom of the alphabet, as if its natural place were as low in the dregs of realism as it could find itself. This is the death-bed scene, where Madame

Bovary expires in convulsions." [O. W. Holmes in *Atlantic*.]—"In 'Madame Bovary' the husband is a fool to his wife. To the reader he is a simple apothecary, a weak, everyday sort of character, who loves his offspring and adores the wretched woman who deceives him. She is about equal to him in station: his superior in intellect. Living in a provincial town, and syring for the unknown delits of Paris and splendor, her whole nature cries out to be seduced. Of course she does not go to her grave without being satisfied. As the German poet writes—

"Ein Thor ist immer willig,

Wenn eine Thorin will."

The old blandishing graces of Dumas, Sand, and Balzac are quite excluded from this story. All is severe matter of fact elaborated. We flung the book to the four corners of the room; but we took it again, and finished it. The author is uncompromising: he gives Madame Bovary successive lovers. She has not even the excuse of love and its poor consolation when the end comes. She endeavors to persuade both lovers to elope with her; she begs money of both. She plunders her husband; ruins him; finally the discovery of her treason kills him . . . No harm can come from reading Madame Bovary; but it is fysics for adults, as the doctors say. The author has no more love for her than an anatomist for his subject. He does not preach. He allows her patiently to make her wickedness manifest, and leaves us to contemplate the picture at our leisure. He is a singularly powerful writer." [Westminster. 2122

M^{ME} DE BEAUPRÉ. [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKIN (†. 1885): *Smith*, 1868.] "The other

marriage" is much gayer. It is lively and pleasant, and ends most agreeably. The sketches of provincial society remind us of some parts of 'Eugénie Grandet' [No. 2024.] The Vicomtesse de Beupré, after being married when almost a child to a horrid old man, and after bearing her noble husband's tyrannical temper with a patience which must have touched the heart of her guardian angel, is left a widow, and then she enjoys her liberty, and is a most fascinating fine lady, till her time comes when she falls in love in so charming a manner that no man will be able to read of it without envy. There are great difficulties; but the man she loves is so worthy of her in every respect, so suited to her in character,—tho his social position is below hers,—that the reader's interest and sympathy are secured. The wilful and bewitching little viscountess surmounts all obstacles but one, and that is Raymond Savoisy's duty to his parents. His father is a protestant pastor, with a disapproval of popery which makes him feel he would rather his son should die than marry a catholic. The mother is even more sternly opposed. Deeply as Raymond is attached to the viscountess, and she to him, neither of them entertains an idea of opposing the parental will. This deep sense of the obligation of duty, to be obeyed at all sacrifice, makes a striking point in the story, and gives it a strong interest quite independent of the love affair. However, at last all is happily ended by the impetuous little viscountess declaring her adhesion to the pastor's religion! The protestant reader will rejoice in so charming a convert, and even a catholic reader will forgive her under the extenuating circumstances."

[Athenæum.

2123

MADAME DE BEAUSÉANT, by
BALZAC, in *AFTER DINNER
STORIES*.

2124

MADAME DE MAUVES [Paris]
= No. 489

MADAME D'ORGEVAUT'S HUSBAND [by H: RABUSSON. N.-Y., Dodd, 1891.] "treats a very serious problem in a most striking and interesting manner—the problem as to whether a woman can be married to a man and continue to love him and be happy with him when she has ceased to respect him. Mme. d'Orgevaut's second husband tells her, a few hours after their marriage, that he has been a dishonest man and has used his employer's money, but that he was successful in his gambling, has replaced the money, and has lived an honest life ever since. She loves him, and for the moment, overcome by her feeling for him, she forgives him and permits him to remain with her. There is a certain charm at first in the sacrifice she imposes upon herself for his sake, but this does not last. It is not forgetfulness; it is slow familiarization with a new kind of happiness, a progressive initiation into the art of being happy through the benumbing of the faculties which can make one suffer. It is the voluntary torpor of a woman who does not wish to know whether it was wrong to love first and condone afterwards. She does not blind herself; she goes to sleep. There are, unfortunately, awakenings and sleeplessness. Madame first knoes the latter by short attacks, of which she hopes to be cured; but it is not long before she also knoes the other, of which one is never cured—the great awakening. Her husband's error—which is inevitable and fatally com-

mon to all those who accept a rehabilitation—is to become used too quickly to the climate of indulgent silence and forced abnegation which surrounds him. The situation becomes intolerable. The wife tells him that the guilty person who is really worthy of being rehabilitated comprehends that there is no rehabilitation possible, save in a solitude courageously and voluntarily borne; he understands that there will always be in his conscience and in the memory of others, in that of the being he loves, something which would protest against this pardon. She can stand the life in close companionship with him no longer, and they separate. The story thus draws to a perfectly logical conclusion in its treatment of a moral question which men and women are being called upon to face every day."

[Critic.

2125

MADAME FIRMIANI, by BALZAC, in *After-dinner Stories*; also in *The Cat and the Battledore*; also in *The Vendetta*; also in *The N. Y. Mirror*, 14 & 21 Jan. 1837.

2126

MADAME JEANETTE'S PAPERS, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, in *Ladies Repository*, Sept. 1873.

2127

MADAME LUCAS [Osgood, 1882.] "is a charming little story, the gentle veil of sadness towards the close scarcely interfering with the reader's delicate pleasure. There are many touches, indeed, of the positive amusement one anticipates from the headings of the chapters. Madame Lucas herself is a vivid little creation, illustrating pleasantly that when a French woman is good, she is very, very good. She is eminently French... She gathers about her a small circle of friends known as the 'Lotos-eaters,' comprising many people of many

minds, from the brilliant critic to the absorbed irish gentleman who did not know a Fra Angelico from a Fra Diavolo. The plot is extremely slight and not in the least original; but the whole is a very charming bit of work from an author evidently of much cultivation." [Critic. 2128

MADAME THERÈSE, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, = No. 809.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER. [by F.. M.. PEARD (b. 1835): *Hatchard*, 1887.] "Every one acquainted with Miss Peard's charming novels will welcome this, and not be disappointed. She takes her readers again to the sunny South, where she herself, it is very apparent, loves to be; and carries them to the spots she describes so well. This time it is to Grasse, on the Riviera; and there we live for the time amongst the olive-groves, the gardens of exquisitely scented flowers for which Grasse is remarkable, the hills and valleys, and the views on all sides of the bluest of blue seas, and wander over the dilapidated castle in Castelbianco, with its gray walls and interesting associations, and with the quaint and lifelike group of characters which she describes with so vivid power. There is a spirit, humor, beauty, and pathos in Miss Peard's descriptions which seem to us to increase with each effort of her genius, and we thank her for adding so much pleasure to the reading hours of our lives. Few of our present-day lady-novelists can vie with Miss Peard in unfailing interest of subject, delicacy of character-delineation, purity of style, and a high and refined tone of feeling." [Spectator. 2129

MADELAINE'S FAULT [*Remington*, 1883.] "is pathetic enough, and

short. The 'fault' of Madeline, though french in character, will not be deemed a very heinous one." [Spectator. 2130

MADELEINE [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Appleton*, 1852.] deals with "the simple-hearted peasantry in one of the wildest districts of Auvergne." [Norton's Lit. Gazette. 2131

MADELEINE [by [LEONARD SYLVAIN] JULES SANDEAU (†, 1883) London, *Stater*, 1849.] though "a well known book, and one deservedly honored with a crown, is perhaps a little utopian in its picture of a young roué, reformed by his cousin, and by the agency of honest labor in which she ingeniously engages him; but it is a charming sketch." [Saintsbury.]—"It is as innocently charming as 'Madame Bovary' is the reverse.

is the difference between the atmosphere of the dissecting-room and of primrose banks in the spring. Mr. Sandeau shows no lack of knowledge of the world; but he passes lightly by the shadows on its shady side, resting by preference on simplicity and virtue. Young Maurice de Valtravers, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, is hurrying post-haste to the devil. Wearied of the dullness of the paternal chateau he has longed to wing a wider flight. He soon succeeds in singeing his pinions, and has come crippled to the ground. There seems no hope for him: he is the victim of remorse, with neither courage nor energy left to redeem the past in the future; and he has found at last a miserable consolation in the deliberate resolution to commit suicide, when his cousin Madeleine, who has loved him in girlhood, comes to his salvation as a sister and an angel of mercy; with the rare sensibility of a loving woman, she understands the appeals which are

most likely to serv her. She cōmes as a suppliant, and prevails on him at least to put off self-destruction til her future is assured. It prōves in the end, that, by a pious fraud, she has presented herself as a beggar when she was really rich. That she resigns herself to a life of privation, supporting herself by the labor of her hands, is the least part of her sacrifice. She has stooped to appear selfish in the excess of her generosity. Maurice swēars, grumbles, and victimises himself. But the weeds which have been flourishing in the vitiated soil, die one by one in that heavenly atmosphere. Madeleine's sacrifices have thēir reward in this world as in the other: and she wins the hand of her cousin, whōm she has loved in her inmost hēart, as the prize of her prayers and devotion." [Blackwood's. 2132

MADemoisELLE, by F.. M.. PEARD, = No. 810.

M'LE BISMARCK [by [V:] H: [DE] ROCHFORD [LUCAY]: *Putnam*, 1881.] "is in form and construction an excellent novel, and in these respects mīt have been written by an academician, so far as it is possible to judge from a translation. It is, besides, entertaining from cōver to cōver, and contains at least one portrait which is a character-study of a good deal of acumen. This is the heroin, whōse tact in social diplomacy gave her the title of the book, her name being Antoinette Alibert. Miss Alibert's father is a professor and has but a small salary. Her mother is dead. She develops astuteness early. Realising, "at the age when little girls are cutting dresses for thēir dōls," that she never will be pretty, she begins to endow herself with other attractions. She devotes herself to

study, not because she desires to read Goethe, Byron, or Tasso, but because she wished it to be said of her when she entered a drawing-room: 'You see that young lady? Would you believe it? She knōs 3 languages'." The next end to compass is the entrée of some drawing-room. After she has accomplished that, her effort is to engage the affections of some important personage, and she succeeds finally in entrapping no less distinguished game than the President of the Chamber. To do this, however, she has been obliged to forge love-letters from a member of the noblesse, whō finds her out, and having her in his power, makes a very base use of it, compelling her to sacrifice either herself or her hopes of Talazac. She chooses the former, and the viscount falls in love with her. As she will not recognize him and returns his letters unopened he falls ill, and his cousin, whō is in love with him and is his nurse, finds the letters and sends them to Talazac. —This is too bad, for Antoinette's character is in the main admirably sketched, and in point of art she deserves to be ranked with more celebrated portraits of the same type, which is a favorite one with french novelists." [Nation. 2133

MADemoisELLE DE MALEPEIRE, by REYBAUD, = No. 811.

MADemoisELLE DE MAUPIN. [by THÉOPHILE GAUTIER (†, 1872): (Paris, 1835) Chicago, *Laird, Sergel*, 1890, 423 pp.] "It is not these things which the admirers of 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' admire. It is the wonderful and final expression, repeated, but subtly shaded and differentiated, in the 3 characters of D'Albert, Rosette, and Madeleine herself, of the aspiration which, as I have said, colors

Gautier's whole work. If he, as has been justly remarked, was the priest of beauty, 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' is certainly one of the sacred books of the cult. The apostle to whom it was revealed was young, and perhaps he has mingled words of clay with words of gold. The creed may be an impossible creed, or an irreligious, or an immoral: that is for philosophers and priests and moralists to decide. We may certainly agree with Sainte-Beuve when he says that he does not advise any of his female readers to send for Mademoiselle de Maupin, tho we may doubt whether he seizes its spirit when he describes it as a book of medicine and pathology—one which every physician of the soul ought to have on some back-shelf in his library. It would be difficult to find a Bowdler for our Madeleine, and impossible to adapt her to the use of families. But for those who understand as they read, and can reject the evil and hold fast the good, who desire sometimes to retire from the meditation of the weary ways of ordinary life to the land of clear colors and stories, where there is none of this weariness, who are not to be scared by the poets' puppets or tempted by his baits, they at least will take her as she is and be thankful." [Saintsbury.

2134

M^{lle} DE MERSAC [Algérie]
= No. 491.

MADemoiselle DE SEIGLIÈRE, by SANDEAU, in *American Rev.*, July, 1849 to Feb. 1850. 2135

MADemoiselle DESROCHES [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: N.-Y., *Bonner*, 1891.] "is the story of a physician's daughter reared by a peasant family, whose good sense and delicacy of feeling are strengthened by a

simple country life. Her subsequent history is full of interest, and shows how closely character and truth and romance are related." [Publisher's Weekly. 2136

MADemoiselle GIRAUD [by ADOLPHE BELOT. Chicago, *Laird*, 1891.] "has reached us in a cleverly executed translation. The book had tremendous vogue in France. The public believed that it had here found food for its unwholesome curiosity, and continued to devour what it united in decrying. It rests on delicate ground, but it is delicately and seriously handled. It is an indictment for a crime; it is a session of the court, during which the depravity of society is exposed with the utmost severity. Its author has the clear, cold tone of a judge who probes human monstrosities and applies the eternal law of chastisement as an honest man. His offense is simply to have troubled the quietude of people who preferred to relate the story in question behind closed doors to seeing it freely circulated with all its avenging consequences." [Critic. 2137


MADemoiselle MERQUEM. [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): N.-Y., *Carleton*, 1868.] The reader's first impression is of the extraordinary facility in composition begotten by the author's incessant practice. Never has a genius obtained a more complete and immediate mastery of its faculties... These things it is which bestow an incomparable distinction on this actual "Mademoiselle Merquem" far more than any felicity of selection in the way of events and characters. The style, as a style, strikes us as so far superior to that of other novelists,

MADemoiselle MERQUEM. [by G : SAND : N.-Y., *Carleton*, 1868.] "It is tō be regretted, we think, that English-speaking peoples ar so much attached tō the novels of thēir respectiv countries as tō care little for the masterpieces of forēin fiction, especially those of France. The critics of both countries feel, or affect tō feel, a horror of French novels, but, as the French would say, thēre ar novels and novels. We can understand and sympathize with the feeling which leads them tō censure such works as the 'Lady with the Camelias,' 'Indiana' [No. 753], and sōme of the stories of Balzac, whō, after Thackeray, is the grēatest modern novelist. No French writer has suffered more from the prejudices and the ignorance of her English critics than George Sand. The works of hers which hav been translated ar few, and thēy hav never been popular. We can recall but 4 or 5 American versions of her novels and novelettes, as 'Consuelo' [No. 650] and the 'Countess of Rudolstadt,' 'Teverino' [No. 2606]. and 'Little Fadette' [No. 2108] . . . For it is ōne of the special qualities of George Sand that she is always and thōroly an artist. The story of Mademoiselle Merquem is very simple, as the story of most grēat works is—thēre is hardly enuf of it tō make a chapter in ōne of Miss Braddon's

romances—but as handled by George Sand, how charming it is, and how interesting, too, tō those whō prefer character tō plot, and art tō mere "sensation" writing! We shal not undertake tō tel it here, further than tō say that it shōs that the coldest, most statuesque, and apparently least lōving of women can be wōn by the right man, and so wōn is the sweetest, tenderest, and most womanly of women. The character of Mademoiselle Merquem is ōne of the most beautiful in the whole range of fiction, and tō hav drawn it so that it produces this effect is a triumph of genius . . . The portrait of Mademoiselle Merquem is as lōvely in recollection as that of Miranda or Imogen. The hero, Armand, whō tels the story, draws himself very skilfully, and stil more skilfully the person and individuality of his rival, Montroger, a weak, vaçillating man, whō with the best intentions in the world, is a monster of selfishness. The scene of the story is a village on the coast, the life of which, hī as wel as lo, is painted with the idyllic freshness which is ōne of the grēatest charms in the writings of this author. The adventures of Armand amōng the sailors ar grafically portrayed, and wil linger in the memory when scores of clever novels ar forgotten." [The Albion. 2138

that while the unpression of it is fresh in your memory, you must make up your mind to accept her competitors wholly on the ground of their merits of substance, and remit for the time the obligation of writing properly . . . The romance before us is conceived and executed with a heartiness, a good faith, a spontaneity, which assuredly justify our use of the word "immortal". [Nation. **2138**

MADemoiselle SOLANGE. ["*Tenue de France*"] by FRANCOIS DE JULLIOT: Chicago. *Rand*, 1889.] "This is a dainty, graceful and thoroughly agreeable novel. It is a picture of provincial society of which the tranquil surface is rippled by the arrival of a young parisian lady, full of caprices, sensitiv, proud, and capable of entire devotion. The story is charming; one may even be permitted to say that it is a refreshment to find a new novel which is not the apostle of some theory, but a love story pure and simple. Perfectly refined in quality, unexceptionable in incident, it is a romance suitable for young girls as well as for their elders." [Boston "Literary World." **2139**

MAGIC SKIN (The), by BALZAC.  **ECCENTRIC NOVELS.**

MAKING AN OMELETTE [by GUSTAVE DROZ: in *Lippincott's Magazine*, Oct. 1871.] "is charming and pure." [Nation. **2140**


MAN AND MONEY [by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE (†, 1854): Liverpool, *Howell*, 1854.] "is an interesting but painful story,—showing how a rich, hard-hearted man of capital may crush a rival and hunt him to poverty without in the least transgressing the laws. It is written on the text of "Competition," and shows how the battle of money may be as fatal as

the battle of armies; and the moral is that brotherly love *ô*t not to be entirely excluded from business."

[Athenæum. **2141**

—, SAME ("Two Rivals"), N.-Y., T. B. Dawley, 1865.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE (A) [by ÉMILE ERCKMANN and P: ALEX. CHATRIAN (†, 1890.): London, *Bentley*, 1871.] "is an account of the revolution of 1848, from the point of view of one who took no small part in it. Jean Pierre Clavel, the hero, is a cabinet-maker. He has come to the capital from Saverne, where his youth was spent; and the workshop in which he finds employment, is one of those places in which the revolutionary spirit was nurtured by hot discussion and made ripe for an outbreak. . . . The quiet scenes of Saverne life are more interesting than the tumult of the revolution. When Jean-Pierre is first taken up by Madame Balais after his kinsfolk have abandoned him,—when he climbs the long flights of stairs in the old-fashioned house which is to be his home,—when he masters his alphabet by great efforts, and is all the keener in his enjoyment of one day's holiday in the week,—when he puts his whole energies into the work he is learning under the quaint old cabinet-maker,—a series of delightful pictures is unrolled. No wonder that Jean-Pierre himself looked back with regret upon that life from the narrow streets of Paris, remembering his runs through the long grass and his swims in the clear stream under the leaves." [Athenæum. **2142**

MAN WITH THE BROKEN EAR, by ABOUT,  **ECCENTRIC NOVELS.**

MANON LESCAUT = No. 816.

MARBLE BUST (The), by ABOUT,

in *Russell's Magazine*, 1859, 36 pp. **2143**

MARGARET, by BERTHET, = No. S18

MARGARET MULLER, by BERSIER, = No. S19.

MARGERIE MERTON'S GIRLHOOD [by ALICE CORKRAN: *Blackie*, 1887.] "is a careful and quietly humorous study of the life of an orphan who is placed by her father under the care of a maiden aunt in Paris. The aunt, tho elderly and wizened, is a good soul and sensible withal, and manages to let her niece be reared very much in the way that the girl herself likes best. Margery and her fello-students, the excellent Mrs. Réville, the not less excellent painter, Mr. Delteil, and, above all, poor Rose Lifebore, are delightfully sketched. Then there is a conspiracy to prevent Margery from obtaining a prize to which she is entitled, and there is another conspiracy to defeat that conspiracy; and there are rural adventures resulting in the arrival on the scene of a Prince-Charming in the person of Arthur Wilton, a young englishman, who would doubtless have married Margery in the final chapter, had marriages been permissible in stories for school-girls. The french simplicity which, where it really exists, is exquisite, and which is altogether the opposite of that abomination known as chic, pervades this story like a perfume. An amount of skill and subtlety has been expended—we do not say wasted—on 'Margery Merton's Girlhood' which would have made the fortune of more than one good novel" [Spectator. **2144**

MARGUERITE, or Two Loves, by DELPHINE (GAY) GIRARDIN: *Appleton*, 1862. **2145**

MARIE DERVILLE [by HOR-

TENSE (GUIZOT) DE WITT: *Lippincott*, 1873.] "is a bright and pleasant story of country life. The heroine is a daughter of a captain who departs on a 3 years' cruise. In his absence pecuniary troubles overtake the family, and his wife and mother set up a boarding-school, life in which constitutes the principal material of the story." [Boston "Literary World." **2146**

MARINER OF THE LOIRE (The) by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*. Dec. 1855. **2147**

MARKETS OF PARIS (THE) ["Ventre de Paris"] by ÉMILE ZOLA: *Peterson*, 1879.] "is the most successful and the subtlest study the author has made of one of those colorless characters which offer few or no salient points to most students of life, but whose delineation always tasks the highest powers of the novelist of the first class. The heroine, Lisa, belongs to the Macquart family—with different members of which all of Mr. Zola's books are concerned—and unites her father's selfishness and her mother's industry; she may be called, in fact, the embodiment of the reasons which led to her parents' marriage. Her 'enlightened self-interest' assures her that it is in the orderly path of life that comfort dwells, and it is only by the un wisdom of disorder, weakness, poverty, and sin by which so poignant a passion as anger is aroused in her. Her husband's brother, an escaped exile, suddenly reappears. Lisa is at once ready to divide with him the inheritance which her husband received from his uncle, and is displeased at the arrangement between the brothers which leaves it all in her hands and gives Florent a home with them. Her dislike of her brother-in-law begins with her aversion to anyone who has

MARQUIS DE VILLEMER (The). [by "G: SAND," i. e., *Amantine Lucile Aurore* (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): Boston, *Osgood*, 1871.] "The Duke of Aléria and the Marquis of Villemér are half-brothers. The elder is a 'beau gail-lard,' with a good heart and lively imagination, probably holding the pleasant position of "Pami de tout les pères et le père de tout les enfants;" the younger is a somewhat gloomy person, more full of sentiment than of sense, and afflicted with a disparaging self-consciousness conducive to bilious temperament. Both of these mature personages fall in love with a young lady of good family but broken fortunes, who has gained some hold on the regard of the Marquise, and is retained by her as intimate companion. The duke is one of those persons who would rather burn than marry; while his younger brother is absorbed in the absurd notion that an early indiscretion, resulting in the substantial evidence of an unseen offspring, must forever stand between him and the accomplishment of legitimate desires. The contrast between these two affords the main material of the story. The restoration of family wealth and worldly position is the grand ambition of the marquise, and, deeming the elder son a hopeless scapegrace, she plans a marriage between the grave mar-

quis (aged 33) and Diane de Saintrailles, a very desirable 'partie'; but the duke's elastic heart yields to his brother what he for once desired to gain by honest means, and without much more scruple than you would feel in changing a florin for two shillings, takes for his wife the heiress, while the cadet appropriates the other lady . . . Moving eloquence, sparkling wit, lively and rapid equivoque, combine to strain and enchain the attention; and all the while we never lose the sense of truth, not only in the sentiment moving each character, but also in the tone of the conversation; the atmosphere of refinement overlaying the depth of feeling; maternal devotion tinged by world-knowledge in the masquise, so calm and placid, so prudent while so anxious; the uncontrollable vivacity of the duke, who, tho throughout a character of almost libertine freedom, never loses the sense of 'noblesse oblige', and shows a heart while he speaks as a cynic; the earnest nature, colored with perhaps too deep a shade of gloom, of the younger brother, lifted by a pure love out of the sloe-of-despond of self-reproach; the delicate perception and womanly instinct of the dependent girl, whose pride is one long battle against her affection; all these 'nuances' of natural life are portrayed with equal force." [Examiner. 2149

suffered such hardships; that he has suffered unjustly, and that his character is noble. Only emphasizes her general sense of a hopeless muddle where everything should be so clear. His willingness to live without work, altho he does not spend a tithe of what belongs to him, increases this aversion by offending her sense of the necessity of work in any well-ordered life, and in one way and another she forces him to accept a position under the government which he hates as his persecutor. He is drawn into a revolutionary society, which she discovers, and, frightened for the safety of her family, she denounces him to the police, who are already in possession of her story through anonymous letters from the neighbors. Florent is transported, and Lisa quiets her conscience by reflecting that her course was open, and that her brother-in-law had already been denounced, and above all by the return to the quiet and orderly life which had been interrupted. There is nothing contemptible in Lisa, it is to be remarked. She is one of the elements of society, and a product of civilization; tho an incarnation of selfishness, from sheer force of selfish wisdom she escapes the patent failings of characters superficially similar; she has, indeed, the garnered worldly wisdom of ages, and might be offered to Mr. Mallock as an example of the passion with which 'honesty is the best policy' may be worshipped, or to some of his critics as an example of the tragedy such a character develops when brought into contact with a life ordered by ideas which, however completely they may pre-figure the wisdom of the future, nevertheless threaten the comfort secured by the wisdom of past. Like

the rest of his books, 'The Markets of Paris' shows M. Zola committed to a theory of novel-writing, but, unlike some of them, it shows his ability, when he is at his best, to sink his theorizing in an acute and dispassionate study of life and character. The details of the story, aside from the development of its principal character, are even slier than is usual with him." [Nation. 2148

MARMORNE, = No. 824.

MARQUIS DE LÉFORIÈRE by SUE, [in Omnibus, vol. 2., N.-Y., Mowatt, 1844.] = No. 826.

MARQUIS DE VILLEMER, by "G. SAND," Boston. Osgood, 1871. 2149

MARRIAGE (All About) by "GYP." i. e., countess Martel de Joinville: N.-Y., Tousey, 1880. 2150

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE (A). [by OCTAVE FEUILLET (†, 1890): Phil'a, Porter, 1875.] "The hero is handsome, rich, and accomplished; but at the age of 30 is still a bachelor. He desires to marry; but the wives he sees in society do not suggest to him the idea of domestic bliss. At last, he is introduced by his match-making godmother to Marie Fitz-Gerald, and the two are presently betrothed. The characters of the two, and the circumstances of their marriage, are unqualifiedly auspicious; and they begin their new life assured of a blissful future. Their delightful dream is soon interrupted. Mrs. de Rias, intoxicated by the excitement of parisian society, yields herself to it without reserve, and her husband, thus robbed of the home happiness he had anticipated, withdraws from his wife. Under the influence of certain gay ladies with whom she is intimate, Marie accepts the easy philosophy of their set, and draws near the precipice of ruin. At the most dangerous crisis she is

saved." [Boston "Lit. World." 2151

MARRIAGE OF GABRIELLE (The) [by DANIEL LESUEUR: Chicago, Rand, 1890.] "is pleasantly told, the tone of the love-tale is good and pure, and all ends happily." [Whit-
er. 2152

MARRIAGE OF LOVE (A), by HALÉVY. = LOVE MATCH.

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE = No. 494.

MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER ["MARIER SA FILLE"] by "HENRI GRÉVILLE." i. e., Alice M.. Céleste (Fleury) Durand: Peterson, 1878.] "is an entertaining story. The hero and the hero stand out in bold relief against the setting of their disreputable surroundings, and there is a great deal of humor in the talk of all the people. In short, the writer's cleverness cannot be questioned, and there will be but few, it is fair to say, who will object to the good-natured way in which the good people are rewarded for their virtue by a comfortable income." [Atlantic. 2153

MATILDA. [by EUGENE SUE: N-Y., Winchester, 1844, 8°, 414 pp.] "The 'young woman' whose memoirs are laid before us has hardly contracted a marriage with one of the most charming, fashionable and devoted of men, before she discovers that her husband is bound hand and foot in the thrall of a Mephistopheles, who will not be content unless she also is made to minister to his satisfaction. This demon has riches by the bank full,—of course, agents by the hundred; and the strong interest of the book is excited by the perpetual terror he maintains in the mind of the heroine, whose reputation he destroys, whose person he menaces, whose husband, finally, he bribes and degrades

until he becomes a partner in his designs." [Athenæum. 2154

MAUGARS, JR., = YOUNG MAUGARS.

MAUPRAT, = No. 836.

MAURICE, by F. BÉCHARD, Carleton, 1871. 2155

MEMBER FOR PARIS (THE).

[by EUSTACE CLAIRE GRENVILLE MURRAY (†, 1881): Smith, 1871.] The hero "mixes in the 'grande monde,' makes acquaintance with literary and other celebrities, among whom we recognize Arsène Houssaye, Jules Favre, Blanqui and Worth. There is a vacancy for the Corps Législatif and Macrobe urges Horace to stand for it, and so intrigues that he is triumphantly returned. The pictures of Parisian society which the book contains are thoroughly life-like, and such as only an intimate knowledge of it would enable any writer to depict" [Athenæum. 2156

MERE CAPRICE (A). [by M.. (HEALY) BIGOT: Jansen, 1882.] "The writer has the power of reproducing thought and scenes from the French point of view which almost amounts to genius. The 'caprice' is the whimsical fancy of a rich, heartless, and idle woman for an orphan girl. Her best motive is revenge upon her husband's relatives, so that it is only natural that upon the discovery that the girl has by her beauty unconsciously won the love of the artist who is the object of her own ardent passion, she ruthlessly turns her out of doors. The moral of the book is high and pure in intention: it is the artist who dreams of 'an ideal of tender love, unlike mere fevered passion—love which dares show itself to all; a healthy, honest love, which would not fear the blessed monotony of every-

MARTIN, THE FOUNDLING [by [M. J. JO.] EUGÈNE SUE (1804-57): *London*, 1847.] "is a book which no one can read without seeing that it is written with a serious moral and even political purpose. It is a manifesto against the relation between rich and poor, such as the present institutions of society have made it. The author aims at exhibiting the moral perversion which the existing state of society engenders in a part of the rich and a part of the poor, and this is done with something of the melodramatic exaggeration of the "Mysteries of Paris" [No. 2183], tho in a far less degree. But he also presents, from both classes, characters of the noblest and liest principle, and the most conscientious self-control, and I do not fear to add that there are diffused throu the book, and illustrated by the conduct and maxims of those characters, many principles of conduct and ideas of moral and social improvement, decidedly in advance of the age, and showing in the writer no ordinary degree of the desire and the

capacity both to improve the outward condition of mankind, and to raise the tone of their minds; notwithstanding some errors, and among the rest a very decided tendency towards Communism, which in this most improving writer further reflection will probably reduce within just bounds." [Corres. Examiner. 2153 d

MATHIEU ROPARS: (ET CETERA) [by EMILE SOUVESTRE (1806-54): *Putnam*, 1868.] is "an admirable version of one of the sweetest and saddest little domestic dramas of this delightful writer, whose genius was radiant with everything which is best in his country's literature. No English or American author whose acquaintance we have yet made could have written "Matthieu Ropars," and but one or two German ones. "Tossing up for a Husband," by the Vicomte Ponson du Terrail, is as amusing as it is witty, showing the liter side of French literature at its best. A third sketch of the same sort is "Woman Never at a Loss," the author of which is not given." [The Albion. 2153 v

day life, with its work, and rest, and lo talks by the common hearth, and the patter of little feet for its home music'; but it is taut only by negatives, and the story groes more pitiful as each struggle of the poor girl is more hopeless. The plot is new enuf and exciting enuf tō compel the reader tō follo it tō the end, but the book wil never be opened the second time; for, wel written as it is, thêre is nothing beyond the plot tō counterbalance the painful impression of the catastrofê." [Nation. 2157

META HOLDENIS. [by V: CHERBULIEZ: *Appleton*, 1873.] "The story is told in letters by a young man, a painter, tō a lady, a friend living on the Rhein, whō has written tō him that she has chosen for him the maiden he is tō marry. The latter is a charming girl, sentimental as wel as practical, and her eyes ar of a heavenly blue; but about those heavenly blue eyes he has his opinion, and the novel is the account of the manner in which his present opinion of them was formed . . . Naturally, at an early opportunity, Tony and Meta seek an explanation, which has the usual result of explanations in complicating matters more than ever, bringing him again under the power of her fascination . . . The intrigues of the girl ar discōvered, and she leaves the house. Afterwards she becōmes a protestant sister, and denounces the immorality of the French, taking an account of the conduct of Tony and M. de Manserre for her text. It is, as may be seen, the story of an intriguer, and, in our opinion, it makes a very interesting novel." [Na. 2158

MICHELINE [Normandie] = No. 495.

MILDRED VERNON [by HAMIL-

TON MURRAY: *Colburn*, 1848.] "is a novel of more than ordinary excellence. It is unusually wel written; the characters ar wel sustained; the conversations natural and lively; the plot one of grêat interest and skilfully developed; and altho much of the society intō which we ar introduced is, both socially and politically, as bad as need be,—the scene being laid amōng the hîer ranks in Paris tōards the close of Louis-Philippe's rêign,—yet the tone and feeling of the book ar good throuōut, and the morality, while neither narro nor severe, is on the whole pure, correct, and even himinded." [National Review. 2159

MILLER OF ANGIBAULT (The). [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): London, *Churton*, 1847, *Simms*, 1853, *Weldon*, 1878.] "The author introduces us tō a fâse of french life, unfamiliar tō the ordinary reader; and, while working out a plot of extraordinary interest, givs us pictures of affairs such as could hav been drawn only by the hand of a master, and which, of themselvs, unaided by the fascination of the story, entitle this novel tō rank amōng the author's best." [Boston "Literary World."]—It "is divided intō 5 parts, embracing a narrativ of 5 successiv days; and with the exception of the prolog, the scene passes entirely within the narro limits of a country parish. The blemish in the book is that the author pushes tō extravagance her dreams of an ideal equality of ranks. Marcelle, the beautiful baroness, has formed a platonic friendship during her husband's life with Henri Lémor, a working engineer. When her husband dies, it is her delît tō believe that she can besto herself on the friend whō

has avowed his attachment to her. But Lémor is proud, and an enthusiast in the principles which have won him her admiration, and the idea of Marcelle's riches revolts him. He decides to fly from her, for a year at least; but, like the moth flickering round the flame of the candle, he cannot help coming after her to Blanchemont. He experiences a moment of transport in hearing that her late husband has ruined her. Then, again, there is a relapse to despondency when he finds that enough has been saved from the wreck to give the object of his adoration a tolerable fortune. Finally, a fire, which burns a bundle of bank-notes with the farm buildings of Blanchemont, reduces her means to such a very modest independence, that he succeeds in shaking himself free from his scruples. They marry, and look forward to a life of unruffled love in a cottage. Such is the outline of the romance; and so far it sounds, and it is, absurd enough. Yet such is the inimitable skill of the narrator that the book does not strike us as ridiculous in the reading; and we see in Marcelle a high-minded and fascinating woman, by no means excessively eccentric. Refined as she is, born and reared as she has been, it is barely conceivable that she could find a congenial spirit in Lémor, who must appear to a man of the world to be a prig and an embodiment of crochets. But there is an easy and effortless abnegation of the habits and prejudices of her birth and breeding in the way in which she associates with the bores of Blanchemont, altho it savors unquestionably of poetical license." [Blackwood's. 2160

MIMI. [by ESMÉ STUART: London, 1880.] "But our readers must

not suppose that this little novelette deals only with a child's fancies, or with word-pictures of Normandy scenery and the homely prettiness of a farm. We have a tale of really thrilling interest, told with the simplicity and vividness which are only natural in recalling some exciting and startling incident of childhood; and exceedingly well told." [Spectator. 2161

MIMI PINSON,  Musset.

MISERABLES (Les) = No. 790.

MISERIES OF PARIS, by EUGENE SUE: N.-Y.: W. H. Davis, 1891. 2162
MRS. DYMOND [Paris] = No. 500.

MODERN CYMON (The) ["Jean"] by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK: London, rep. Phil'a, Carey, 1833.] "is an interesting novel, by a writer of much celebrity. The story, which is the same with the "Cymon" of Dryden, is truly delightful, and has ever been fascinating, tho it be found in every language. A youth of wild passions and bearish, uncultivated manners, which entirely conceal his naturally good heart, is arrested at the beginning of his evil courses, by the sight of a lovely woman whom he rescues from an attack of some robbers in a lonely street in Paris. Being gradually impressed with a sense of his deficiencies by comparing himself with others, he resolves to reform, and devotes a year to intense and solitary study in an 'entresol' opposite the house of his mistress, whence he catches a glimpse of her daily as she walks out and returns. The dénouement is still more interesting. His manners become polished, his address easy, refinement and forwardness give place to modesty and diffidence, and the lovely cause of this wondrous change becomes his." [N.-Y. Mirror.]—"If

we were required to mention any one of Kock's numerous productions as a specimen and proof of his talent, we should select *Jean*; not because it contains the most brilliant of his humorous sketches, but because it is the most regular and best conducted of his novels, the most complete, varied, and natural; and while it certainly would not disgust—as some of his romances might disgust a fastidious English reader—would prove the capability of the writer, and demonstrate the nature and character of his style . . . The skill of the author is not shown in the original conception of the subject, but in his admirable style of carrying it through; first, in the naturalness of the character of Jean under the circumstances of his education, the amusing manner in which these circumstances are exhibited, and next, for the knowledge of human nature, which has enabled him to trace all the changes affected by the operation of new motives and new ideas of pleasure." [Foreign Quart. Rev. **2163**

MODERN FRENCH LIFE (translations, edited) by C. G. F. . . () GORE: London, 1842 **2164**

MODESTE MIGNON. [by HONORÉ DE BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1888.] "Few of Balzac's novels appeal to the taste and sensibilities of English readers so fully as 'Modeste Mignon.' The heroine is a charming young girl who sets about falling in love in a very original and striking way, and chooses her husband with a mixture of audacity and good sense, which provoke interest and sympathy. Still, full of brilliancy and charm altho the story is, the essential unreality of the chief character is always before the reader's mind. Modeste is ardent, naïve, innocent, but

she is not, after all, an actual girl, but a mere projection of Balzac himself. Behind her spontaneity is the author's intention—the intention of a deeply sophisticated mind, full of whim, resource, and experience. But Balzac, being always Balzac, is never less than great, and 'Modeste Mignon' is one of the most delightful of his works." [American.]—"In this work Balzac deals with the lighter and sunnier side of the *Comédie Humaine*, often more of a tragedy in his hands. It tells of the love affair of a pretty daughter of a Havre merchant with the friend of a parisian poet, carried on in a correspondence in which the friend masquerades as the poet himself. The most amusing situation in the book is where Dumay, the watch-dog of the maiden, goes to Paris to pull the nose of the impudent scribbler who has dared from his garret to address the girl, and is amazed and confounded by the splendor of the Canalis mansion. There are tedious places in the book, connecting the various episodes, but the reader would as soon quarrel with life for its stupid hours, as with Balzac, for it is impossible in reading him to avoid the feeling that Balzac is life." [Overland. **2165**

MONEY. [by "JULES A. TARDIEU," i. e., J. D. de St. Germaine (?): London, *Allen*, 1879.] Here "we have a quiet comedy, clean, fragrant, and well written, rather crowded with characters, which, however, are drawn with good effect, and flavored with a mild humor." [Boston "Literary World." **2166**

MONEY. [by ÉMILE ZOLA: Boston, *Tucker*, 1891, 435 pp.] "is, as its name implies, a record of the effect produced upon the human race by its greed for gold. Certain capitalists,

men who have spent their lives in speculative ventures on the Bourse, start a Universal Bank, in connection with which there is to be a steamship company. At first the scheme succeeds brilliantly, then comes the inevitable crash, and with it the crush of the small, the trampling crowd which follows large armies, passion descending from the parlor to the kitchen, from the bourgeois to the workman and the peasant, and which hurled into this mad gallop of millions subscribers having but two or three shares, the whole emaciated and hungry mass of tiny capitalists which a catastrophe such as this sweeps away like an epidemic and lays at rest in the pauper's grave. The originators of the scheme, those who have been the cause of all this, are pursued by the endless wail arising from the fitful anguish produced by this tragedy of money. In its study of the subject, which it is the purpose of this novel to treat, it is truly great. The descriptions of the scenes at the exchange, the development of the character of the man who is the main-spring of this mad speculation, the horde of parasites who cling to him in their overpowering greed until he goes down and then desert him, are certainly marvellous in their realism. It is a masterly work, unnecessarily revolting at times in some of its details, nevertheless a book in which a difficult subject is handled with the utmost skill and which sustains the most unflagging interest to its last page." [Critic].—"In his latest novel, *L'Argent*, there is a fairer balance than in his other books; there are decent people, kindly folk, men and women of honest hearts and willing hands. We have a pleasant glimpse

of the home life of Mazaud, the stockbroker who commits suicide when he fails. The Jordans, husband and wife, are perhaps the pleasantest pair to be found in all Zola's novels. With the novelist's increasing fame, apparently, he is taking braver views of humanity. And Madame Caroline, despite her lapse, might almost be called an honest woman, if this is not a paradox, she is a strong, wholesome, broad-minded creature, admirably realized. There is no disputing also that Zola is a novelist of most extraordinary fecundity and force."

[Brander Matthews.

2167
MONEYBAGS AND TITLES.
 ["*Sacs et Parchemens*"] by [LEONARD SYLVAIN] JULES SANDEAU (†, 1883): *Lippincott*, 1851.] "A certain epigrammatic vivacity of style and expression, occasionally amounting to wit, and an ingenious plot, fully sustain the reader's attention. The types presented of certain important classes of Frenchmen are certainly not flattered but neither must they be looked upon as mere caricatures . . . The pivot of the tale is the misplaced ambition of a wealthy Parisian citizen, whose heavy purse and huge vanity render him the target of a host of inguerrers, and especially of a dowager marchioness, more proud of her pedigree than scrupulous in her manoeuvres . . . Its tone and tendency are alike unobjectionable; and we are quite sure that it will be a general favorite with English readers." [Blackwood's.

2168

MONKEY ISLAND. or *The Adventures of Polydore Marasquin*, by LÉON GOZLAN: *Warne*, 1888. **2169**

MONSIEUR ANTOINE = *SIN OF M. ANTOINE*.

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS, by

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS. [by OCTAVE FEUILLET (†, 1890): N.-Y., *Blacklock*, 1860, Phil'a, *Peterson*, 1870.] "Some persons have taken 'M. de Camors' for M. de Morny, others for the Duke of Gramont; but the personage is one of pure imagination, and is meant to represent a class . . . Camors, the elder, thought nothing of religion, little of honor, a good deal of politics and fencing, and he concluded his advice to his son by counselling him not to get angry, to laugh seldom, and never to weep. Whilst he was penning these instructions, his son was seducing the wife of an innocent architect with whom he had been at school . . . The acquaintance with Lescandre was renewed by an accidental meeting. Camors endeavored not to fall in love; but one fatal opportunity got the better of his resolution. A dinner-party, the husband called away on business, an aunt obliged to retire by a headache, a young wife left 'tête-à-tête' with a handsome man of fashion, a few minutes spent in the twilight, hands that met: 'Sir, I beg you to leave me;' a few seconds more, and Mrs. Lescandre awoke from a trance. . . . Camors goes to parliament, and becomes a working member. He was looked upon as a probable minister, and made himself useful in committees. His father had recommended him 'honor;' and a lot of men about town thought the principle a good one. They formed a Patent Safety-Club; no member of the club was to trifle with the wife or daughter of another member. This rule was not applicable to people who were black-balled, and so the margin given to the leading principle was large. Tho not married, Camors joined it

and General de Campvallion did likewise, and an extra barrier was thrown between the rising Deputy and Mrs. de Campvallion. Wild resolutions, vows, reflections on the regulations of the Patent Safety Club were all made in vain in presence of the superb beauty and elegant woman who ruled the world of fashion, and who had never ceased to love. There were moments of remorse; and Camors was very near confessing his crime at the club. The poor general suspected nothing till an anonymous letter half-opened his eyes. From behind a curtain where his wife places him he is witness of an interview between the couple. Camors arrives, is coldly received by Madame, and immediately smells a rat behind the arras. Charlotte persuades him to marry, and in the hearing of the general, he promises to espouse Mrs. de Télec's daughter. Camors keeps his word, and an element of jealousy is introduced: the mistress is jealous of the neglected wife, who one day is put in possession of a letter from Mrs. de Campvallion to her husband, which leaves no doubt of the intimacy existing between them. The countess finds that she has been married merely to favor the intrigues of others. Mrs. de Télec had to come from the country; there was no scandal; but the young wife was carried home broken-hearted. Camors did try to become better, but could not; he wrestled in vain with his fatal attachment . . . Curious trials crop up now and then, and Feuillel might select half-a-dozen to show that his picture of French life is not overdrawn." [Examiner

OCTAVE FEUILLET: N.-Y., *Blelock*, 1868; Phil'a, *Peterson*, 1870. 2170

MONSIEUR D'HAUTERIVE = *ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN*.

MONSIEUR FRANCOIS by IVAN TURGÉNIEF: in *Appleton's Journal*, May, 1880. 2171

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE. [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): *Roberts*, 1870.] "The hero is a young man whō has abandoned the house of his uncle, and his probable hērship, because that relativ would force him intō a distasteful marriage . . . In his retirement Pierre presently becōmes conscious of twō nēbors—an old man and a young girl. In due time he becōmes acquainted with both, finding ōne tō be M. Sylvestre, and the ōther tō be the lady whōm his uncle desired him tō marry. The progress of the acquaintance of these three,—poor, proud, hī-souled creatures, each possessing a secret sorro,—is touchingly sketched. The reader falls instantly in lōve with M. Sylvestre, and becōmes penetrated with the keenest curiosity about him. In the development of the story twō ōther ladies—tō each of whōm, at different times, his uncle had wished tō marry Pierre—ar introduced, both of strong and striking individuality; ōne married, the ōther single. Anōther male character cōmes in, M. Gédéon, a Jew of grēat wealth, powerful intellect and marked personal fascinations. Among all these personages, thrōn tōgether in the countiy, sundry lōve affairs spring up, and the history of these make the volume." [Boston 'Literary World.' 2172

MOTHER (A). by H. MALOT, N.-Y., *Belford*, 1890, 284 pp. 2173

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, by BALZAC, in vol. 5, of *Romancists' Library*, ed. Hazlitt. London, 1841. 2174

MOTHER OF A MARCHIONESS (The) by ABOUT, in *The Great Republic*, N.-Y., aug.-sept., 1859. 2175

MOTHERLESS = *A PARISIAN FAMILY*.

MOUSTACHE, or Three Students of Paris [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK: in *The Novelist*, London, 1839.] "Paul de Kock is that in the literary world, which Michel Angelo was in the realms of sculpture—a perfect master, whō with a single touch can reproduce nature in all its truest and most various shapes. He is as much at home in the pathetic as in the humorous, and can extract tears from the eyes as readily as he can draw smiles tō the lips. His sensibility is natural and true; that of Dickens is insipid and mawkish. That half-school-boy—half idiot, Nicholas Nickleby, with his maudlin ideas of honor which scarcely repress the spirit of the adventurer, finds no parallel in the category of heroes whō figure in the novels of Paul de Kock. We cannot dō ōtherwise than pronounce Nicholas Nickleby tō be a most unfortunate tale, written without palpable plot or design, interrupted by frequent astounding starts and leaps, and so forced in its 'dénoument', that the reader almost wōnders what reference the last number bēars tō the preceeding ōnes . . . Giving the full awaid of his grēat merits tō Mr. Dickens, we cannot admit that he is tō be named even in the same breath with Paul de Kock. The French author is a man of education.—Dickens dōes not pretend tō possess this advantage: the former is as familiar with the pathetic style of writing, as

with the humorous; the pathos of the latter is bombast or bathos. Paul de Kock's writings contain a degree of interest which renders it impossible for the reader to lay down the book until he has arrived at the end; his descriptions are very brief, but invariably contain a volume in a few words; and his scenes of life amongst the middling or lower orders of the Parisians are indisputably the most faithful and natural pictures of the same subjects upon record." [Monthly Review, 1840. 2176]

MUSSET, [L: C.] ALFRED DE, SELECTIONS from his *PROSE AND POETRY* [N.-Y., Hurd & Houghton, 1870] contains *White Blackbirds*, and *Mimi Pinson*. 2177

MY BROTHER JACK = *LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING*.

MY BROTHER YVES, by "P: LOTI": *Vizetelly*, 1887. 2178

MY COUSIN, MISS CINDER-ELLA. [by LÉON DE TINSEAU; *Appleton*, 1888.] "It is a slight but agreeable performance, and the picture given in it of an old aristocratic french family has a striking air of reality." [American. 2179]

MY SISTER JEANNIE. [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant († 1876): *Roberts*, 1874.] "The incidental contrast of the vehement love-making of Laurent and Manuela with the timid, child-like, yet fervent drawing together of Laurent and Jeannie, is one of the many weighty lessons of the book. It might seem absurd to commend 'G: Sand' as a moral teacher; but we venture to say that no one can read this book carefully and searchingly without feeling conscious of a refining and ennobling influence. It is unlike any of the author's earlier novels with

which we are familiar, being simple in thought and style, and pervaded by a certain gentleness of spirit which is very pleasant." [Boston "Literary World." 2180]

MY STORY [by K.. S. MACQUOID: *Appleton*, 1874.] "is a novel in autobiographical form, and is written with quiet power. It is singularly refined, and is one of the most delicate and beautiful histories of the transformation of woman's nature under the influence of love which we ever met. The plot is simple, and the action is so circumscribed that many novel-readers will find no entertainment in the book. But it is one of those stories whose charms are subtle, not external and palpable . . . The personages of the story are strongly individual and drawn with sharpness and delicacy, the many french characters being especially winning, and the pictures of french country life, tho' very quiet, are not less delightful. The novel is a good, almost great, one of its kind, and its tone is as pure as the ripple of a brook." [Boston "Literary World." 2181]

MY UNCLE BARBASSON [by MARIO UCHARD: *Vizetelly*, 1888.] "among the author's more or less fantastical novels . . . has enjoyed exceptional popularity . . . Thoroughly french in the character of the adventures it describes, but unlike much modern french fiction, it aims at being amusing rather than psychological." [Athenæum. 2182]

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN, by TILLIER, = No. 855.

MYSTERIES OF PARIS. [by [M.. JOSEPH] "EUGENE" SUE: N.-Y., Winchester, 1843.] "A sovereign prince is the hero—his daughter, whom he has disowned, the heroin; and the

tale begins by his fitting a man on the street, and taking a fancy to his unknown child, who lives in one of the loest dens in Paris! The other 'dramatis personæ' are convicts, receivers of stolen goods, murderers, intriguers of all ranks—the aforesaid prince, in the disguise sometimes of a workman, sometimes of a pickpocket, acting the part of a providence among them, rewarding the good and punishing the guilty. The English personages are the Countess M' Gregor—the wife of the Prince—her brother Tom, and Sir Walter Murph, Esquire. These are all jostled, and crowded, and pushed, and flurried—first in flash dens, where the language is slang; then on farms, and then in halls and palaces—and so intermixed and confused that the clearest head gets puzzled with the entanglements of the story; and confusion gets worse confounded as the farrago proceeds." [Blackwood's.]—"The morality of 'Les Mystères' strikes us as worse, because of the hier professions made in it by the author, and recognized by the throngs of his eager admirers. In this tale as we have said, we encounter power in the cause of benevolence. The passion of the Grand-Duke of Gerolstein is to bring mischief to light, to succor misery, and to punish evil; he stalks through all the moral filth of Paris, redressing crime by crime, detecting chicanery for artifice.—here, putting out the eyes of one sinner, to give him time and motive for repentance,—there, awakening the vilest passions of another, without satisfying them, that they may sting their possessor; telling falsehood after falsehood, employing trick after trick, to recommend truth, and purity, and disinterestedness—and to set right the

distortion in the relations between the small and the great, the wearers of rags and of cloth of gold." [Athenæum.]—"We freely avow, that in the whole range of fiction-writing, we have never met anything so thrilling and powerful as 'The Mysteries of Paris.' The works of Mr. Dickens, while they do not surpass the "Mysteries" in bold and effective delineation of character and freedom and truthfulness of dialog, fall far below them in interest of plot and general scope and purpose. There is something of that indefinite vastness about the design and execution of the "Mysteries"—that shifting and far-stretching horizon which seems as if just subsiding from the infinity of chaos—that speaks of sublimity, and startles the soul with a class of sensations seldom aroused by literary stimulants. To enter into anything like an analysis of the plot of this wonderful book would be totally impossible—as nothing short of copying the whole would give the reader an efficient idea of the power, pathos and poetry here strewn over the loest and most disgusting details of life as well as the hypocritical and seductive vices of the nobility and the court. Some of our readers may have met random assertions that the "Mysteries" contain much that is improper and impure, in thought and expression. This is not so. We profess to despise and loathe the licentiousness of the press as heartily and wholly as anyone; nor could any consideration tempt us to gloss over a work which we thought had an improper tendency. Such, however, is not the "Mysteries of Paris." True, much which is evil, gross, disgusting, horrible, is there described, and with so vivid power and effect, that it is as

if a broad glare of lightning had suddenly illuminated the dens of a vast metropolis and laid bare thêir secrets. Thêre is no maudlin attempt, as in Paul Clifford, tō sugar over crime, and sho ōnly its fairer side. The picture is *truth*; and all truth is whole-sōme. The translator, Mr. Town, has performed his difficult and thankless duties with a neatness, a delicacy of finish, a clearness of perception, and an acuteness of comprehension, which dō him honor." [Ladies' Companion. 1843.

—, SAME (abridged), *Harper*. 1843. 2183

MYSTERIES OF THE HEATH-
ER, by F. SOULIÉ: N.-Y., *Langley*, 1844. 2184

MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE.
by SUE. = No. 856.

NABOB (The). [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Estes, Smith*, 1878.] "is a picture of Parisian life in the garish heyday of the Second Empire; and the evident intention is tō sho how essentially tawdry, hollo, contemptible, intellectually little and morally base, that superficially brilliant régime really was." [Appleton's.]—"The hero is a man from the south of France, whō has risen from grêat poverty tō the possession of enormous wealth by mysterious practices in Tunis. Of course his main desire, now that he has made a fortune, is tō spend it in Paris . . . One of the most prominent figures in the motley crowd is the Duke de Mora. This worthy nobleman is distinctly drawn, and so ar sōme of the less aristocratic characters; but the nabob himself rises far abōve them all. The story of his crude, boyish ambitions, of his sincere delight in his success, of his humility in defeat, of his affection for

those he lōved, and of his kindness for every ōne, is good reading, altho the narrativ is too profusely enriched with all sorts of scandalous titbits which forever tickle the reader's appetite." [Atlantic.]—"An irish doctor is ōne of the leading personages in the story. His celebrity in Paris about 1860, his intimate friendship with de Morny, the description of his person, and even the decorations which he wêars, suggest Sir Joseph Olliffe. Mr. Daudet wished when he wrote the book that his readers should say tō ōne anōther, "Jenkins, you kno, is Olliffe." Yet he makes the Duke's fysician liv publicly with a lady whō turns out not tō have been his wife, and, not tō speak of his minor crimes, he makes him murder his friend and patient, the duke. Sir Joseph Olliffe's wido and children ar living. Portraits, far from flattering, of Mr. Mocquard and of sōme whō, like Mr. Jules de Lesseps, ar alive, ar also introduced." [Athenæum. 2185

NANON, by G: SAND, = No. 859.
NATHALIE. [by JULIA KAVAN-
AGH: *Colburn*, 1859.] "A sentiment, a tenderness, an old world, french grace ar commanded by Miss Kavanagh which ar as individual as thêy ar elegant. Nathalie is the long lōve-story of a wayward heart,—the narrativ of a contest perseveringly maintained between girlish wilfulness and fascination and middle-aged reserv and suspicion,—thêre being no lac of bystanders tō foment every misconception for thêir tortuous purposes, yet the tale never languishes intō sicciliness—never becōmes dragging and wearisōm. By the side of the petulant, sprightly Nathalie the episodical character of her pale and saintly sister Rose, thus charmingly introduced,

acquires a double beauty. Most especially, too, after her kind, dō we like ânt Radegonde, the old canoness. —But we should not soon cōme tō an end wer we tō specify all the delicate touches and attractiv pictures which places Nathalie hī amōng books of its class." [Athenæum. **2186**

NEAR TO HAPPINESS [Appleton, 1889.] "is a society novel. Like nearly all french stories it is readable and clever, but it is chiefly devoted to describing the lōve affairs of married women." [Boston "Lit. World." **2187**

NEW LEASE OF LIFE (A) or Saving a Daughter's Dowry, by E. [Fr. V.] ABOUT: *Vizetelly*, 1880. **2188**

NINETTE [by C.. LOUISE HAWKINS DEMPSTER: *Appleton*, 1888.] "is an attractiv story of peasant life in Provence. Possessing always a strong originality, the nature of the french peasant is replete with the germs of romance and song. "Ninette" is a very simple story, merely that of a baukrupst peasant-proprietor whōse pretty little dauter was pursued by the roué of the village, and whōse honor and happiness wer defended by her young soldier lōver. But tho simple, the story has decided personality, tōgether with a cōlor and freshness which ar quite distinctiv. It has the delicate piquancy of french landscape art, with its simplicity of scenery and handling. Perhaps no ōne knew the french peasant better than 'George Sand,' and we hav in this book, tho in an inferior degree, the same intimate knowledge of thēir nature. The carnival earthquake of 1887 at Nice servs for the timely taking off of those persons whō stood in the way of little Ninette's happiness, and typifies that retributiv justice with which a happy fiction fortunate-

ly beguiles us." [Critic. **2189**

NINETY-THREE, by HUGO, = No. 867.

NO RELATIONS, by MALOT, = No. 868.

NOBLE SACRIFICE, by FÉVAL, = No. 869.

NOSE OF A NOTARY, by ABOUT, ~~SE~~ ECCENTRIC NOVELS.

NOTARY'S DAUTER [·Un Mariage en Provence"] by LÉONIE () AULNEY: *Bentley*, 1878.] "The pictures of french manners and habits in the comparatively unconventional life of the provinces, both in 'The Notary's Daughter,' and in 'The House of Penarvan,'—ar lightly and grafically presented." [Athenæum.] —"A match is arranged for motifs of convenience, amōng which certain political arrangements ar the most important, between Rose, dauter of the notary of La Ciotat, and the second son of Baron de Croixfonds. The notary looks for aristocratic connections and wealth; the baron looks for political influence. It happens that the second son is ōne in whōm he had been grēvously disappointed, grēat hopes of intellectual ability having ended in what seemed not far from imbecility. The marriage, however, takes place; but Rose betrays her disgust at the husband whō has been provided for her, and the twō seem alienated for life. How she finds out her mistake (for the young man is a genius, not an imbecil), and how all things cōme right in the end, is very gracefully told in these pages. The characters of the story ar vivid and picturesque, and the interest is wel sustained." [Spectator. **2190**

NOTRE COEUR = *COQUETTE'S LOVE*.

NOTRE DAME = No. 871.

NOTRE COEUR [by GUY DE MAUPASSANT (†, 1893). Chicago, *Laird*, 1890.] "deals with a man's torments under the divided empire of the love-poles. André Mariolle, an impressionable, purposless dilettante, becomes wildly enamored of Mrs. de Burne, a young widow withdrawn from the gay world, whose brilliancy, beauty, and wit have gathered around her a small 'salon' of talent, over which she presides impartially, in spite of the fact that nearly all its members are (or have been) unsuccessful and jealous suitors. Mariolle courts her in an extraordinary way,—sending her every night a burning love-letter, while maintaining in her 'salon' the utmost discretion and tranquility. Finally she yields to him—acknowledging the influence of the pole of intellectual vanity—and begins with him a 'liaison' with which for a time he is content. He soon, however, realizes that he cannot inspire the 'grande passion,' and grows dissatisfied with the merely friendly return she makes to his passion, and, by constant vain endeavor to arouse a return of it, more and more wretched, till he breaks abruptly off from his slavery, and goes into solitary hiding in a little house at Fontainebleau. Here he meets, on his occasional visits to the inn, an agreeable little waitress with a good figure—a virtuous girl, too. It chances, just before one of these visits, that some visitor has insulted her, and Mariolle, learning of it, takes her away from the inn, and installs her as a maid in his house. Thence he soon divines (by her increased attention to her dress and her bearing towards him) that she has fallen in love with him; and to

his wounded pride the feeling that here is a woman who does not scorn him is pleasant and consoling. A sudden illness, in which the maid becomes nurse—a convalescence, in which she reads to him and becomes his companion—makes Mariolle more and more dependent upon her. Elizabeth replaces with her warm affection the chilly tolerance of Mrs. de Burne. Now, however, the image of the latter, the unattainable love, rises more clearly and charmingly than ever before Mariolle's eyes; and, more than ever discontented, he reveals his hiding-place to Mrs. de Burne, with characteristic brusqueness, by telegram. She comes at once to find her exiled lover, still drawn to him by the flattery of his love; but before renewing their friendship, she decides that all effort to arouse a 'grande passion' between them will but work sorrow to both, and she tells him that their future relations must be purely platonic. Mariolle reflects, consents, sends her back to Paris; and, consoling Elizabeth, whom the apparition of the strange lady had thrown into a panic of fear and jealousy, he promises to take her back to Paris and maintain her near him in a separate establishment. Thus the novel ends . . . The author's always beautiful descriptions of nature include Paris, the Fontainebleau forest, and his beloved Mont Saint-Michel, that "feu d'artifice de pierres, dentelle de granit," which he describes with every succeeding attempt more and more graphically, and it would seem, with warmer and warmer affection." [A: Laugel in Nation.

—, SAME ("A Coquette's Love"), N.-Y., *Belford*, 1890. **2190 m**

NUMA ROUMESTAN. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: (Paris, 1881.), *Vizetelly*, 1884; Chicago, *Rand*, 1890. (337 pp.)] "Daudet here tells us how the handsome young Provençal goes to Paris at the age of 24; frequents a café in the Latin Quarter, the favorite haunt of a crowd of boisterous countrymen, among whom, because of his strong lungs, originality, and love for music, he is at once installed as a favorite; goes two or three times a week to the opera or the play, and by successful lying, for which he has a positive genius, gets a reputation as an artist; is installed as fourth secretary of a celebrated advocate through a pretended enthusiasm for Mozart; by audacity wins a beautiful wife with a fortune; and, to complete the story, is at 30, Minister of Fine Arts. This career Mr. Daudet depicts with almost cruel fidelity, and the public has not been slow to recognize the portrait. It is probable, however, that not one person, but many, have supplied the details of a picture whose outlines were unmistakably drawn from the life of the great Opportunist—Gambetta. There is an undercurrent of domestic sorrow running through the story, a tale of a beautiful and trustful wife, who finally learns of her husband's unfaithfulness but is tied to him by the conveniences." [Boston "Literary World."]—"Mr. Henry James and Mr. Zola are at one in giving the first place in Mr. Alphonse Daudet's remarkable series of fictions to 'Numa Roumestan,' of which we here have a translation which, although free and flowing, is nearly everything which could be desired. Mr. James says:—"Daudet's other works have their inequalities, their anomalies, certain places where, if you tapped them, they

would sound hollow. The beauty of 'Numa Roumestan' is that it has no hollow places; the logic and the image melt everywhere into one." . . . It is its bright realism,—bright even in its satire,—and its equality of style which constitute the charm of 'Numa Roumestan' and mark it as Mr. Daudet's masterpiece, regarded merely as a work of art. It is full of its author's **Provence**, of the mistral, of the farandole, of "the song and sunburnt mirth," which come, however, from the soil and the climate, rather than from the heart or the conscience, and which, while they express "joy abroad," also conceal "grief at home." M. Daudet's light-hearted Provençals who, under a blazing sun, jostle and laugh, and chatter in the amphitheatre, and praise the Bourbon nose and imposing appearance of their hero, the Legitimist Deputy Numa Roumestan, are quite as true to life as the Sicilian peasants of Theokritos, and very nearly as entertaining. In fact, Mr. Daudet's great triumph consists in making his readers not only pity and forgive, but almost love Numa, who is weak, shallow, vainglorious, self-indulgent, all things to all men, and restrained only by cowardice from being all things to all women, not because he is a worthy man at bottom, but because he is a typical Provençal, and has in him, therefore, not even the germs of those virtues of which self-control is the first. One is almost tempted to be wroth with his wife Rosalie,—cold, proud, a true child of the North,—for not more readily forgiving him his weak mendacities, his weaker "liaisons"; for being induced to return to him only when her mother tells her that "men are deceivers ever," and proves what she says by telling of

the weakness of her ōn father, whōm she has hithertō regarded as immaculate. Is she not a bit of a prig as well as of a prude? . . . Even his political fibre is of the poorest; altho the enthusiastic champion of Legitimism, he is saved from taking office under the Empire ōnly by the superior and restraining moral sense of his wife. But simply because he is amiable, impulsiv, tender, because, in his superficial fashion, he lōves Rosalie better than āny ōther woman, ōne is sorely pressed tō pardon him, or, at least, tō blame Provence, and not him, for his weaknesses." [Spectator. 2191

ODD NUMBER (THE). [by GUY DE MAUPASSANT: *Harper*, 1889.] "The first of these tales is a picture of rural life which has its parallel in the paintings of François Millet. The atmosphere of the norman village, the simple and careful manners of the peasants, the grim fate which can depend from so slight a thing as a chance piece of twine saved from the mud of the road, all ar rendered with depth and suggestiveness of sentiment, and with absolute command of effects." [Boston "Lit. World." 2192

OLD HOUSE IN PICARDY = Diane Coyal.

ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM = No. 880.

ON THE SCENT = No. 512.

ONCE AND AGAIN [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKIN: *Smith*, 1865.] is "a fitting title, for it is ōne of those few novels, which, when ōnce read, ar worthy of being taken up again. Its story is interesting, tho it deals with few startling incidents; it is touching and pathetic, and yet it dōes not leave a dismal impression; it teaches a useful lesson, but it is thōroly free from anything

like sermonizing. We can cordially recommend it as a book which we hav read with grēat pleasure, and which we believe wil meet with general approbation. The heroin is a very attractive being, and her character is admirably sustained throuōut the record of her childhood and girlhood, and the earlier years of her married life. Thēre is a grēat charm in the picture of her home in Paris; the house intō which she, as a child, brings happiness by her presence, and in which everyōne adores her, from the marquis on the first floor tō the family of the dissolute professor in the attic. Equally pleasant is the account of the swiss paradise, in which, as a girl of 15, she inspires a passionate and il-omened lōve in the breast of her former playfello in Paris." [London Review. 2193

ONE OF THE FORTY = *THE IMMORTAL*.

ONESTA, by OCTAVE FEUILLET, N.-Y., *E. D. Long & Co.*, 1860. 2194

ONLY A GIRL: A Tale of Brittany. [London, *Wells*, 1883.] "is a pathetic story of the Breton maiden, Françoise Dano. We find her an orphan in the first chapter, and leave her in the last solitary, with her hopes of happiness disappointed, yet not unhappy, because her heart is wholly given tō caring for ōthers." [Spectator. 2195

ONLY SISTER (AN), by PAULINE (GUIZOT) DE WITT: *Low*, 1872. 2196

OPERA-BOX (The), or Judith, by EUGENE SCRIBE, in *The Emerald*, Boston, 1869. 2197

OUT OF THE WORLD, by M.. (H.) BIGOT, = No. 886.

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, = No. 887.

PAPA, MAMMA, & BABY. [“Monsieur, Madame, Bébé,”] by [ANTOINE] GUSTAVE DROZ: *Vizetelly*, 1887.] “Nothing could be more realistic than this idyl of parentage and domesticity—a little too realistic perhaps at points for american taste, but stil always decent and tender. albeit it admits the reader tō scenes from which all strangers but the doctor ar generally excluded [compare No. 1889.] and takes him intō almost the inmost confidences of husband and wife, father and mother. But everything is as delicate and fine as the baby’s wardrobe, and thêre ar uses in seeing how thêy manage these things in France.” [Boston “Lit. World.”] 2198

—, SAME, “Bertha’s Baby,” *Peterson*, 1881.

PARISIAN FAMILY (A). [by HENRIETTE (GUIZOT) DE WITT: *Low*, 1871.] “Mdlle. Louise becōmes, by the death of her mōther, mistress of her father’s house, and in the receipt of 1,500 francs a year for the dress of herself and her twō sisters; she is ōnly 16, and thinks it delitful tō order dinner, and be the mistress, and abōve all, tō buy her dresses. All her follies and sorrōs and errors ar very pleasantly told; and, of course, everybody, if not perfect, is at least in the way of being so, before the story ends. The work is beautifully translated.” [Athenæum. 2199

—, SAME (“Motherless”), *Harper*, 1871; *Munro*, 1879.

PARISIANS (The), = No. 889.

PARTNERS = *FROMONT*.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A HAPPY MAN, by K: SPINDLER (†, 1855) in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, Dec. 1841. 2200

PASSION IN THE DESERT (A).

by BALZAC, in *The Duchess* [No. 2020.] 2201

PAST FORGIVENESS [by MARGARET E.. (LINDSAY) MAJENDIE: *Bentley*, 1889.] “has the author’s old faculty of making french people real tō us; indeed Madame Brise, Mlle. Manchon, and the notary’s wife in thêir first conversation would be enuf tō stamp the book in this respect. But besides the vividness of the dialog thêre is so much power and pathos in the central situation (the passionate lōver turned priest, and afterwards discōvering that the wife he mōrns is living and lōving him as old) as tō raise this portion of the story tō a hī moral level. The idea is ōne which forms a feature in ōne of Charles Reade’s novels, but the treatment of it here is different.” [Athenæum. 2202

PASTELS OF MEN [by PAUL BOURGET: *Roberts*, 1892.] “first and second series, containing in the first the three titles *A Saint*, *Monsieur Legrimaudet*, and *Two Little Boys*. The skil of line, the touch of delicacy, the simplicity and yet subtlety of motif, make these portraits not ōnly charming in themselves, but admirable studies in literature. If ōne could but learn this deft art!” [Atlantic. 2203

PASTORALS OF FRANCE. [by F: WEDMORE: *Bentley*, 1877.] “In thêir tenderness, thêir simplicity, thêir truthfulness tō the slo and remote life which thêy picture, in the quaint accuracy of thêir slight touches, in the atmosfere of them, these ‘Pastorals’ ar almost perfect . . . ‘*The Four Bells of Chartres*’ is a very hily finished study, so dōne as tō preserv an appearance of simplicity . . . ‘*A Last Love at Pornic*’ includes sōme admirable touches of french charac-

ter, as true as they are carefully slight. . . . Here is the slightest thread, upon which it would be impossible to hang a story;—Mr. Wedmore has hung a string of pearls upon it . . . *Yvonne of Croisic* is a beautiful little story, as sad as the 'lonely country, leading nowhither,' wherein Yvonne dwelt; the country to which inland France is 'abroad,' and Piriac, 'beyond the farthest point, five hours' sail,' so far that the dwellers there are foreigners, and a girl of Croisic may not marry a man of Piriac, because she cannot leave her own people and her father's house. Mr. Wedmore draws a strangely beautiful picture of the place and the people, the lonely country which made lonely lives for those who dwelt in it . . . 'Pastorals of France' is a book to be read with great, and to be re-read with increased, pleasure." [Spectator. 2204

PAVILIONS OF THE LAKE (The), by THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, in *Aldine*, Jan., 1872. 2205

PEASANT PROMETHEUS (A) = A BRETON JOINER.

PÈRE GORIOT [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC: (†. 1850) *Roberts*, 1885; *Munro*, 1886; *Rand*, 1886, *Routledge*, 1887.] "is a good name for a fine book; yet I am not sure that 'La Maison Vauquer' would not fit the book even better. True, the tragedy is the tragedy of a father sacrificed to his daughter's lust and avarice. But the 'pension' is the scene and very symbol of his martyrdom, and the house, like the book, has dark secrets not directly connected with Goriot's story. In his treatment of the Maison Vauquer, Balzac reaches romanticism through realistic methods. This one sinister house stands out from the houses about it with a lurid light upon it.

Picked out in this light, the mean lodging-house reveals itself as a centre and heart of suffering, scheming, struggling, criminal Paris. To make the work of the builder's hands color and overshadow the lives of men, to give it a physiognomy and a soul which haunt the imagination as of a thing alive and purposful,—this is a note of romanticism. It is a function of romance to read its appropriate legend into a tower, a ruin, a stream, a glen,—the legend which expresses and completes it by seizing and making permanent its lurking and evanescent suggestiveness." [Macmillan's.]—"What no one will deny to Balzac is graphic, realistic, all-enforcing use of language. This is his, absolutely. Perhaps he descends at times to details too trivial, but his picture is vigorous beyond reasonable criticism. In this novel the description of the old, decayed, greasy pension, saturated with sordid circumstances, reeking with all that is ignoble and unpleasant, is only too complete. But so, indeed, is the work throughout. Miserable old Goriot, his shameful progeny, all the despicable group of figures which cluster around them,—this is a chapter out of Dante, a new fable of Inferno. It requires, indeed, not only a rare form of ingenuity, but a mental nature which we must hope is rare likewise, to conceive so evil a company. In all the chronicle, no hope appears. Old Goriot, it may have been intended, should light the horrid blackness of the scene, but while pity pours its tears upon his wretched clay, what more could be than that? His dotage is greater than his self-sacrifice; his betrayal of his daughters thrusts aside his affection for them. If the author imagined himself to be

drawing a portrait of an old man which should extort sympathy, his mental attitude is all the more curious." [American. 2206

—, SAME ("Father Goriot"), N.-Y., *Winchester*, 1845.

—, SAME ("Daddy Goriot"), London, 1860.

—, SAME ("Unrequited Affection"), *Ward & Lock*, 1875.

PETER'S SOUL. [by GEORGE OHNET: Chicago, *Laird*, 1891.] "To see a good fundamental idea inadequately treated is as irritating as to behold a valuable fabric fashioned by a clumsy tailor Ohnet has never been a favorite of ours, despite the '20 or 30 mille' which so glibly adorn the covers of his numerous works; but on taking stock of his latest novel, we were forced to acknowledge that the author had for once contrived to stumble upon a really original motif, which, treated by a Chevalier, Feuillet, or Bourget, would assuredly have resulted in a powerful and thoughtful study . . . When the doctor returns to France nearly a year after Pierre's supposed suicide, he finds Juliette apparently dying, and Jacques utterly degraded by his infatuation for Clémence Villa. Judging it to be his time to interfere and put an end to this metempsychological farce, he recalls Pierre by telegram, and unites him to Juliette, who instantly recovers her health and spirits. On Jacques, however, the re-appearance of his friend has a directly opposite effect, and having now discovered that he has only his original soul to count upon, he promptly falls into a decline and dies. Such is the substance of this fantastical story, which, if rightly treated, might have afforded scope for so much delicate play of charac-

ter, but which in Ohnet's hands never rises above the commonplace. He fails to interest us in any of his numerous characters, and fully half the book is taken up with descriptions of masked balls, 'petits soupers', and all the usual paraphernalia of 'demi-monde' life, which seems to present so irresistible and incomprehensible attractions to a large proportion of French readers." [Blackwood's. 2207

—, SAME. Chicago. *Sergel*, 1890.

—, SAME ("The Soul of Pierre"), *Cassell*, 1891.

—, SAME ("What Pierre did with his Soul") N.-Y., *Belford*, 1890.

—, SAME ("A Weird Gift"), *Chatto*, 1890; [Munro, 1891.]

PETTY ANNOYANCES OF MARRIED LIFE (The). [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC, N.-Y., *Rudd*, 1860.] "When a man comes into the world endowed with vigorous perception, a retentive memory, and that species of imagination which is only a potpourri of memories, made grotesque and fantastic by their incongruous intermixture, it is a matter of the merest accident what he will write; or whether he will write on paper, or on canvas . . . When a powerfully endowed man, such as Balzac certainly was with all his limitations, does chance to spend a lifetime in writing fiction, and moreover, without the accident of any immediate popularity of one volume or another to determine the particular form or quality of his work, so that he continues to pour out a flood of all manner of fiction—good, bad, and indifferent, clean and unclean, romantic and realistic, it is like characterizing the surface of the globe to characterize his productions. His mind was a great mirror—without its cracks and blurs—and it

imaged the whole fantasmagoria of superficially seen objects and events." [Overland. 2208

PHILOMÈNE'S MARRIAGES.

[by "HENRI GRÉVILLE," i. e., Alice M.. (Fleury) Durand: *Peterson*, 1879.] "Philomène is a country-woman of the middle class, honest and reputable, but a trifle vulgar; and the story of her "marriages" is the story of her anxious but clueless schemes to secure a husband. The scene is a village which Hamerton would love, and the atmosphere is as fresh and pure as that of a June morning. The comedy—for it is without a hint of tragedy—is quiet and unexciting, but amusing throughout, and at points very lifelike." [Boston "Lit. World." 2209

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE (The), by BALZAC: N.-Y., Winchester, 1843, = 'The Alchemist' (No. 583.)

PHYSICIAN'S SECRET (The), by É. SOUVESTRE: in *Ladies' Repository*, mar., 1863. 2210

PICTURES ACROSS THE CHANNEL. [by K.. S. MAQUOID: *Bentley*, 1873.] "We rise from the perusal of these tales with a dreamy feeling of not altogether unregretful surprise to find ourselves in England . . . Our authoress views of human nature are somewhat cynical, but find amusing expression in Captain Gagnac's opinions. Nevertheless, she is fully alive to its beauty, tho she may deem it fitful, and has given us many sketches here of its more lovely characteristics. In the wife and son of *The Fisherman of Auge*, [No. 2032] and in others, we have pictures of unselfish love and religious resignation; and, above all, she has described with a most beautiful tenderness and insight the loneliness of a warm-hearted, imaginative

child, always misunderstood, checked, and punished by a conscientious, but cold and shallow-natured mother." [Spectator. 2211

PIERRE AND JEAN [by GUY DE MAUPASSANT: Chicago, *Laird*, 1890, 336 p.] "is tragic and full of sombre passion, scarcely relieved by any slighter margin of incident, altho there is neither murder nor violence in it any more than light-heartedness of any kind. The book is one of those complete and careful studies of life in which certainly the hier masters of the french school are singularly successful, when they leave their one favorite subject behind and address themselves to the consideration of those mute tragedies which may be carried on sometimes within the closest enclosure of a family circle. The story in this book is of the slightest. We open upon the apparent tranquility of a 'bourgeois' family of the most moderate means and pretensions . . . There are two sons: trained, the one as a physician, but without practice, the other as an 'avocat' in the same condition, both at home and depending on their parents . . . All the good things are for Jean. The pretty widow prefers him; he is the happiest in temper and life, and the trust of his parents; and now this inheritance to crown everything . . . We cannot follow the tragical succession of thoughts, of questions, the piecing together of small incidents and stray recollections, and a hundred things half forgotten, which lead the unhappy young man from one step to another to the dreadful conclusion that Jean is not his father's son, but the son of a man who has left him this fortune. Pierre has adored his mother with the traditional fervor of a french son, and

the horror of finding out shame and sin in the life of the gentle and tender woman who has made all the happiness of home for him makes him wretched, but does not make him relinquish the terrible, keenly pursued, inquiry into all the evidences of her guilt. The struggle of his thoughts against this all-invading, all-absorbing passion; the mingling of the pitiful jealousy for which he despises himself with this devouring horror; the tragic certainty which he acquires that she devines his suspicions, and awaits, helpless, the moment of discovery, with an anguish which he shares—are all set before us with the finest skill and power. There are few sensational scenes—the ordinary incidents of life are enough to create and heighten the effect of the silent struggle in which the woman can do nothing, paralyzed by her guilt and humiliation, and the man seems under the dominion of some sombre demon, and cannot arrest himself in the awful investigation into which he has been swept. Nothing can be more painful than the secret, infallible progress from one certainty to another of the avenger, nor more terrible than the position of the mother, conscious almost from the first of the process going on against her . . . All this tremendous theme is wrought out upon the narrow peaceable background of the matter-of-fact 'bourgeois' life with a reality and truth which gives it double force." [Blackwood's. **2212**

—, SAME ("The Two Brothers"), *Lovell Co.*, 1890, 333 p.

PIGEON PRIZE (The), or Variations of a Paradox, by ALEX. DUMAS [Second] in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, Dec. 1860. **2213**

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE (The)

by É. SOUVESTRE: London, 1868. **2214**

POET AND THE PEASANT (The), by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, Sept., 1854; also in *Cottage Hearth*, March, 1881. **2215**

PONT-DES-ARTS (BEGGAR GIRL OF THE), by W. HAUFF: in *The N.-Y. Mirror*, 31 Oct. to 5 Dec., 1840; also in *The Mirror Library*, No. 15., 1844; also in *The Century*, 10 Sept. to 29 Oct., 1859; also in *The Sapphire*, Boston, 1869, 57 pp.

—, SAME ("True Lovers' Fortune"), Boston, *Munro*, 1843, 91 p., 8°.

—, SAME ("Josephine"), London, *Clarke*, 1844. **2216**

POOR RELATIONS, by BALZAC, = *COUSIN PONS*.

POPULAR TALES, by E. C. P. (DE MEULAN) GUIZOT: Boston, *Crosby*, 1859. **2217**

PORT SALVATION, by DAUDET, = *EVANGELIST*.

PRANKSOME PAIR (A) [UN PETIT MÉNAGE] by — GINISTY: *Belford*, 1890.] "recounts the fooleries of a young couple, not satisfied with a humdrum married life and determined on varying it by make-believe quarrels, adventures and reconciliations. They at last venture on a mock divorce which the wife decides to make real, at least for a season. The translator's 'preface' suggests the presence of improprieties of a sort not to be found in the book." [Critic. **2218**

PRINCESS AMÉLIE (The) = No. 903.

PROSPER RANDOCE [by V. CHERBULIEZ: *Holt*, 1874.] "tells the story of a modern poet, an artificial nature, forever posing, more theatrical than most actors on the stage, extravagant in manner, assuming great warmth, but with a heart of stone. The other hero, Didier, is the

PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMINENT POLITICIAN (The) [by E. Rod: London, *Allen*, 1893.] "is the story of a middle-aged statesman, prosperous and respected, beloved by his wife and children, the leader of a large minority in the Chamber. He poses a moral regenerator, his trump card being the revival of social purity and the abolition of divorce, and his influence is largely founded on the supposed fact that he is a good husband, and so forth 'instead of which' he falls violently in love with an unmarried girl who is a kind of ward of his. Teissier's love is not the passing fancy of an impressionable sensualist: but it is a complete absorption, and so is the girl's for him. Both are moral and would be Platonic; but his wife discovers all, and precipitates matters. There is a scene between her and Teissier, which is curiously modern: 'We are friends,' he says, 'partners if you will, who are threatened by a common danger. We must combine to resist it.' Beautifully reasonable, and so entirely ignorant of women's ways is Teissier. He still feels affection for his wife, and the changing of that into hatred as

she opposes his desire is skillfully described. Ultimately, after a futile attempt to save appearances, Teissier is divorced, resigns his seat in the Chamber (very absurdly), and marries the girl. But the divorce and the publicity and the comments of the newspapers have vulgarised their love, and you are left with the intimation that they will probably be wretched. The questions of the relation of private morality to public position and of the working of divorce in France are, however interesting, merely questions of transient convention. There are deeper questions of sex and physical history which, intentionally or not, the book will raise in many readers and leave unanswered. But it is cleverly done, and, of course, is suggestive reading. By far the best thing in it is the character of Mrs. Teissier; she seems absolutely true. Teissier himself is possible, but dubious, and the girl is unconvincing. An old school friend is as tedious as the most of his tribe. The English is rather ponderous but fairly good." [National Observer. 2218 m

very opposit, he is kind, amiable, a skeptic tō the heart's core, and born tō be the victim of delusions, altho confident of his ability tō see throu them. The contrast between these twō is strikingly given, with no more caricature than is needful tō make them life-like. The 'verve' with which the story is told makes it ōne of the most entertaining of modern novels. Every page bēars witness tō the qualities a novelist most needs, exhibited in wise profusion. The characters ar most vivid; Prosper is wel enuf drawn tō stand as the representativ not ōnly of the school of writers Cherbuliez had in his mind, but of that larger class of human beings whōse characteristics ar the dramatic fire which imitates enthusiasm, and real, deep-seated coldness." [Atlantic. 2219

PROVENCE ROSE (A), by OUIDA, = No. 907.

PSYCHE OF TO-DAY (A) [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKIN: *Leypoldt*, 1868.] "is Regina Nolopoeus, [compare real names and incidents of *A Sister's Story* by Mrs. Craven] the dauter of a musical and constitutionally impecunious Hungarian and, a noble French gil with whōm he eloped. Regina, orphaned and disōned by her maternal relatives, is introduced tō the reader at the age of ten, a shy but dignified young person, whō keeps her sorrōs tō herself, and announces that she can cook, speaks Latin, and never tels lies. She is adopted and reared by a Parisian lady whō knew her mōther. Madame Saincère is ōne of those women whōm Mrs. Jenkin lōves tō paint, and she dōes it so wel that we ar always glad tō see her. An old lady, full of the best kind of worldly wisdom, warm-heârted and sensible, Madame Sain-

cère differs from her predecessors in being childless, and therefore with less experience of the ways of young hearts. She is a patroness of letters and art. With her dwels her newew, whō is a painter and a genius. Latour's aristocratic mōther in the provincial town of Juvigny had destined him for a gōvernment office, and would hav chosen him a proper wife, but he shocked her by refusing both, yīlding tō her influence ōnly so far as tō brēak his engagement with a young lady whōm he lōved and of whōm she disapprōved. This young lady soon becōmes Madame Autry, without, however, lōsing her affection for Latour . . . Thēre is nothing in the whole book so delightful tō ōur mind as the description of the society in this old town. It consists of a few Legitimist families and the respectable and wel-tō-dō people with whōm thēy condescend tō mix; the former poor, despising trade.—thēir manners and thōts of the past, hopeless, ennuyed, yet indefinably elegant and attractiv, the latter, more modern in thēir ideas, upright, narro, provincial." [Nation. 2220

PUNCHINELLO, by OCTAVE FEUILLET: *Appleton*, 1858. 2221

—, SAME (in "Picture Story-books"), *Appleton*, 1852.

PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, (THE) [by LOUIS ÉNAULT: Phil'a. Porter, 1871.] "is the story of a young girl, whō was left an orfan and destitute, and whō, passing throu many and grievous trials, emerged intō the valley of wedded happiness and general good fortune. Her experiences ar interesting, and she is an admirable and fascinating character. The book givs striking pictures of hī society." [Boston "Lit. World." 2222

—, SAME ("Woman of Honor"),
Peterson, 1875.

PURSE (THE), by BALZAC, in
The Cat and Battledore; also in *Come-
 die Humaine*; also in *Fame and Sor-
 row*; also in *The Vendetta*. 2223

QUEEN OF THE WOODS, by
 A. THEURIET, = *A WOODLAND
 QUEEN*.

RANZAUS (The) ["Les Deux
 Frères"]. N.-Y., *Tousey*, 1886. 2224

RAPHAEL, by LAMARTINE, = No.
 911.

RAYMONDE. [by ANDRÉ THEU-
 RIET: *Appleton*, 1879.] "With the
 simplest of plots and the tamest of
 incidents, the writer has made a very
 pretty story. One is pleased and in-
 terested, never in any way thrilled,
 even at the climax of one scene where
 the heroine, Raymonde, a girl of 18,
 is slapped by her mother, which
 brings into her eyes an expression
 fearful to behold.' The power of
 french parents over their children is
 the hinge on which the story turns,
 and the only situation at all dramatic
 is that in which it is made use of to
 defeat the effort of Raymonde's mother
 to marry her to a man she does not
 love, and enable her to follow her in-
 clinations. But it is the people in the
 story who are interesting, not what
 they do or say. Mr. Nöhl is a woman-
 hater; Raymonde's mother simply a
 bad, selfish woman; her father, a
 nonentity; the rejected suitor, a
 good-natured lout. We make an ex-
 ception as to Raymonde herself, who
 is thoroughly and vividly drawn—grace-
 fully and delicately as well." [Penn
 Monthly. 2225

RED CROSS (The) = No. 916.

RED INN (The), by BALZAC, in
AFTER DINNER STORIES. 2226

RENÉE & FRANZ = *LEBLEU-*

ET.

RESIGNATION, by ARBOUVILLE,
 in *THREE TALES*, also in *Living
 Age*, 13 Oct., 1849. 2227

REVERBERATOR (THE) [*Par-
 is*] = No. 522.

RITA [by HAMILTON AIDÉ: Lon-
 don, *Mayhew*, 1860] "is the story of
 an english girl born in Paris, the
 daughter of a scamp of an officer, a man
 whose principles are as low as his social
 position is high, and who is obliged to
 seek refuge, not only against the duns
 and bailiffs, but against the frowns
 and the contempt of the better part of
 the society into which he was born.
 Into the less scrutinising circles of
 the french capital he is freely received;
 and also into that english set made up
 of men and women in a greater or less
 degree like himself. In this society
 Rita makes her acquaintance of the
 world; and, her mother being an in-
 valid, she is brought out under the chape-
 rone of a lady in whose finely delin-
 eated character it is impossible not
 to recognise the chief mental,
 moral, and physical traits of the cele-
 brated Countess of Blessington.
 "Rita" is thoroughly good, kind-hearted,
 simple, and pure-minded, as well as
 beautiful; and the motley crowd into
 which she is thrown, young and inex-
 perience as she is, soon disgusts her.
 All, however, is not distasteful; for
 now-a-days, as of old, there is always
 "a certain man" making his appear-
 ance, who prevents the world from
 seeming a mere blank. Rita is not
 only good and a beauty, but she has a
 great talent for painting, which
 amounts almost to genius; and this
 she uses to relieve her father of the
 disgrace and the burden of some of
 his debts. After selling a sketch or
 two at a paint shop, and finding that

she dōes not receive half thêir value, she bethinks herself of a certain Israelite whō made her acquaintance in the cōurse of a business visit tō her father, and whō spoke kindly tō her and offered tō purchase her drawings. In this good sōn of Abraham, the author has given us òne of the best of a series of portraits which constitute perhaps the chief attraction of the book." [Albion. 2228

RIVAL RACES (The), by EUGENE SUE: *Trubner*, 1863. 2229

ROBERT HELMONT, by DAUDET = No. 919.

ROLLING STONE (A). [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): Boston, *Osgood*, 1871.] "The tendency of this novel, whōse central figure is the handsōm Laurence, is the rehabilitation of the strōling comedian. The theme is handled in a manner which strongly reminds us of 'Wilhelm Meister' [No. 1017] ònly that George Sand's characters ar more virtuous. The hero of the story, the sōn of a peasant, is a sort of rural Antinous. His Marianne is a poor maiden of noble birth, whō has gōne on the stage tō support an aged parent. Laurence, whōse father desires that he shāll make a figure in the world because he happens tō be the hêir-expectant of an uncle whō is a baron, is sent tō study law at Paris. At the Odéon he meets the heroin, whō appears on the boards in classic parts under the name of "Imperia." He at once falls in lōve with her, and joins the cōmpany in order tō be constantly near her. But his idol is as cold tō him as she is tō an admiring public, and even declares tō his face that she lōves anōther . . . On the way tō Constantinople and Corfu the vessel in

which the actors hav taken passage is wrecked, and thêy ar cast on a barren roc, whêre thêy would hav perished by hunger and exposure but for the interference of the factotum of the troupe, a sort of cross between Hêrakles and Caliban. Rescued from death, thêy meet anōther adventure in the castle of a semi-barbarous prince. . . . At this conjuncture the wealthy uncle dies without a wil, and leaves him, if not a baron, at least the possessor of a barony—an event which kills the father with joy. Laurence meets the rich wido again and marries her. Imperia, for whōm he now experiences no warmer feeling than friendship, marries Bellamare, long lōved by her in secret, and everybody is left cōmfortable and happy when the curtain drops." [Lippincott's.] See also the Sequel "HANDSOME LAURENCE." 2230

ROMAIN KALBRIS, by MALOT, = No. 921.

ROMANCE OF A CHILD (The). [by "PIERRE LOTI," i. e., [L: M..] Julien Viaud: Chicago, *Rand*, 1891, 179 pp.] "'Pierre Loti' is too delicate and refined a writer tō be generally appreciated: he excels rather in suggesting the fleeting, intangible feelings common tō us all, than in depicting the violent emotions or passions by which a few individuals ar swayed. He brings home tō us as few authors hav succeeded in dōing the subtle poetry of commonplace events, the cruel pathos of inanimate objects, when looked at in the light of after-years. More effectivly than āny òther author yve kno, he seems tō hav gaged the bitter contrast existing between òur unstable nature and thōts and the terrible immutability of òur surroundings . . . This book is not a

story in the strict sense of the word—or rather it is the story of every one of us, the record of the gradual development of the thoughts, feelings, opinions, and aspirations of a child, who, having unconsciously invested his surroundings with something of his individuality, experiences the disappointment common to us all when, being hereafter confronted with these reflectors of our early years, we make the discovery that we are no longer ourselves.” [Blackwood’s. 2231

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN [by OCTAVE FEUILLET: N.-Y., *Rudd*, 1859, *Miller*, 1875, *Gottsberger*, 1887.] is “one of the best French novels which has been translated. It is deeply interesting, thoroughly pure in sentiment, and characterized by a certain nobility and loftiness of spirit which is very admirable. The hero is a fine creation, whose merit is strikingly set off by his associates and the circumstances of his life. Marguerite is unique, and the lovely old Mlle. Poerhoët-Gael is an exquisite character. The general tenor of the story is placid,—its tumults being those of feeling only; but two or three dramatic scenes are wonderful ‘tours’ of descriptive power. It is a charming novel, which stimulates and elevates.” [Boston “Lit. World,” 1875.]—“Feuille’s most popular romance has maintained its hold upon the affection of at least two generations of readers, and seems to be in a fair way to retain its freshness of interest for some time to come. The simplicity of its motif, the charm of its style, the refinement of its passion, the purity of its sentiment, all appeal to tender and thoughtful minds, and awaken responsive echoes from ardent temperaments which cannot escape such influ-

ences any more than a flower can escape the solicitation of sunshine and the dew. The author, to be sure, displays to a certain extent in this book the defects of his virtues. Maxime is perhaps a little too perfect; one would have more patience with him if he occasionally lost his temper—but he is a type far removed from the prig, and his manly qualities of head and heart win frank admiration. In Marguerite we have the prototype of many figures which have appeared again and again in modern fiction, none of the conscious or unconscious imitations having the reality of the original. She is a distinct creation, and one which bears the test of analysis. And then the triumphant conclusion of the narrative; the hero coming victorious from all his trials, and finding himself rewarded with a fortune and the hand of the woman he loves! It is like a fairy tale, and in spite of the realists, good women and chivalric men have not lost their appetites for the fairy-tale order of fiction.” [Same, 1887.]—“No one can fail to be interested in the story of the young Marquis, who, on finding that his inheritance had been dissipated, resolutely settled down to earn a living for himself and his little sister. Thru the influence of an old friend, the family lawyer, he obtains the post of bailiff on the estate of a rich widow who has one beautiful daughter. Unknown to the young man, the lawyer purposely sends him to this place, in hopes that he may marry the heiress, and thus retrieve his fortunes. The marquis drops his title, enters on his work, and, as the old man had hoped, the young people fall in love with each other; but there are difficulties in the way. He is proud, and

she, always afraid of being married for money, is prejudiced against him by the spiteful insinuations of her governess. These materials the author works into an exceedingly pretty story. The characters are lifelike, and the style vivid and picturesque. Altogether, there is a freshness and grace about it, which is very charming." [Spectator.]—"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," for instance, with its stock of well-worn incidents, that air of lofty morality which is to be found in French only in a novel which sets out to be virtuous, and in English in the writings of Mr. T. S. Arthur,—this story doubtless owes its long life to the fact that it can be read in girls' schools." [Atlantic.

—, SAME ("Monsieur d'Haute-
rive") London, 1860. 2232

ROMANCE OF A SPAHI. by "P:
LOTI": Chicago. *Rand*. 1890. 2233

ROMANCE OF AN HONEST
WOMAN (The) [by V: CHERBULIEZ: Boston. *Gill*. 1875.] "is one of the best French novels of the day. The author's style is charming, and its characteristics have been well preserved by the translator. A young girl, reared in seclusion by her father, a devoted archaeologist, is brought into contact with a Marquis Lestang, a man of various accomplishments, and in every way a desirable 'parti.' They are married and go to the Marquis' chateau. He behaves very well for a time, but his old associations are too strong for his sense of marital duty, and he resumes his attentions to a certain pretty widow. The wife, aware of his infidelity, yet still loving him fondly, maintains her womanly dignity amid many temptations, but suddenly and unaccountably finds herself in correspondence with a half-

demented youth who intends to become a Trappist. While this intimacy is in progress, the marquis is learning to love his wife; he is aware of her relations with Dolfin, but is bound not to abridge her freedom of action. In a maze, one day, Isabel sets forth to join her lover, but accident detains her; she meets her husband, and conjugal harmony is re-established. The plot, though simple, is interesting; but it is of small account compared with the skill of the author in his portraiture of character." [Boston "Lit. World."]—"The scene is laid in an artificial world, much jauntier than the familiar vale of tears, and the two leading characters, who are about equally equipped with pride, self-possession, attractiveness, and readiness of wit, play their amusing game of tit-for-tat. The reader's sympathy is secured beforehand for the abused wife, who manages by dexterous strokes of wit and ingenuity to turn the tables on her polite but overbearing husband. . . . One follows the downfall of the husband from the heights of his foolish presumption with the satisfaction one always has in seeing the right conquer. In this case, to be sure, it is less the glow of the victory of righteousness over sin which one is conscious of, than a somewhat spiteful rejoicing at seeing a polished domestic tyrant beaten at his own game; but the feeling, if a trifle malicious, is none the less sincere. In spite of the triteness of the subject, there is so much freshness and originality in the treatment that it reads like a new revelation." [Atlantic. 2234

ROSA; OR, THE PARISIAN
GIRL. [by E.. (DEHAULT) DE
PRESSENSÉ: *Harper*, 1860.] "Its purpose is to give a correct idea of domes-

tic life among families which retain simplicity of purpos, and hav not cast aside moral and religious principle as an antiquated humbug. The little volume abounds in charming pictures, skilfully drawn." [Harper's 2235

ROSE AND NINETTE. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Cassell*. 1892.] "With the evident motiv of shōing divorce as a failure in that it at most givs temporal relief, sōmetimes, in the first moments of release, mistaken for happiness, and that it dōes not effectually dissolv marriage, the author creates his characters. Regis de Fagan, dramatist, recognizes that his wife and self ar incompatible. Thēy agree upon a plan by which thēy can obtain divorce. In the consequences of this act, "Rose and Ninette," a Wagnerian devotee and the ex-wife hav prominent parts. The hero's characteristics ar in sōme respects those of "Père Goriot." [Publisher's Weekly. 2236

ROSE GARDEN (The) [by F.. M.. PEARL: *Roberts*, 1872.] "is not english;—but the humor, the transparent refinement of the story, the cool, moderate tints with which it is drawn, ar unmistakably so, as wel as a certain quiet pathos here and thēre, which differs as widely from the thing recognised as "sentiment" on the un-english side of the channel as daylight from gas. It is the picture of a french landscape from a british paintbrush, and cleverly and justly given. . . . The charm of the story lies in the simple yet subtle methods by which the characters ar made tō unfold themselv without visible interference from the author, in the delicate sentiment which pervades like perfume, and the picturesque setting of the whole." [Scribner's. 2237

ROSINE, by MELVILLE, = No. 928.
ROUGE ET NOIR ["Trente et Quarante."] by EDMOND [FR. VALENTIN] ABOUT (†, 1885): Phil'a. *Claxton*, 1873.] "A french writer is generally seen at his best in his shorter stories. The plot is so carefully worked out, the characters ar so vivid, and the language is so crisp and sparkling that a book like this is tō a story of the same size by Dickens or Wilkie Collins as a diamond tō a lump of quartz . . . Wit, verve, and brightness, with just a dash of pathos, the quic play of feeling and an exquisit sense of the ludicrous—these wil redeem even a flimsy plot and conventional characters . . . His story begins with a family of three living in a Paris flat; Captain Bitterlin, his daughter Emma, and his servant Agatha . . . He shuts up his dauter from all society and amusement, and is especially on the watch against lōvers. Nevertheless, a young Italian, Bartolomeo Narni, whō has lost his home and fortune, sees her at church, and the pair instantaneously fall in lōve. Agatha is brōt intō the plot; and after sōme weeks of hidden meetings Emma tels her father boldly that she wishes tō be married. He falls intō a paroxysm of rage, boxes her ears, sends off poor Agatha, and locs Emma intō her room. The confinement soon makes her sic, and the captain, at his wits' end, adopts his doctor's advice, and takes his dauter tō Switzerland and Baden. Meo goes in the same carriage, and by a lucky manōuver devised by a wiser head than his ōn puts the captain under an immense obligation, excites his impulse tō contradiction, so that he insists on dōing just what Meo secretly wishes, and finally marries Emma with her father's full

approbation. How the result is achieved we will leave the reader to discover, but the critical moment is at the gaming tables of Baden." [Penn Monthly.]—It "is one of the most enjoyable of About's novels, and is remarkable for the force and consistency with which Captain Bitterlin is drawn. Much of the story is occupied by records of travel, which are very amusing. The book is bright, witty, and interesting, from the first page to the last." [Boston "Literary World."] **2238**

ROUND OF WRONG, by ABOUT,
= GERMAINE.

SABINE'S DECEPTION [by OLGA (CANTACUZÈNE) ALTIERI: *Harper*, 1888.] "is a good story of provincial life, wretchedly translated. Its atmosphere is pure and clear, and the people have a moral excellence which would repay the study of Parisian journalists and playwrights. Sabine's whole life had been so open to the sunlight that the little deception practised to insure her sister's happiness seemed to her a deed of darkness, and doubtless caused her more anguish than did the relinquishment of her lover, so faithful in letter and faithless in spirit. Sabine is carefully drawn from nature. The author perceives, as it almost seems that only French novelists can perceive, that truth has many sides. Sabine is positive, prejudiced, rigid, but she is also courageous, loyal, and full of passionate tenderness for those dependent on her. No sort of perfection is ascribed to Sabine, but a natural proportion is observed between her defects and her good qualities. Of course, the sacrifice which marks the victory of her strength over her weakness, is made for people who can never remotely

appreciate its fineness. In fiction such a sacrifice is rewarded by the reader's sympathy. The Sabine of romance gets enthusiastic admiration; the Sabine of reality goes on to the end, managing the farm, studying the causes of potato rot, and spoken of behind her back as a hard, cross-grained old maid, who has no soul above a sixpence, and never had." [Nation. **2239**

—, SAME ("Sabine's Falsehood") *Peterson*, 1881.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT [by AGNES HARRISON: in *Atlantic Monthly*, six numbers, 1868.] "is to be praised as having much of local truth in its pictures of Norman scenes and the character of Norman peasants and fisherman; and certainly it is very honest and well-finished writing, which might well be given as a lesson to 9 out of 10 of our women who write. Even better than that—we speak of the reader's pleasure, and not of the nature of the writer, as revealed by her style—the author shows that she has an eye for character, and quick, true sympathies. Read, for example, her account of the touching conversation between Jeanne and Épiphanie as they walked to Dieppe . . . It is a very fresh and agreeable little story, with plenty of old-fashioned love in it, and plenty besides . . . It goes upon us as we read, and turns out a story to be heartily praised; it is not saying too much to call it beautiful." [Nation. **2240**

SAINTS AND SINNERS [("Noirs et Rouges") V: CHERBULIEZ: *Appleton*, 1882.] "is, above all things, amusing in the best sense—a sense which implies a first-rate romancer doing his best, and bringing to his work qualities which many novelists

SAINT (A) AND OTHERS. [by PAUL BOURGET: London, *Osgood*, 1893.] "Of the 4 "portraits" (3 taken from his 'Nouveaux Pastels') the one entitled "*A Saint*" is the longest and most lifelike. In all of them we see one or two points only of Mr. Bourget's many-sided genius, he is as profoundly analytical as ever, idyllic, dramatic, tragic; but we have none of the subtle delineations of the metaphysics of passion, no studies—except, perhaps, faintly foretold in the youthful heroins of "*Childhood Perfidy*"—of the fin-de-siècle "mondaine," her luxurious surroundings, her correctly attired lovers or the analysis of her emotions, to which we have become accustomed. "*Marcel*," the first portrait in the book, is a reminiscence of a boyish friendship, "the only interest of which—if, indeed, it has one—consists in the study, so rarely attempted, of an aspect of a child's sensitiveness." In "*A Story of a Child*," [No. 145 p.] recently written by an American authoress, we have been strongly reminded of the child's secret, the futile flight, and of the heart-awakening which follows. "*Monsieur*

Viple's Brother" is the record of a bygone tragedy. The veil of an apparently uneventful life, lifted for a moment, discovers a hidden scar; the old man speaks of a brother, long dead, who in his boyhood avenged an insult by shooting an Austrian officer. But this brother was a fiction; it was Optale Viple himself "who has avenged his outraged father, he, the sometime associate of the University, who, since that time, perhaps, had never touched a weapon. What strange mystery sometimes lies behind the most peaceful and humble career!" A *Gambler* and "*Childhood Perfidy*" are slither sketches, the "study" is, perhaps, a more appropriate word for the dissection of human nature that is a special characteristic of Bourget. He turns his microscopic eye even on the friendships of boys and girls, their childish loves and quarrels, and lays bare the intricacies of hopes and fears, the miseries which seem gigantic in proportion to the size of the sufferers, the action that for good or for evil may determine the future course of their lives." [Spectator. 2239 t

deem of too much public importance to be employed merely in entertaining a frivolous public. But Cherbuliez has also, besides the felicity of manner which comes from presupposing his readers to know as much as himself about things in general, a great deal of a quality not usually to be found in the imaginative writings of his countrymen—the quality of humor, namely: Usually one is perfectly safe in looking for the best sort of humor in an English work, and the best sort of wit in a French one; but this writer is an eminent exception, and the flavor of his books is a compound which it would be puzzling to analyze, but which is certainly as clearly humorous as it is witty. The title gives the key to the substance of the book, which deals with Jesuit intrigues on the one hand, and chronicles the happenings in a radical interior on the other. Jetta Malaubret, the heroine, is left an orphan by the suicide of her father and the death of her mother, who had run away with an Italian count. To expiate these sins she enters the hospital where her aunt, a nun, is a nurse, and declines the offer of a home with her great-uncle, who is a radical Republican, and the next thing to an atheist. Mr. Antonin Cautarel is an atheist outright, but a very different man from his brother, being, among other things, a man of intelligence and a gentleman. He is a surgeon at Jetta's hospital, and the two become fast friends just before his death, after which his will is found to leave her a large fortune on condition of her living two years in Mr. Louis Cantarel's family. She is about to decline this stipulation when Mère Amélie, her aunt, shows her the folly of it, and the action of the book concerns

the efforts of the 'black army' to keep alive her intention to take vows at the end of her probation in the world, and the efforts of various other people to marry her. Her uncle Louis endeavors to give her to the vulgar son of a marquis whose favors he hopes thus to win, and the executor of her Uncle Antonin does his best to bring about her union with a young friend of the latter's, in accordance with his dying wish. She herself falls in love with this young gentleman, but deems it her duty to become a nun, and her conflict with herself becomes one between her and a fanciful vision of her benefactor, who appears to her from time to time. It is in this sort of thing that Cherbuliez discloses a vein of poetry now and then and it is very prettily managed here. As skilful as this is pretty is the social diplomacy which conducts the external conflict, in which also the author is an adept. The result is satisfactory, of course, it being a pet theory with Cherbuliez that there is altogether too much tragedy in novels to need any augmentation at his hand." [Nation.

—, SAME ("The Trials of Jetta Malaubret"), *Vizetelly*, 1886. 2241

SAMUEL BROHL & CO. [by V: CHERBULIEZ: Appleton, 1878.] "In this story, a German Jew named Brohl has assumed the name and personality of a Polish count whom he has known, who has died in great poverty, and under this disguise the Jew has won the love of a very charming French girl. All of our author's heroines are attractive and life-like; this one is no exception, but there is something odious in the way in which Cherbuliez maltreats them. In this story the young woman gives her heart to this fascinating reptile, and the novel de-

scribes the net-work of intrigue spun by him and by those who suspect him of being the adventurer he is. It is enough to say that Cherbuliez has written this to make it perfectly plain that the book holds the reader's attention fast, and that he is a bold man who can say at any given chapter that he knows what is coming next; all he can be sure of is that it will be something very clever. But all the cleverness in the world will not make up for the tone of the book, which is undeniably depressing. The hero is a most odious villain, the girl's feelings are dangled before the public in a painful way, and one cannot help a sort of shame at reading a story which, if true, ought to be kept from the public out of respect for the victims. But yet it is entertaining." [Atlantic. 2242

SAPPHO. [by ALPHONSE DAUDET: N.-Y., *Tousey*, 1885; London, *Vizetelly*, (abridged); *Maxwell*, 1886; Chicago, *Nile*, 1891.] "Daudet holds a peculiar place in our romantic literature. He does not belong to the old-fashioned, somewhat artificial school, which may be said to be represented by Feuillet; he does not belong any more to the true naturalist school, which has Zola for its master. He is realistic without being systematically vulgar; he does not prefer odious, hideous, loathsome subjects and characters; he is not a pessimist, and there is in him an irrepressible touch of the gay, cheerful, and optimistic South. Tho he has ridiculed the South in his *Tartarin*, in *Numa Roumestan* [No. 2191.] and quite recently in 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' Daudet is a child of the South; there is no real sadness, no true melancholy in him. There is a vein of true sentiment, sometimes an outburst of real pathos in some of

his works: in *Fromont* [No. 2047], in *Jack* [No. 2079]; but on the whole the balance always falls on the side of humor, gaiety, and hope. What is very remarkable and even admirable in all Daudet's productions is what I can not call other than life. There is an extraordinary vitality and movement through all his work—no system, no elaborate style, no perception of effort; his descriptions are photographs, but they are not dry: 'il y a de l'air,' as the painters say of a landscape. His characters also have 'de l'air': they are all more or less volatile, they have nothing statuesque, they are carried away on the current of life—a current which is sometimes so rapid that you can hardly follow it. In this respect also Daudet belongs truly to the South; he is not a dreamer, he is essentially an actor. There does not seem to be much system in his choice of subjects. He does not pretend, like Zola, to give us a new 'Comédie Humaine.' His receptive mind takes in to-day one thing, to-morrow another; he is a mirror. You can always recognize some living character in his novels; every Parisian knows who the *Nabob* [No. 2185] was, and can give the real names to all the characters of that novel as well as to those of *Numa Roumestan*. The poet of 'Jack' is still living: the verses which are cited by Daudet in the novel were written by this poet 'without a heart.' I do not know whom Daudet had in view when he wrote his last novel, 'Sappho,' for this takes us into a world which is not familiar to me—the world of the studios. This world is, in many respects, quite apart. It is very different from the real world, tho I hasten to say that the artists of very great eminence are a part of

this real world; but the rising artists, the beginners, those who are only known in a small circle, form a sort of society which has a freedom unknown in the regular society. In dress, in manners, in almost all the details of life, this artistic world affects a license and has an originality which make it worthy of study. It is not the "demi-monde," but it has its liaisons, which sometimes assume the seriousness of marriages. The women who are met among the painters, the artists, the literary men who live in their company, are not venal, and in this respect they are much superior to the women of the "demi-monde." They are more intellectual, more imaginative; they are living in a higher stage. They are to be seen on varnishing day, with their friends, as anxious as these can be, as curious, as uneasy. There is something of the old "Bohemia" left in this world of painters, but it is no longer the Bohème of Henri Murger, [No. 2244] composed only of very young men and women; it is a Bohemia where you meet men with gray beards, and old models who have become semi-respectable matrons." [A. Laugel in Nation. 2243

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BOHEMIA. [by H. MURGER (†, 1861.). N.-Y., Gould, 1891.] "The *Vie de Bohème* stands apart from all preceding works. In it the author explored unknown solitudes, discovered a fresh world, full of gaiety and tears, of ringing laughter and the starkest poverty, of hopes unutterably eager, and of miseries which are indicated rather than described . . . Each chapter in the strange volume is a work complete in itself, yet the chapters lead one into the other, till the whole, with its quips, its jests, its

delicate shades of humor and its fine strokes of wit, forms one of the gayest, naivest books of even this century of fantasies . . . But the charm of the *Vie de Bohème*, after its never-failing gaiety, lies in the tenderness and the beauty of its love-scenes. In connexion with the student we naturally have the grisette—now, alas! no more—devoted in her love, facile in her conquests, industrious and happy in her labors and privations. To Mimi and Musette we owe all the pathos of the volume. We may, after a colorless fashion, compress the gayer episodes—Rodolphe writing Mimi a gown, and, at her solicitation, adding, with so many more columns of matter, so many more frounces and furbelows; but it is impossible to deal in this meagre manner with the pathetic chapters. Mimi was Rodolphe's mistress, and her love, affected only by too long a bout of starvation, for she was fond of dress and pleasure, is merely a reproduction from life. "The scene at the hospital," says Banville, "so poignant with misery, is completely true. Poor Mimi had lived too long among the poets, till she naturally came to die at the hospital as a poet might." [Westminster.

—, SAME ("The Gypsies of Art"), transl. by C. G. LELAND, in *Knickerbocker*, Oct. 1853—Jan., 1854. 2245

SCYLLA & CHARYBDIS, a Lesson for Husbands, by OCTAVE FEUILLET, in vol. 4 of *Cosmopolitan*. 2246


SEAGULL ROCK. by SANDEAU, = No. 935.

SEASHORE GLEANER (The), by É. SOUVESTRE: Bristol, 1855. 2247
SECRET OF HAPPINESS (THE), [“La Comtesse de Chalis.”] by ERNEST FEYDEAU (†, 1873.): Edinburgh,

Edmonston, 1867.] "The author of 'Fanny' [No. 2029] has discovered that the secret of happiness lies in doing good. We have heard something like that before; but coming from a gentleman who has been once or twice held up as the terrible example of modern French literature, the definition acquires a startling novelty. We would not recall the author's past crimes, were it not to point out the singular sort of nature in which French writers who endeavor to escape from the artificial and conventional generally seek refuge. Nature to them is synonymous with ignorance; and the people whom they represent as dwell in a state of nature are merely overgrown babies with a taste for aimless sentiment. 'The Secret of Happiness' is an effort in the 'Paul and Virginia' direction, M^r. Feydeau having apparently been stung by criticism into proving that he was something better than a worshipper of poetic adultery. The really valuable part of the book consists of the vivid description of scenery in *Algeria* and Arab manners, with which the work abounds. The author tells us that he traveled leisurely through this region, noting the most minute facts which came before him; and we are not without a suspicion that the colonists who figure in these pages, and who discover 'the secret of happiness' are mere sketches from lay figures thrown in to complete a picture, the chief merit of which lies in the faithful painting of the background. At the same time it must be said that the story is readable and interesting, and that it occasionally becomes powerfully dramatic." [London Rev. 2248

SEMPSTRESS'S STORY (THE) [by [ANTOINE] GUSTAVE] DROZ: *West, Johnston & Co.*, 1877.] "is a

simple but touching little tale of a child in Paris who lay at the point of death with croup, and was saved by the kind service of a big-hearted surgeon. It is a fresh, bright, warmly colored picture of an ordinary 'interior' and a not uncommon experience." [Boston "Lit. World." 2249

SERAPHTA, by BALZAC.  ECCENTRIC NOVELS.

SEVEN YEARS. [by JULIA KAVANAGH (†, 1877): *Peterson*, 1860.] "The name is due to the period during which the hero, an honest-hearted Flemish upholsterer, is obliged to work and wait for his capricious mistress, a quick-witted and not, perhaps, utterly heartless Parisian sewing girl. The tale is an interesting one, and very well told, and the soul-experience of the lovers as they go through the trials consequent, chiefly, upon the waywardness of the girl—is described with a very clear perception of the modes of mental doing, being, and suffering." [Albion. 2250

SERGE PANIN, by G: OHNET, *Manchester, Tubbs*, 1883. 2251

—, SAME ("Prince Serge Panine"), *Munro*, 1890.

SERGEANT'S LEGACY (The), by E. [B.] BERTHET; London, *Nimmo*, 1880. 2252

SHORTER STORIES, by BALZAC, London, *L. W. Scott*, 1890. 2253

SIBYLLE'S STORY = *STORY OF SYBILLE*.

SIDONIE = *FROMONT THE YOUNGER*.

SIEGE OF BERLIN (The), by A. DAUDET, in *Swinton's Story-Teller*, Oct., 1883; also in vol. 4 of *Tales from Many Sources*, N-Y., 1884; also in *Cosmopolitan*, Aug., 1886. 2254

SILVIA [Provence] by JULIA KAVANAGH = No. 530.

SIMON [London, *Churton*, 1847.]
 "But 'George Sand' has written several [novels] which ar fit for the perusal of the most spotless. These ar 'André' [No. 1950], '*Simon*,' 'Les Maitres Mosaistes' [No. 850], 'Pauline,' 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' 'Les Sept Cordes,' and the 'Mélanges'." [Foreign Quarterly, 1844.] See also No. 945.

2255

SIN OF M. ANTOINE (The). [by "G: SAND", i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876): N.-Y., *H. Long*, 1850.] "The husband in this novel behaves better, or rather the circumstances of the plot permit him tō take the step which G: Sand would hav society make open tō every husband. The offspring of the adultery is the heroin of the story, and she brings about a happy reconciliation between her father and the husband of her mother. An unfilosophical irritation has kept them asunder for years; but Gilberte, the heroin, when driven by a storm tō seek shelter, happens tō see a portrait of her mother in the house of what, speaking conventionally, we may call the injured husband, and she is struck by its likeness tō a miniature which she has often seen in the hands of her father, whō contrary tō the usual practis, has reared her. 'Her modest imagination refusing tō comprehend the possibility of an adultery,' she is naturally puzzled; but she takes advantage of the occasion tō make friends with the first possessor of the original, and at length gets him tō pardon the second possessor. Friendship survives the conflict and consequences of youthful passion, and they ar all happy at the end of the book." [National Review.

—, SAME ("First and True

Love"), *Peterson*, 1852.

2256

SISTER ANNE [by [C:] PAUL DE KOCK (†, 1871.): London, *Henderson*, 1840; 396 p., 8°; N.-Y., *Wilson*, 1843.] is by "an author whō enjoys more celebrity than any living writer; that is tō say, if the extent of a man's reputation be judged by the number of his readers. From the hiest lady tō the poorest 'grisette', from the statesman tō the copying-clerk—all classes hav pored over those pages which teem with gaiety and mirth, relieved by the finest touches of pathos and feeling—all hav felt the magic charm of this gréat enchantel. A new novel by Paul de Kock creates a more powerful sensation than the speech of the king. His popularity extends tō the meanest and most distant cottage; thêre exists not a laborer, whō has not heard of Paul de Kock, and lifed at some village pedant's recital of the best episode in his last work." [Foreign Quarterly.]—"An Englishman whō turns tō Paul de Kock's numerous works tō form a judgment of thêir merits and defects, will be astonished tō find that, amidst an exuberance of familiar humor, which often passes the limit of good taste, thêre ar vêins of the most beautiful and elevating sentiment, and passages of tremendous, yet never exaggerated power." [Edinburgh Review.]—"This is one of those novels in which we find the most exquisit humor and most beautiful pathos. It is a novel which abounds in strong contrasts. The wit and the pathos—the passionate love of Sister Anne, and the calm but deeply-rooted affection of Constance—the sincere and honorable character of the elder de Montreville, and the levity and inexperience of his son—the half swindler, half filosofer

Dubourg, and the upright, but easily duped Ménard—the tries practised by Dubourg, and the deeply interesting adventures of Sister Anne, form the basis of one of the most amusing novels in the French language . . . "Sister Anne" is the narrativ of a beautiful young girl, whö, in her infancy, löses the faculty of speech throu a sudden fright, and recövers it eventually by a similar revulsion in nature. The fortunes of this orfan girl form the ground-work of the tale. She is seduced by a young count, whö is subsequently compelled by his father tö abandon her; and she sets out in search of the faithless swain. After experiencing all those dangers and difficulties which must necessarily hav attended an individual in her forlorn condition, she arrives at the very house whêre dwels her seducer's wife. The dumb stranger is kindly received by the unsuspecting wife. The husband's return however explains all; and the tale is wound up by the death of Sister Anne, whö recövers the faculty of speech öny a few monents before she surrenders her spirit." [Monthly Review. 2257

SISTER PHILOMÈNE [by EDMOND & JULES DE GONCOURT (†, 1870): Paris, 1861, *Routledge*, 1890.] "is a sad and painful study of a wöman's heärt which the cold and monotonous life of a convent in vain attempted tö subdue; a cry for human löve and sympathy which is hushed öny with life itself. Marie Gaucher is a little french girl whö groes up as a dependent in a grêat french house. She is admitted tö unusual familiarity with the young hêir, and assumes airs far aböve her true position in the social world. Tö recall her tö her proper sfere, her änt sends her tö a

convent tö be educated. Without any real unkindness being shön, her health and spirits ar most successfully broken by the unnatural, repessed life she is forced tö lead. The steps ar then easily taken by which she becömes 'Sister Philomène.' As a nun she finds little happiness until her duties transfer her tö the hospital. Here, in the care of the sic, she finds her vocation, and becömes almost reconciled tö life. A grêat deal of space is devoted tö an account of life in a hospital ward, the talk of the medical students, and tö the feelings aroused in the innocent nun's heärt by the varied experiences she passes throu. She cömes constantly in contact with a young hospital surgeon, whö inspires her with what she believes tö be a strong sisterly interest. The gradual awakening tö the consciousness of her löve is described by a master hand." [Literary News. 2258

SO FAIR YET FALSE ["Pourquoi"] by EUGENE VACHETTE, called "CHAVETTE": N.-Y., *Carleton*, 1874. 2259


SOUCI = No. 951.

SONS OF THE SOIL. [by HONORÉ "pe" BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1890.] "The proprietor of a country place in Bourgogne endeavors tö impröve it tö the best of his knowledge and ability. In cultivating and impiöving his estate, he wounds the sensibilities and tramples on the traditions (often without knöing it) of the surrounding villagers. Instantly a legion of malign activities spring intö life: his trees ar 'ringed,' his vintage is lessened, his steward is murdered, and he, a general of the Empire, is threatened with murder. In the end the beautiful chäteau and its lands ar laid waste, the general is driven tö ignominious

sale and flight, and the peasants possess themselves of his acres. One or two bright spots relieve this diabolic gloom, across which Balzac shoots his sinister prophecies of the results of peasant proprietorship. He has conjured not so much 'sons of the soil' in his Jeremiad as the gnomes and goblins which dwell beneath it, creatures of his dreams, monsters of his dyspepsia, a proletariat peopling hell, not the gay, gracious country-folk of Sunny France." [Critic. 2260

SOUL OF PIERRE, by G: OINET, = *PETER'S SOUL*.

SPECULATOR IN PETTICOATS (A), by H. MALOT: *Peterson*, 1887. 2261

SPIRIDION, by "G: SAND,"  *ECCENTRIC NOVELS*.

STAR OF EMPIRE (The), N.-Y., Tousey, 1885. = *CLOKINDA*.

STARTLING EXPLOITS OF DR. QUIÈS (THE). [by PAUL CÉLIERES: *Harper*, 1887.] "As to the involuntary journeyings of Dr. Quiès, they are brought about in such a forced way, there is such a sameness in his discomforts on being disturbed from his quietude, that a little adaptation and arrangement would have improved the original work. Still, pictures and all, the book presents a very pleasant view of provincial life." [Nation. 2262

STONE-MASON OF ST-POINT (The), by ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE: (†, 1869.) *Routledge*,—*Harper*, 1851.] "We do not admire all which Lamartine writes, but of this, his last production, we can speak with almost unqualified praise. It is all it professes to be, a simple village tale. The record of a very humble life, it breathes the spirit of love and Christian meekness, exalted by the noblest sentiments." [National Era. 2263

STORIES OF AN OLD MAID, by D. (G.) GIRARDIN: London, *Addy*, 1856. 2264

STORIES OF PROVENCE = *LETTERS FROM MY MILL*.

STORM-DRIVEN [Paris] = No. 533.

STORY OF A DEMOISELLE (THE) [by E. C. PRICE: *Ward*, 1880.] is an "excellent story. Its grèat charm is the pronounced nationality of every word and thôt of the members of the family groups which surround Clotilde de Mornay. The strong-minded marquis, the pleasure-loving and unscrupulous Madame de Belleville, the "good Jourdain" with her giuth, her giuffness, her tender heàrt, her skin-deep severity, are all life-like. It is the story of a french marriage of arrangement. The author is too wise to drag her heroin throu the mud, and the reader learns a lesson, sôt to be impressed on him, not throu the failure but the success of a sweet nature in coping with trials which would have embittered and spoiled an ordinary character. The men are as good, nearly, as the women, and the gallant old Legitimist obtains no more than his due when, after saving the life of his rival, he secures the affections of his bride." [Athenæum.]—"The characters are sketched with force, and the french life is very delicately and vividly painted. A pleasanter tale, on the whole, it would not be easy to find." [Spectator. 2265

STORY OF AN HONEST MAN [by EDMOND [FR. VALENTIN] ABOUT (†, 1885): *Low*, *Appleton*, 1880.] is "the story of the plain life of a bourgeois lad, who rose by virtue of his character and exertions to be the head of a grèat business, a mil-

lionaire, and the father of a lovely and interesting family. The manner is realistic enuf tō giv the work the aspect of a veritable autobiography; but it has all the true shape and cōlor of fiction, gloses with the warmth of life, and appeals in the strongest way tō the tenderest feelings. The subject is full of interest, the style is masterly, the tone lofty and morally exhilarating; and while the fortunes of Pierre Dumont present little tō gratify a lōve of the sensational, thēy wil be folloed with keenly sympathetic pleasure by every reader of refined taste." [Boston "Lit. World." 2266

STORY OF COLETTE (The) *Appleton*, 1888.] "is a harmless and amusing tale, put intō very pleasant english. It opens on the first day of March with the little prayer Colette inscribes at the beginning of the journal she keeps tō relieve the weariness of life spent in a dismal château under the guardianship of a maiden-ânt whō dōes not lōve her, and òne old servant . . . Colette is an ingénue of a rather sparkling type. With the exception of twō happy years in a convent—whēre her ânt placed her in order at ònce tō keep and tō evade the promis made tō Colette's dying mōther, by which she was obliged tō giv her niece at least twō years in Paris, and thus a chance tō settle herself"—she has spent all her days in this gloomy mansion, and at 18 she is grōing very tired of being "full of ideas with no earthly being tō tel them tō; tō be gay alone, tō be sad alone, tō be angry alone—it is unsupportable." She has begun tō look for her "adventure." She is sure it wil cōme . . . But when the 20th of March also cōmes and goes and brings nobody, Colette flies intō a passion,

seizes the statue and flings it throu her windo intō the road—whēre, of cōurse, it hits the "adventure" in the head as it is climbing the garden wall tō see what lies beyond, knoes it down, fractures its knee, makes a hole in its forehead, and throes it thus upon repentant Colette's good offices as nurse. The story is old enuf, as the reader sees, but it is charmingly told" [Catholic World. 2267

STORY OF ELIZABETH (The), [Normandie] = No. 534.

STORY OF REINE (The). [by JEAN DE LA BRETE: *Roberts*, 1891.] "The opening chapters dō not appeal especially tō the reader, but the interest increases as the story is developed. 'Reine' is a young girl, whō, altho of aristocratic birth and rich by inheritance, is reared in a lonely country house by an ânt, whō is not ònly ignorant, but lo-bred. The ânt has a most incorrigible temper, which she visits upon her young and pretty charge. The curé whōm she lōves, the ânt whōm she hates, and the servants ar the ònly companions Reine has during the formation period of her life. Endowed by nature with an impulsiv disposition, a lōve of freedom, and an inclination tō ride rufshod over those whō hav her education in charge, Reine finds herself at 16 in open warfare with her surroundings, a condition the reader cannot but sympathize with, for the child possesses a warm heârt, and instincts which require ònly judicious training for thēir ultimate proper development . . . She promptly falls in lōve with the first young man she meets, and from that moment life has unknōn charms for her. On the death of her ânt, she goes tō liv with an uncle, in the midst of a cultivated

society. The scheme of the story is original . . . The dialog, true to its french origin, is sparkling and effective, the ready wit of Reine, and her delicate raillery at the exactions of social propriety, which she regards as a bugbear, being at once charming and infectious. Purely as a character study. 'The Story of Reine' is worth reading." [Writer. **2268**

STORY OF SYBILLE (*sic* for Sibylle) [by OCTAVE FEUILLET (†, 1890.) Boston. *Osgood*, 1872.] "is a novel in which almost everybody is moral, the heroin an ultramontane catholic with some of the instincts of a saint, and the hero a free-thinker, converted throu love, is a curious thing to get from a man who afterwards wrote "Canois" [Nos. 2107 & 2170.] It is an interesting story, nevertheless, skilfully told, and put into readable english. Sybille is a unique creation—not because she is either lifelike or possible, for we imagin her to be neither, but because Mr. Feuillelet seems to hav tried his hand at making in her an incipient saint. To be a saint he has understood that one loves God exclusivly; and in his effort to combine an exclusiv love for God with an absorbing passion for a man, he has produced a character which has no consistency nor possibility. On its face it is a very simple, pretty, religious little tale, but it has a taint of insincerity throuout which would be as perceptible wer the novel an anonymous one as it is when it bears its author's name." [Nation.]—"It is not likely to win new laurels for its author. It is thoroely french in its extravagant use of adjectivs, and equally so in the extremes of pietism and skepticism exhibited in its principal characters. Sibylle is one of those

rare combinations of beauty, grace, intellect, and piety which abound in second-rate religious novels—a creature all too bright and good for human nature's daily food—and the reader is hardly surprised when she takes to herself wings. The grandfather and grandmother Félias are a fine old couple; but the majority of the characters are very indifferent people, and the plot is poorly managed." [Hearth & Home.] G: Sand's "Mlle de Quintinie" is an answer to this novel. **2269**

—, SAME, in *Hearth and Home*, 17 July, 1869, seq.

STORY OF THE PLÉBISCITE = No. 960.

STRAIGHT ON. [by author of "Colette." *Appleton*, 1891.] "Captain Bailleut's dying injunction to his little boy was keep "Straight on" throu life, and when he was too weak to convêy the message by words he wrote them. The child adopts this as his motto, and the result is a pretty, pathetic story of a lad's mastery of all sorts of difficulties. A military school is the scene." [Publisher's Weekly. **2270**

STROKE OF DIPLOMACY (A) = *KING APEPI*.

STRUGGLE (A), [Normandie] = No. 535.

SUCH IS LIFE [by ALBERT DELPIT], Chicago, *Laird*, 1891. **2271**

SURGEON'S STORY (The) ["Les Parents de Bernard"] by ABOUT, in *Appleton's Journal*, 18 nov. 1871. **2272**

SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE = No. 538.

SYDONIE'S DOWRY [by MA. ROBERTS: London, *Bell*, 1865.] "is a healthy little story, pathetic in some parts, humorous in others and characteristic throuout. The scene is laid

in a remote valley of Languedoc hemmed in by the heights of Cévennes; and the characters are probably such as might be met in that Arcadian retreat, tho it is possible that they may be a little idealized. Sydonie, at least, appears to be a little above the peasant standard; but we must make some allowances on account of her having been patronized and petted by the hi-born Thérèse de Parthenan. This young lady is the only daughter of a nobleman of the old régime who has lost his parents by the guillotine and his lands by confiscation, but has succeeded in buying back a fragment of the family estate which he cultivates as a farmer. Hence we have occasional reminiscences of the bonnet-rouge, the Carmagnole, and other features of the Revolution, which is supposed to be not so far back but that elderly people can recollect its horrors. The local customs and superstitions are lightly and pleasantly touched, and the character of the reputed witch is welded in with care and effect. Sydonie, of course, is the main figure and is a lovable tho wayward little heroine." [Athen. 2273

SYLVIE [by GÉRARD DE NERVAL: *Routledge*, 1888.] "has the elegance, the purity, the translucency of a porcelain vase. When the Frenchman is charming, how charming!" [Boston "Lit. World." 2274

SYLVIE'S BETROTHED. [by "HENRY GRÉVILLE", i. e., Alice M.. Céleste (Fleury) Durand: *Peterson*, 1882.] The author here "manages a delicate situation with exquisite tact, and makes what might easily have been, in the hands of the naturalist, a grossly offensive story into a charming romance of innocent love and heroic self-devotion. A beautiful, wilful

creature, she fascinates from the first with her delightful candor and dainty obstinacy. It is not strange that Sylvie, left an orphan at an early age, should grow to love her godfather, Pierre Clermont, with something more than the affection due from ward to guardian. Nor is it surprising, perhaps, that he should find the education of this fascinating girl an agreeable task. But they are on dangerous ground, as Sylvie is the first to discover when Jacques Debiancy asks for her hand. The scene in which Clermont tries to persuade his ward to accept the young suitor is admirably written. The former is moved, he knows not why; the latter cherishes her dream, loath to see it shattered. She yields at last, only to find that her innocent passion can not be overcome, and in despair she sends her young lover away. Meanwhile Mrs. Clermont, seeing herself isolated from her husband's love, is obliged to meet Jacques with sympathy and consolation. Their mutual pain brings them together, and neither is proof against the other's pity. Only the noble sense of duty in the woman holds bravely out. Amélie is also forced to confess that the dream is fair; but she bids him farewell without a murmur at her fate. "You must learn to live for others," she says. "We may not live for ourselves alone." We shall not undertake to follow the characters through the remainder of the story, or foreshadow the end which is made so inevitable. It is easy to complain of the monotony of the types chosen by Mrs. Gréville to exemplify her art; but no one can question the grace and freshness of her method, the purity of her motifs or the piquancy of her style, which even a

nebulous translation cannot wholly obscure. Thère is evidence of a finer touch in Sylvie's Betrothed than in perhaps any other of the author's novels, and the absence of dramatic incident is largely compensated by a breadth of portraiture almost masculine in its grasp of contrasting personal traits." [Boston "Lit. World." 2275

TALE OF TWO CITIES = No. 972.

TALES OF TO-DAY AND OTHER DAYS, by A. DE MUSSET, COPPÉE, BOURGET, MAUPASSANT, MÉRIMÉE, and GAUTIER: *Cassell*, 1891. 2276

TEMPTATION (The) by [M.. JOSEPH] "EUGENE" SUE: N.-Y., *Winchester*, 1845. 2277

THOROUGH BOHEMIENNE (A). [by HENRIETTE ÉTIENNETTE FANNY (ARNAUD) REYBAUD: *Appleton*, 1879.] "Sketches of life in an old breton manor-house, framed in pure and simple language, and a few characters well defined and consistently sustained, combine to make this a story of unusual merit. It will be read with interest and remembered with pleasure, whilst in refinement of touch and delicacy of execution it excels most current novels." [Penn Monthly. 2278

THREE RENCONTRES (The), by É. SOUVESTRE, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, July, 1855. 2279

THREE STRONG MEN, by ALEX. DUMAS [Second]. N.-Y., *Dewitt*, 1850. 2280

THREE TALES. [by SOPHIE (DE BAZANCOURT) D'ARBOUVILLE, *Harper*, 1853.] "These stories are of such exceeding beauty and peculiar merit, that we should be inclined to adopt the extravagant estimate of their value taken by the translator, if by so doing we could arrest the attention of our readers and provoke them to a perusal

of the volume. They are simple, clear, sweet, truthful, free from all the vices of style, sentiment and principle which most beset the modern school of French romance. Their leading characteristics are vividness of conception, depth of pathos, and closeness and clearness of pictorial representation." [Graham's.]—"They exhibit an inimitable portraiture of refined and beautiful passion, in a style of singular sweetness, simplicity, and power." [Harper's.] See *VILLAGE DOCTOR*. 2281

TOUR AROUND MY GARDEN by ALPHONSE KARR: *Routledge*, 1854. See *Athenæum*, No. 1214. 2282

TOWER OF PERCEMONT (THE) [by "G. SAND", i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†, 1876.): *Appleton*, 1877.] "The elder daughter has been placed in a convent, and there her stepmother wishes to keep her and compel her to take the veil. A nephew of M. Chautaubert named Jacques, a handsome, good-hearted fellow, sees Mlle de Nives, while she is a novice, falls in love with her and succeeds in contriving her escape, she, however, not yet being in love with him . . . This sister Miette is loved by and loves Henri Chautaubert, but a coolness has grown between them. The motif of the story is to bring this pair of lovers together, to counteract the plans of Countess de Nives, and to save the daughter of the latter from her mother's evil influence. The story is almost altogether one of character." [Galaxy. 2283

—, SAME [and "Marianne"] London, 1881, 240 p.

TRAJAN = No. 987.

TREASURE (The), by SOUVESTRE, in *Arthur's Magazine*, Nov., 1880. 2284

TRIALS OF JETTA MALAUBREI, = *SAINTS AND SINNERS*.

TRUE AS STEEL [by — ()
COLOMB: *Routledge*, 1879] "is a spirited translation of a good story of the Wat of 1870. The hero is a quiet, retiring government clerk, who, thinking nothing of himself and everything of his duty towards God and man, is as "true as steel," and conceals the heart and conduct of a true hero under a quaint, not to say rather absurd exterior. The character of uncle Placide is beautifully drawn; it reminds one of "Cousin Pons" [No. 2008] in some of its touches. The ending is too sorrowful and the author might, we think, have turned the faint "hope for the best," with which she consoles her readers, into a reality without any sacrifice of truth."
[*Athenæum* 2285

'TRUE LOVERS' FORTUNE (The), by W: HAUFF: Boston, *Munroe*, 1843, 91 pp, 8°. 2286

—, SAME ("JOSEPHINE. or The Beggar of the Pont des Arts"). London. *Clarke*, 1844.

TURKO (The), by ABOUT, in *Sixpenny Magazine*, 1886 [*Every Saturday*, 1st to 15th Sept., 1866.] 2287

TWINS OF THE HOTEL CORNEILLE (The) by ABOUT, in *Russell's Magazine*, vol. 6. Nos. 4-6. 2288

TWO BROTHERS [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1887.] "is, not entirely a story of Provincial life, for the scene is partly Paris, and the brothers are Parisians born and bred, tho their mother is a provincial. Each novel of Balzac unfolds to the reader a little more of the marvelous range of the artist's vision, the universality and fidelity of his insight. Saint and sinner alike are comprehensible to him; love such as has given

human hearts the material for their saintliest dreams of the relations of Heaven, no less than love in its coarsest satyr shape. Material love is the theme of "The Two Brothers"—but it is presented here less noble than the typical material love, because the mother is herself a weak, dull woman. Strong and unselfish as is her material passion, sweet and upright and loyal as is her character, Agathe is not an impressive enough figure to suffice for the story, and it is largely occupied with the drama of Philippe's contest with an interloper for the inheritance of his uncle's property." [*Overland*.]—"The elder brother is a monster; he has physical courage, but absolutely nothing else good.—he is sensual, dishonest, selfish, cruel, and base. On the other hand, his brother is patient, unselfish, clean, honest, and noble. The contrast is almost too great a strain on belief. Associated with them are other figures which may be classified almost as distinctly as the brothers . . . It is not a book to be left in the way of all sorts of readers; but it is undoubtedly a powerful study of life, and like the others of its kind in the Balzac list, leaves no doubt in the reader's mind as to the right and wrong of living." [*American*. 2289

TWO BROTHERS, by MAUPASANT, = *PIERRE & JEAN*.

TWO DUCHESSES (THE), by É ZOLA, N.-Y., *Tousey*, 1885.

TWO. FRENCH MARRIAGES [London, 1868] = *MADAME DE BEAUPRE* [No. 2123], and *A PSYCHE OF TO-DAY* [No. 2220.]

TWO LILIES [*Normandie*] = No. 548.

TWO MOTTOES (The), by SOUVESTRE, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*,

Jan., 1855; also in *The Sapphire*. Boston, Shorey, 1867. **2290**

TWO OLD CATS [*Riviera*] = No. 549.

TWO PUPILS OF ST. MARY OF GRENOBLE, by E.. C.. P.. (DE MEULAN) GUIZOT, in *Southern Lit. Messenger*, June, 1854. **2291**

TWO RIVALS (THE) = *MAN & MONEY*.

ULLI. [by EMMA BILLER: *Trübner*, 1889.] "Ulrika de Watteville is the daughter of a ruined nobleman; and at an early age is thrown upon the world without education, and with the most meagre equipment of common sense. Her adventures are comical enough, and she struggles most pluckily with her misfortunes. In two or three years she becomes formidably "educated." But the story need not be absolutely tabooed on that account." [*Athenæum*]. **2292**

UNAWARES. [by F.. M.. PEARD: *Smith*, 1870.] "Written with all the sentiment and delicacy which distinguish *The Rose Garden* [No. 2237.] the story is even more charming. It does not turn on the inconsistencies of a little wilful heart like *Renée's*, but portrays the gradual growth and development of a true womanly nature . . . We are struck afresh in reading this story by the same odd inconsistency between spiritual and material atmosphere which was so remarkable in '*The Rose Garden*.' The entourage is as distinctively foreign as the actors are not. It is an English mind thinking in French, a French landscape whose figures are full of the health, simplicity, and underlying reserve of English character. The point and delicacy, the finish of phrase and picturable quality of the book cannot be too highly praised. It

abounds in tender *thôts* and happy touches." [Scribner's.]—"We have so often had to condemn stories of French life, that it is both a pleasure and a surprise to find one which we can unreservedly praise, both from its tone and its adherence to truth. The picture of the old doctor is in every way excellent. The character, too, of Thérèse is still more delicately drawn. It is in her female characters that the writers' strength is shown. The descriptions, too, are full of poetry." [*Westminster*]. **2293**

UNCLE & NEPHEW, by ABOUT, *Graham's Mag.*, Jan., 1858; also in *The Independent*, Jan. 12, 1882; also Cassell, 1892. **2294**

UNCLE BERNARD'S SHEL, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, in *English-woman's Magazine*, July, 1872. **2295**

UNCLE CÉSAR [by HENRIETTE ÉTIENNETTE FANNY (ARNAUD) REYBAUD: *Appleton*, 1879.] "is the story of a rich, aristocratic, pompous bachelor and his nephew, told in a vein of light comedy. The action takes place in a provincial town. The nephew loves and is beloved; untoward circumstances obstruct his marriage; the uncle finds the nephew to be his rival and disinherits him; the nephew in turn loses his avaricious lady, and marries a better and worthier girl who had all the while adored him in secret. The story is pure and proper, without having, however, either the strength or beauty inherent in such a work as *Theuriet's Young Maugars*." [Boston "*Lit. World*."]—"The story is somewhat painful, but there is good character-drawing, and a certain persistent fidelity in treating the slow, disintegrating processes which affect human characters and action, which is anything but commonplace. The

buoyant and successful selfishness which at first makes Mr. Fauberton the delight of his fello-townsmen is the same sentiment which shapes his subsequent cruel life, and the prudence which seems altogether admirable in Camille's youth slowly dries the sources of feelings which seemed sincere and might have been controlling." [Nation. 2296

UNDER THE BAN [“Le Maudit” by the ABBÉ * * *, i. e., — Deléon: *Smith*, 1864.] is “a book of some power to which the controversies of the time impart adventitious interest. A second part, ‘La Religieuse,’ follows the rule, in being less powerful and more tedious than the first portion . . . It is not, however, chargeable with the acrimony and the open prejudice which too frequently disfigure novels of its quality.” [Athenæum.]—“The individual sufferings of the La Clavières’ (brother and sister, as supposed, and the hero and heroine of the narrative)—sufferings attributable to the machinations of the brotherhood of Loyola, and other malevolent influences which bring the young and ardent reformer of his religious contemporaries ‘Under the Ban’—are delineated with a painful fidelity and verisimilitude which have rarely been surpassed. The dulness of provincial, the vivacity of Parisian, society, and the charms and perils of Pyrenean solitudes, are forcibly and appropriately depicted. The events related succeed each other with rapidity, and the alternations of fortune frequently produce striking and sometimes romantic effects. The work is one of much talent and interest.” [London Review] See, also, continuation of above in *THE CONFESSOR*, N.-Y., *Bradley*, 1868. 2297

UNDER THE TRICOLOR [Paris] = No. 551.

UNDINE, by ANDRÉ THEURIET [Paris, 1872] in *Canadian Monthly*, June 1873 to Feb. 1874. 2298

UNFROCKED, by ERNEST DAUDET, N.-Y., *Tousey*, 1885, = *THE APOSTATE*.

UNREQUITED AFFECTION = *PERE GORIOT*.

URSULA. [by HONORÉ “DE” BALZAC: *Roberts*, 1891.] “Ursule Mirouët, in the series of ‘Scenes of provincial life,’ was published in 1841. ‘Ursula’ is a most charming creation, a pure, lovely young girl, reared by three old men, who all succumb to her tender influence. Her godfather, Dr. Minoret, is surrounded by a number of rapacious relatives, who are watching for his last breath, that they may pounce upon his wealth. Their meanness and viciousness are vividly reproduced. The scene is **Nemours**, the life of a provincial town being carefully studied. The postmaster of Nemours, who is the Doctor’s cousin, forms, with his wife and son, a remarkable character group.” [Publisher’s Weekly.]—“It seems as if for once in his life the great romancer had said to himself, ‘I will be a poet and you—my poem!’ Leaving Paris and its storms and dramas, the subject of ‘Ursule’ nestles among the hills of the provinces, where a silver stream and a town of ancient houses make love-eyes at each other and coquet in the piquant way known only to old French houses and swift French streams. Glimpses of Fontainebleau bring us near Paris; but the scene, the plot, the people, the drama are entirely provincial. The study of provincial manners has always been a fascinating theme, for there is so

much of individuality about the old town and château life, untainted with the glaze and polish of the capital. unspoiled in its naive nakedness, simple and good in its rural strength and 'bonhomie.' Here if anywhere the true heart of France is found, a pious, godly, often passionate life unsuspected by the hurrying tourist, which Balzac has caught in his vast net and made to illustrate one corner of his great comedy—the fireside corner, with all its precious and tender associations. . . . In 'Ursule Mirouët' quite the contrary refreshes us, after a long 'spel' of barbaric and rococo Balzac. The loveliest Bermuda lily on its tall and tapering stem could not be lovelier than this sweet young girl or the circle of venerable old men to whom she owes her education. The one weak spot in the book is its use of the supernatural to bring about the catastrophe. Balzac, like Dumas, had a 'penchant' for mesmerism and Swedenborg and has nearly spoiled several powerful books by introducing it. 'Ursule Mirouët' imperils the reader's interest by exciting his derision, and produces a feeling of incredulity that is unfortunate for the whole book. A new fâse of covetousness is analyzed with all the master's terrible knowledge of this passion, and new and beautiful love-scenes grow out of the complications in the old doctor's house, to counterbalance it. The moral of the tale is good, and one is thankful that Balzac wrote one [only one? See No. 2024.] book that, like Zola's 'Rêve,' [No. 784.] can be put into the hands of a girl." [Critic. 2299

—, SAME, in *The Dial*, Cin'ti. 1860.

VENDETTA (THE). [by HONORÉ "DE" BALZAC (†, 1850): Bos-

ton, *Redpath*, 1864. 85 p; also (transl. by F.. A.. Kemble) in *The Democratic Review*. sept.-nov., 1845; also in *Canadian Monthly*, mar.-apr., 1873.] "The first of the *Scènes de la Vie Privée* is entitled *La Vendetta*. The only daughter of one of Buonaparte's Corsican followers, whom he has raised to rank and wealth, is, nevertheless a pupil in a common painting school, where she makes acquaintance with a proscribed officer 'de la vieille armée,' whom she persists in marrying, in spite of the advice, entreaties, and commands of her affectionate parents, who had the deepest and best founded objections to the match—namely, an old family feud, exasperated by recent bloody injuries. She at first supports herself and her husband by her great talents as a painter—but gradually she goes out of fashion, and poverty comes. Her parents are inexorable; and then perish, of actual starvation—first her baby—for the sources of maternity are dry—and then she and her husband! The parents repent when too late—the mother dies of remorse, and the father is left alone in the world—soon, also, to die of a broken heart, the punishment of his cruelty." [Quarterly Review. 2300

—, SAME ('The Family Feud'), in *Chamber's Pocket Miscellany*, Vol. 15.

VILLAGE DOCTOR. (THE) [by SOPHIE (DE BAZANCOURT) D'ARBOUVILLE: *Chapman*, 1853.] "is a tale of pure and pathetic feeling set in a bright and distinct framework of description. The arrival at a deserted country-house in Brétagne, of a gay party from Paris, opens the story; and the reminiscences of the village practitioner as to what happened in a certain white cottage, which the lady

of the manor thôtlessly talks of having pulled down, furnishes the matter. The Doctor tells the old tale of a secret marriage, followed by the young husband's sudden death and the neglect of the widow by his proud relatives—simply and mörnfully—without that affected garrulity which writers are apt to introduce into such narratives when they wish to be natural.” [Athenæum. 2301

—, SAME, in “Three Tales” [No. 2281.] and in *Graham's Magazine*, Oct.-Nov. 1847.

VIOLETS OF MONTMARTRE (The) [by — () BERSIER: London. Seeley. 1874.] “is a collection of interesting stories, excellently translated. It is good and profitable for English girls to vary their interests in reading, and these French stories will show them incidents in the lives of girls under other environments than their own.” [Athenæum. 2302


VICTIMS [Bretagne] = No. 554.

WAS IT LOVE? [“Un Cœur de Femme”) by PAUL BOURGET: *Worthington Co.* 1891.] “Bourget ranks with the grêatest of modern novelists, and this marvellous effort places him on a plane which few if any of his contemporaries will ever reach. It was a natural supposition on the part of those who knew him that the development of the ‘Comédie Humaine’ would cease with Balzac, that no other hand, however cunning, would possess the genius to push the work to further if not grêater successes. And yet this is what Bourget has done, and in doing so has proved himself a worthy successor of that grêat master of the modern art of fiction. He has taken a theme upon which Balzac wrote at length, and has developed it in a most fascinating man-

ner. It is the theory of the duality in feminine nature—a theory which forms the basic idea in Balzac's ‘Séraphita.’ With Balzac it was the development of a philosophical theory solely. Bourget has made a practical application of that theory, and has produced one of the most interesting psychological studies as well as one of the most charming novels which we have been treated to in modern times. This is an expurgated edition, and in making what he deemed necessary excisions the translator has left out the point of the study. Either these books should be translated literally, or they should be left alone: it is too grêat a wrong to the author to mutilate his work in this fashion. In an ordinary narrative of blood-curdling events one or two more or less to the page would make no difference, but in a grêat psychological study such as this, where every link in the chain of thought fits into its proper place and cannot be dispensed with, it is vandalism and affectation to introduce him to a thinking public in an expurgated form.” [Critic. 2303

WEDDED IN DEATH, by É. ZOLA, N.-Y., Tousey, 1885, = *FOR-TUNES OF THE ROUGONS*.—Compare No. 1890.

WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE (A). [by ADELAÏDE (KEMBLE) SARTORIS: *Loring*, 1868.] “The style of this little novel was singularly bright and accomplished, the humor original, and the characters sharply drawn. The fact that certain persons very well known in the world of art were understood to have sat unconsciously to Mrs. Sartoris for their portraits gave a further popularity to an exceedingly clever and genial book.” [Athenæum.] See, also, No. 558 2304

WEIRD GIFT, = *PETER'S SOUL*.
WHITE BLACKBIRDS,  Mus-
SET.

WHITE LIES, by C: READE. =
No. 1013.

WHITE MONTH (The), by F..
M.. PEARD. = No. 1014.

WILL (The), by G: OHNET. *Vizet-*
elly, N.-Y., *Brentano, Ivers*, 1888. 2305

WINGS OF COURAGE (THE)
[by "G: SAND." i. e., Amantine Lu-
cile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant (†,
1876): *Putnam*, 1877.] "contains 3
rather long stories. But why "adapt-
ed?" and why is not George Sand ac-
knowledgeed as the author? Thère ô tō
be an authentic translation of Ma-
dame Sand's fairy-tales, which ar so
full of fancy, earnestness, and charm.
These stories appeal tō a more imag-
inativ and cultured audience of boys
and girls than that tō which the real-
istic tales of american writers ar ad-
dressed. The beauty and simplicity
of the antique, wil, we fear, appear
dul when compared with the advent-
ures of hoydens and newsboys, and
Young America is not partial tō the
young naturalist unless he justifies
the singularity of his pursuit by an
abundance of slauter." [*Lippincott's*.

— SAME. [London, *Blackie*,
1883.]

"Thère ar twō stories in this volume,
the first and most important being a
tale of Bretagne, in which the grēat
novelist has mingled fact and fancy
in a very happy fashion. We feel
sure that the lad whō makes his home
among the wild birds on the breton
cliff is a real person; but he is skil-
fully idealised, and his story made in-
tō a genuin romance." [*Specta*. 2306

WINNIE'S HISTORY = No. 560.

WISH OF HIS LIFE = *JEAN TE-*
TEROL.

WITHIN AN ACE = No. 561.

WITHOUT DOWRY, by E.
ABOUT in The Emerald, Boston.
Shorey, 1866. 2307

WOMAN OF HONOR = *PUPIL*
OF THE LEGION.

WOMAN'S HEART (A) = No.
2118.

WOMAN'S JOURNAL (A). [by
OCTAVE FEUILLET (†, 1890.): *Munro*,
1878.] "Trivial as the story is, it has
the merit of being entertaining. All
of the woman ar cleverly drawn, thēir
talk is as natural as possible, while
the men ar mere vague creations . . .
Feuillet holds a hī place among con-
temporari french novelists, which he
has won by studying fashionable so-
ciety, and by flattering the largest
class of his readers by putting them,
with thēir little ways, intō his stories;
thus he makes them interested and
he wins those also whō hav grēat cu-
riosity about the ways of the grēat
world. He dōes his work cleverly,
but it is a poor piēce of business, and
ōne which can hav ōnly brief success.
His admission intō the Academy is
very much like the choice of a fotog-
rafer for a vacant seat in the Royal
Academy." [*Atlantic*.]—"In such a
book, tho it touches on delicate
ground, thēre is in the style a refine-
ment and in the story an apprecia-
tion of the finer things in life which
speaks of an atmosfere of chivalry
and honor which is becōming less and
less common in France. The charac-
ters in the story ar few in number;
the interest turns upon the fate and
character of the woman whō tels it.—
It wil be seen that thēre is very little
incident in it. It is almost altōgether
a novel of sentiment; but, told with
that amazing cleverness of which
Feuillet is a master, the play of pas-

sion and feeling furnishes as much or more interest than the most exciting plot." [Nation. **2308**

—, SAME ("Diary of a Woman") Appleton, 1879.

WOMAN'S REVENGE (A). or the Count of Morion. by F: SOULIÉ: Peterson, 1847. **2309**

WOMAN'S TRIALS (A). [by "GRACE RAMSAY," i. e., Kathleen O'Meara (†, 1888): Hurst, 1868.] "In this plain, every-day story, in which there are no silly wrôtsensation scenes, we have a minute and vivid picture of an English girl's school life in Paris. Mr. Sala, in *Quite Alone*, gives some glimpse into these establishments, where English girls are, in more than one sense, finished, but his sketch is not for a moment to be compared with that of Grace Ramsay. The place, the pupils, the teachers, are singularly exact. It is a lifelike picture, with which imagination has nothing to do, and the picture is calculated to make English parents pause before they suffer their girls to experience its reality. Of course all the superintendents of these schools are not harsh, sordid, and unscrupulous; of course they do not all freeze and starve their pupils; of course Madame St. Simon is no more the exact likeness of all French schoolmistresses than was Mr. Squeers that of all English schoolmasters. But they both represent with a terrible distinctness a certain fâse of school life." [Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. **2310**

—, SAME ["Mabel Stanhope"], Boston, Roberts, 1886 [No. 488.]

WOMAN'S WHIMS (A), by Jo. XAVIER BONIFACE, called SAINTINE. N.-Y., 1850. **2311**

WONDERFUL EYE-GLASS [Le Lorgnon] by DELPHINE (GAY)

GIRARDIN (†, 1855): in *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, aug. 1871 to jan. 1872. **2312**

WOODLAND QUEEN (A). [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: Chicago, Sergel, 1891.] "The 'Queen' is a sweet sensible girl who has been educated above her rustic station, but leaves all her opportunities to devote herself to a paralytic old man, whom she has always deemed her father. Her country home, with its many duties, changing seasons, and the rare beauty of the woods of Southern [?] France, is artistically drawn. Her love-story is rudely shattered by hearing from her confessor that she and the man she proposes to marry are children of the same father. She goes back to her devotion to the half-witted old paralytic, and in the end wins the love of a truly noble man." [Pub. Weekly. **2313**

—, SAME (abridged) "The Queen of the Woods," Chicago, Laird, 1891.

WORKMAN'S CONFESSIONS (A). [by ÉMILE SOUVESTRE (†, 1854): Longman, 1851; N.-Y., Hunt & Eaton, 1891.] "Souvestre excelled in delicate description of the minutiae of daily life. The workman here tells of the trials and pleasures of his life, his love, marriage, fatherhood and plan of making his children useful and happy. The details of home-life among the working classes are very touching; and the picture he draws of himself and his wife in old age surrounded by their children is inspiring and helpful." [Publishers' Weekly. **2314**

WORLD'S VERDICT (THE). [Riviera] = No. 564.

YELLOW ROSE (THE), by "C: DE BERNARD": in *The New Mirror*, Oct., 1843. **2315**

YOUNG GIRL'S CONFESSIONS

(A). [by "G: SAND," i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant: N.-Y., *Brady*, 1865.] "The author endeavors to sho that an impassioned character may be in the dark about its sentiments and wants in consequence of contradictions which may hav occurred in its educational progress, and of the various influences which hav by turns acted upon it. In order to prove her argument, G: Sand introduces to her readers several characters who hav their peculiar notions about love. Frumence, a stoical disciple of the ancient filosofers, and Jenny, an active and devoted woman, deem love an instinct which should be suppressed and even sacrificed in certain contingencies, and which, under all circumstances, must give way to duty. The vulgar Galanthée holds love to be nothing more than a 'grossier besoin des sens;' and for the selfish Marius it is simply a means to repair the wrongs of fortune by a rich match. Lucienne, who is the principal character of this subtly conceived story, has natural, womanly feelings. She marries one MacAllan, who, like her, was deceived in his first aspirations. The devoted Jenny will marry the stoic Frumence; and the covetous Marius must content himself with the sensuous Galanthée. The plot in this tale is rather slight, but the delineation of the characters, and the psychological analysis, together with the descriptions of picturesque scenery, are executed in a masterly manner." [London Review. 2316]

YOUNG MAUGARS. [by ANDRÉ THEURIET: *Appleton*, 1879.] "Those of our readers who remember Thuriet's exquisite story, 'Gérard's Marriage' [No. 2051.] will learn with

pleasure that in his latest work, he has produced very nearly, if not quite, its equal. All the charms of beautiful description, clear analysis, delicate workmanship, his ideals, refined motif, and elevating purpose, are here found in full strength and equable proportion. The author's design is the finest and best. It is to bring out the strong contrast between the sordid and the unselfish life, to trace the struggle in a human soul between the lower and the loftier nature, and to prepossess the heart in favor of that choice which secures virtue, and peace, and simplicity and the delights of home, even at some sacrifice of things which the world commonly holds dear. All this is accomplished without a suggestion of cant on the one hand, and without resort to vulgar devices on the other, so that the reader is guided along a flowery and fragrant path, even though at times under the shadow of clouds, to his happy destination . . . Mlle. Marcelle's seductive approaches and Étienne's sturdy resistance and final escape; the latter's present discovery of Thérèse in her retreat at La Joubardière and the fanning of the old flame which had already fired their pure and truthful hearts, the pleasant picture of the simple life which went on at the farm, while the bond that knitted the lovers grew stronger and stronger; the ruin which then burst upon Mr. Maugars, senior, and the unkind fate that once more threatened the upright-minded son; these and other passages which conduct the story to its conclusion we forbear to enter upon in detail . . . The extracts which we have given will convey to the reader a good idea of the soft and glowing beauty of the pastoral scenes amidst which this story is

laid, the tender delicacy of such of the dialog, and the sharp outlines of the figures which pass before the eye. We know no European writer, unless it be Turgénieff, who equals Mr. Theuriet in his power of setting a real landscape visibly before you and making his personages to stand or move with the vividness of life. Certainly the beauties of rural France have been seldom if ever placed upon the printed page with more exquisite effect than in this story and in Gérard's Marriage. And yet the scene never obtrudes itself in the way of the drama; the development of character, the play of motif, the succession of circumstances and incident, and the slow but steady and natural evolution of the result occupy their full share of the attention." [Boston "Lit. World."]—"Mr. Theuriet is rather an optimist: his view of life suggests gay ribbons and holiday jollity in the main, and tho it has its shadows they are not very sombre. But he is very much of a poet, and in an idyllic story like "Young Maugars" is at his best. The love-making is very charming and done with great delicacy. It

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—, SAME ("Maugars, Jr.") *Vizetelly*, 1880.

YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD, by A. THEURIET. Chicago, *Laird*, 1892. 2318

YOUNG STUDENT (The) by E. C. P. (DE MEULAN) GUIZOT: *Appleton*, 1844. 2319

ZADIG, by VOLTAIRE: in *Brother Jonathan*, 12 Nov. 1842. 2320

ZEMGANN BROTHERS (The) by E. DE GONCOURT: [Paris, 1879.] *Maxwell*, 1886. 2321

ZYTE, by H. MALOT: *Warne*, 1888. 2322

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
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
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